



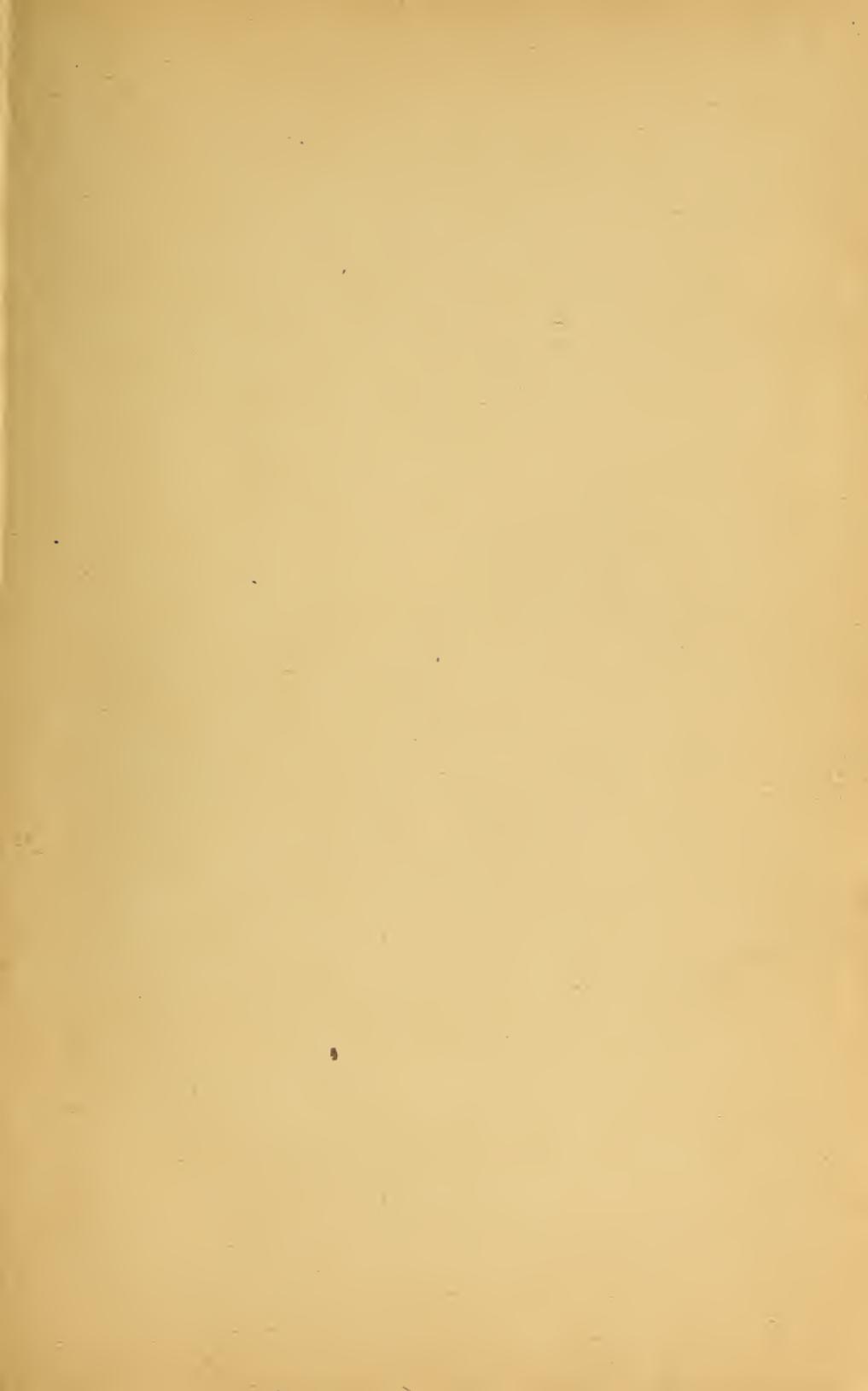
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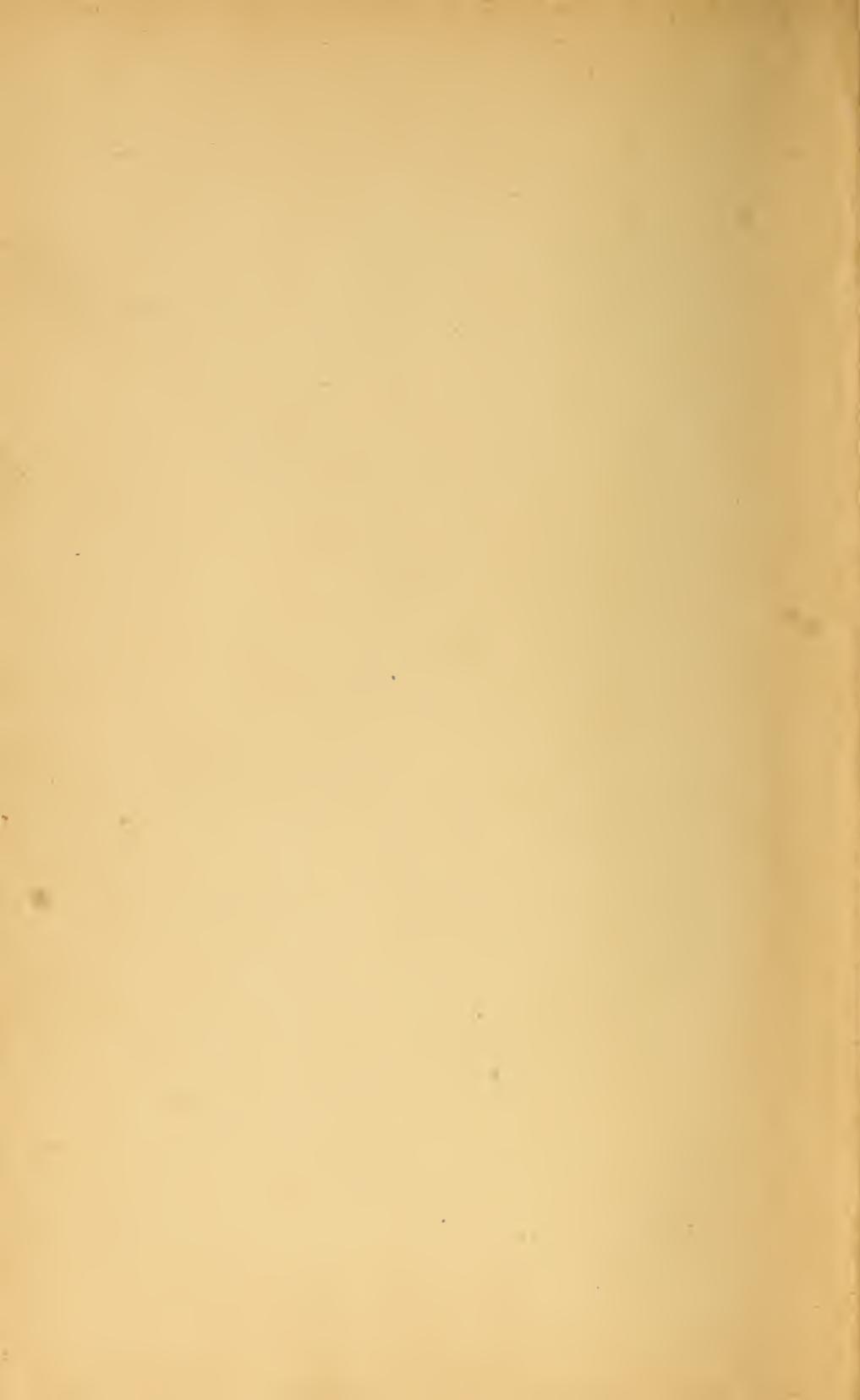
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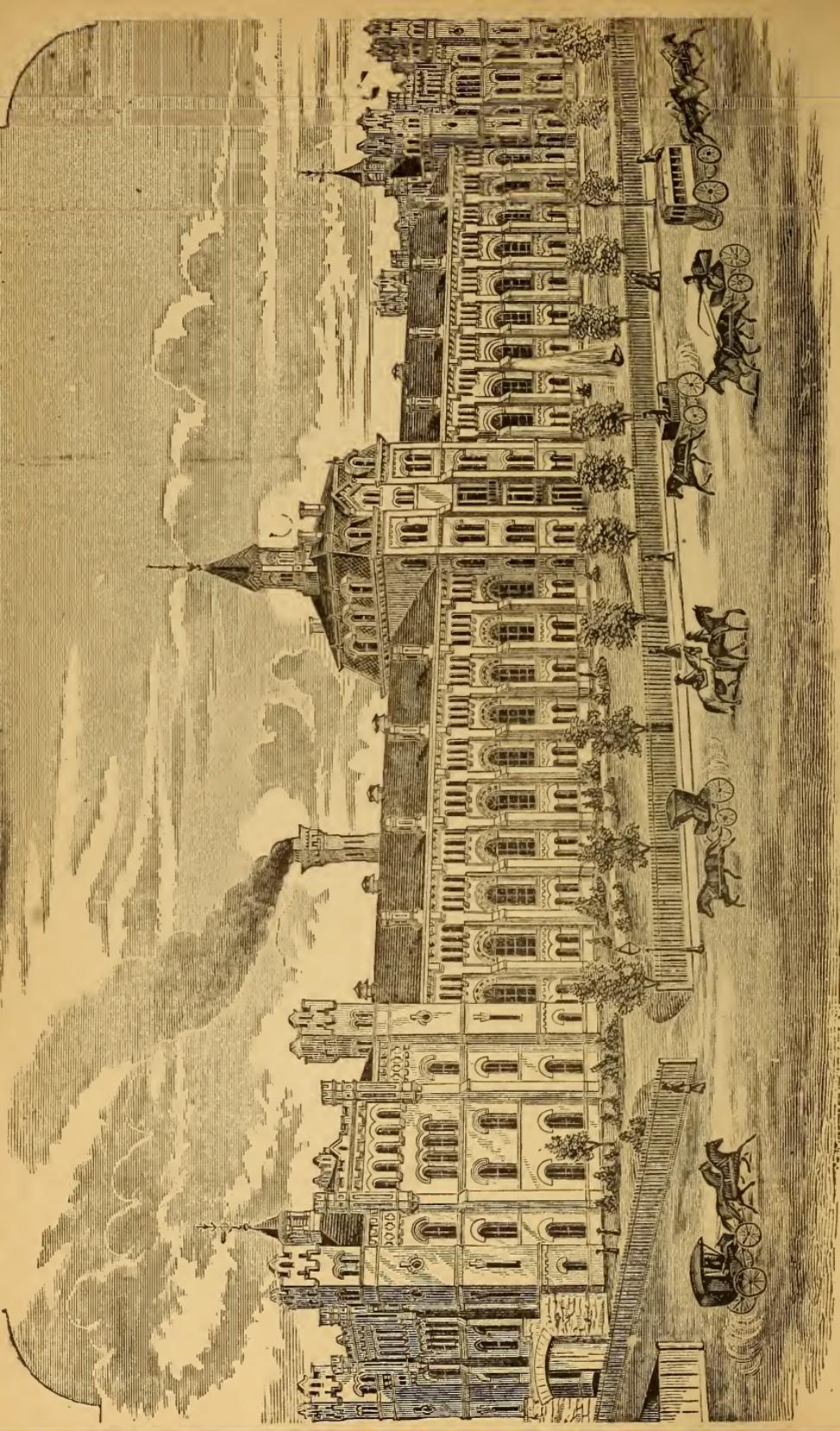












CITY WORK-HOUSE.

THIRTY-FIVE YEARS  
AMONG THE POOR,  
AND THE  
PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS

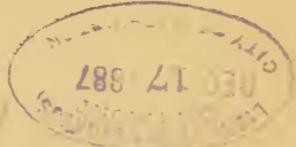
OF  
CINCINNATI.  
BY  
JOSEPH EMERY,  
CITY MISSIONARY.

“Blessed is he that considereth the poor.”

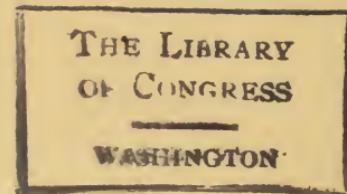
“The poor ye have with you always,  
And whensoever ye will,  
Ye may do them good,”

“With malice toward none,  
With charity for all.”

CINCINNATI:  
George E. Stevens & Co.  
1887.



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ELM STREET PRINTING COMPANY,  
176 and 178 Elm Street,  
CINCINNATI, OHIO.

## PREFACE.

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### Why was this book written?

The question admits of various answers. Frequently, while narrating some of the scenes here recorded, persons have said: "How interesting such things are--well worth printing--and the reading of them can not fail to do good." So they are written and published to glorify God and to do good to our fellow-men.

Again, the subject of carrying the gospel to and caring for the poor ought to have a greater hold on this community than it has ever had. Instead of one solitary missionary, there ought to be in our city twenty men always employed in this work.

There ought to be one for Longview Asylum, with its seven hundred inmates. There ought to be one for the two infirmaries. There certainly ought to be one for our City Hospital, with its four hundred patients. And there should be ten others, to visit the poor and hold cottage meetings and gospel meetings among them. There is a surprising apathy on this subject. Eastern cities have their city mission societies.

One object in writing this book is to stir up Christian people especially, and other benevolent men, to consecrate their money for the evangelization of the heathen in our midst. Shall it be done?

To give bread and fuel to the poor is all right and proper; but "Man doth not live by bread alone, but by every word of God shall he live." People are mournfully ignorant of the Word of God and the gospel of Christ. And they are willingly ignorant. Shall they perish in their sins?

Many instances of the deaths of persons herein recorded show the evil consequences of sin, and the blessedness of a life of piety and godliness.

Among the poor are found many examples of pure religion. All along the line of thirty-five years, the writer has found it is well with those who serve God, and it is ill with the wicked. And, "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

The writer thanks God for the health and strength given all these years, and for the ability and opportunity to write these sketches from real life. He desires to give all the glory to God for the good accomplished, for the tears wiped away, for the hearts made glad, for the light which has shined into many homes and hearts, for the young who have been instructed in righteousness, for others who have been quickened to greater consecration to the service of Christ. To God be all the glory.

With sincerity the writer can say, nothing has been set down in malice, or with any desire to injure any mortal on the earth. His heart's wish has been to benefit and encourage his fellow-men.

May the reading of these pages, written under many difficulties, and amid many pressing duties, incite and encourage every one to increased activity in aiding the sorrowing, aged and afflicted, by prayer, sympathies and material blessings.

THE AUTHOR.

*August 26, 1887.*

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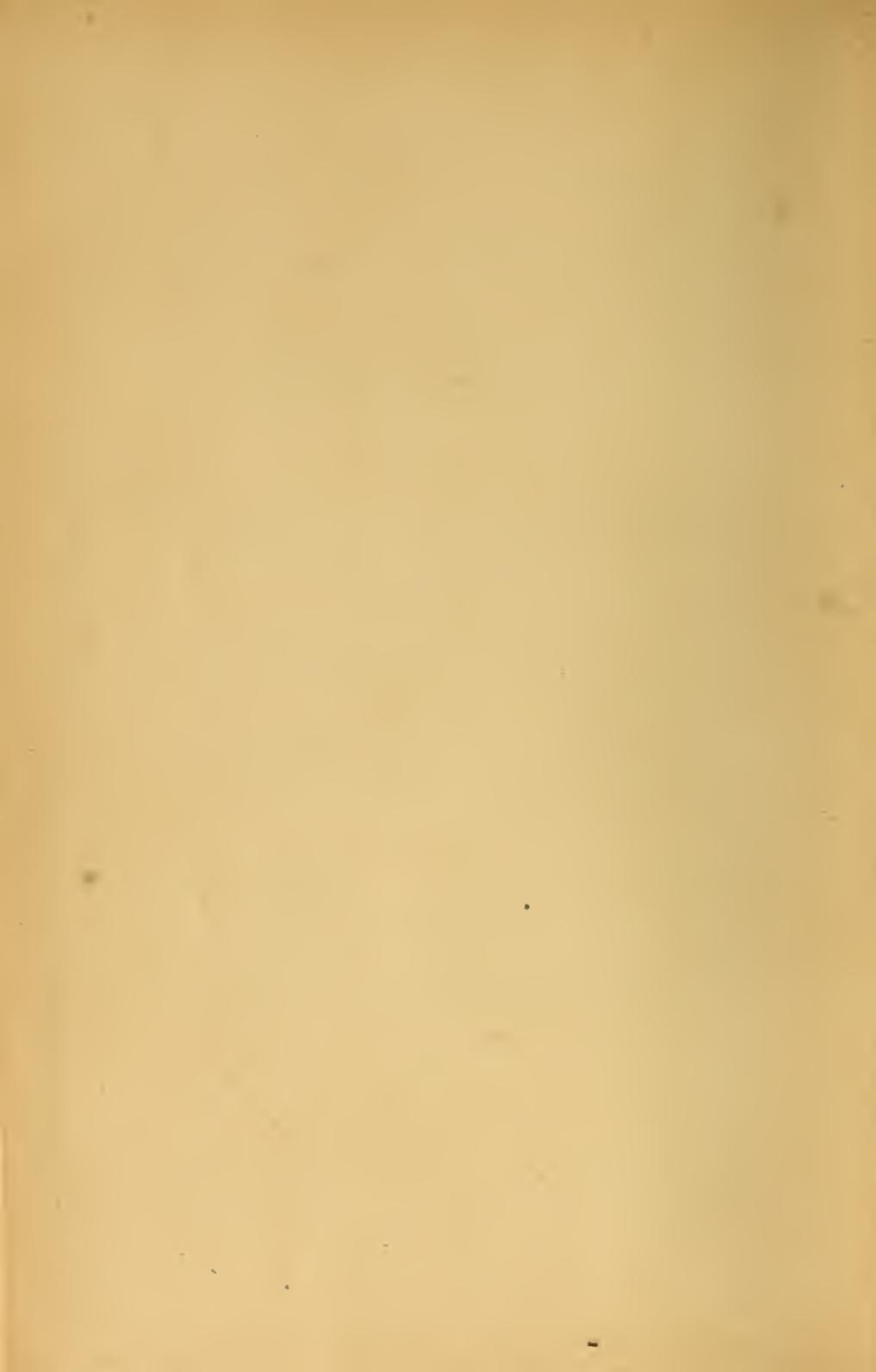
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The thanks of the author are tendered to the respective Boards of the above institutions for the use of the plates.



# Thirty-Five Years Among the Poor and the Public Institutions of Cincinnati.

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## CHAPTER I.

### PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS.

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#### THE OLD JAIL.

Situated on the east side of Sycamore Street, north of the Canal, was the place where my missionary labors began, February 22, 1852. It was a low, unpretentious brick building, standing back from the street some fifty yards. As one entered the building he found the office on the left hand; on the right another room for the jailer's family, with the rooms above. A huge iron door, with an inner one of iron bars, opened into what was called the

#### CHAIN-GANG ROOM,

One of the darkest and dingiest rooms ever known in this city. Just think of from twenty to forty men confined in a room so dark one could hardly read even at the entrance, and every man with a chain

attached to his ankle, carrying a forty-pound ball of iron at the other end! Only a thin, dirty mattress on which to sleep, and the chain remained a constant companion, night and day.

Their food was corn bread, a little soup, and a potato by way of variety. Many a time these weary men were seen passing along the streets to the quarries on the hills, where they toiled.

What a contrast to-day, from the way these violators of law were treated! Visit our splendid Workhouse, with its clean floors, whitened walls, good workshops, clean beds, and taste the food, and then draw the contrast, if you can. There was no *Prison Reform* in those days, but every city and town did what was right in its own eyes.

From the cheery Sabbath-school on Baker Street, into this dreadful place the missionary entered on the Sabbath mornings. The rattling of chains, the darkness of the room, and the grim faces of the men reminded one of the lower regions. The odor in the room was always foul, and in summer the heat was almost unbearable. There were from one hundred to two hundred prisoners, altogether.

In this room were gathered white and colored, native and foreign born. On every visit they paid respectful attention to the word of God; and that good was done, we have no doubt. One of the favorite songs they sang with great fervor, was—

“There is a fountain filled with blood,  
Drawn from Immanuel’s veins;  
And sinners plunged beneath that flood,  
Lose all their guilty stains.”

Passing through the hall were iron cages for certain criminals; on each side was a dungeon, made perfectly dark by a folding iron door. Hearing a man swearing in a violent manner, I reproved him and reminded him of the patience of Job. He instantly replied, "Job never had a drunken wife." "But he had a wife who said, 'Curse God and die!'" But the good man answered, "Thou speakest as one of the foolish women speaketh." The prisoner was pacified and listened silently to a brief prayer, promising to do better.

In the yard to the left were four rooms for women prisoners. In one of these was confined, for a few days, Margaret Garner, an escaped slave, who slew one of her children and attempted the life of another, rather than go back to slavery. Here was her mother and her children. The old woman always wept while listening to the voice of prayer and the word of God. Often she said, in reference to her daughter: "I'm sorry she did such a wicked thing. May God forgive her!" The whole family, after a most exciting trial, at which Judge Jolliff pleaded most eloquently for their liberation, were remanded back to slavery. The whole city was excited by this trial.

On her way down the Mississippi, the mother, with a babe in her arms, leaped into the river and was drowned. This terrible occurrence opened the eyes of the nation, and prepared many thinking people for the abolition of slavery.

Several notable women prisoners occupied these rooms. Their besetting sin was *drunkenness*, and they would boast thus: "I never stole anything in my

life." "But you've been drunken." "I know that, but I'm no one's enemy but my own." "The Bible says, 'No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of heaven.'" "I don't mean to die a drunkard." "Repent, and quit the drink, and God will bless you!" Strange as it may seem, a few of these women have repented and are spending their last days soberly and industriously. Known to the writer, their names must not be published.

#### THE MAIN JAIL,

Where murderers, burglars, counterfeiters, and others held for trial, were imprisoned, was a building in the yard, some sixty by thirty feet, the cells in the center, as in our City Work-house. Many thrilling scenes transpired within this building. Many a wife, and many a mother and sister, has stood by these heavy iron barred doors, weeping and pleading with an ungodly husband or brother or son to forsake the way of transgression. Stout hearts were affected to tears, to witness the affection bestowed upon these unworthy transgressors.

A pious young lady of our city, long since gone to her Heavenly home, requested the privilege of accompanying me to the Jail. It was in the month of June, 1853. On her bosom she wore a splendid full-blown red rose. As we approached the iron door there emerged a young man dressed in the first style—a suit of neatly fitting clothes, pure white linen, a shining silk hat, which he lifted as he made a most polite bow. The lady responded, handing him the rose, which he took with a second profound bow.

After some commonplace remarks we left that part of the Jail, and the following conversation occurred: Said the lady, "Who was that fine-looking young gentleman in the prison?" "Why, he is one of the greatest villains." "Is that possible?" "Yes, and he will probably go to the penitentiary for many years." "I thought he was some gentleman visiting the prisoners." "No, indeed; he has brought deep sorrow into a family, which they will never forget." How appearances do deceive. Men are not always what they seem to be. Christ has said, "Judge not according to appearances, but judge righteous judgment."

Another incident occurred within these walls. Several young men were drinking, then rioting, then shooting. Three of the party, all brothers, were seized and incarcerated. They were splendid singers. On one of my visits H. Thane Miller accompanied me. After some words of good advice kindly given, Mr. Miller requested them to sing. They did so with *marvelous skill* and power. One of the songs was—

"There is a land of pure delight,  
Where saints immortal reign,"

with the refrain,

"Oh, heaven!  
Sweet heaven!  
Dear heaven of rest,  
My friends are there!  
And I long to share  
In their eternal rest."

My brother Miller thanked them and offered up a fervent prayer. They blessed us both as we parted. We have reason to believe they turned from their

evil ways to live useful lives. They were sent to Columbus, but never in after-years did we hear of their violating the law again.

About twenty men seated on a floor in a room, one hot summer day, listened, as I read from Isaiah lv. They heard attentively until the second verse, which reads, "Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread, and your labor for that which satisfieth not?" A quick-witted Irishman called out, "Because we're fools!" "I suppose that is true; but will you always be fools, and die fools?" "God forbid!" was the response of many voices. "Listen then to another verse: 'Seek ye the Lord while he may be found. Call ye upon him while he is near.'" They thanked me, and listened very reverently to a prayer. Most of these were imprisoned for drunkenness and disorderly conduct.

#### A MURDERER HUNG.

The saddest recollection of the old Jail was the execution of Henry LeCount for murder. This occurred in November, 1852. The doomed man always received my visits kindly and thankfully. Many a time have I been locked up in his cell without a guard. He would listen to the word and kneel in prayer. But true, heartfelt grief for the crime he had committed was never seen. When near his end, he said, "I'd do it again if I had the chance." We pleaded with him to seek forgiveness, but it seemed all in vain. He paid the penalty of his crime.

The other three men executed some years after for the murder of Mr. Hughes, in the new Jail, were of

the same hard and impenitent turn of mind. This reminds us of the words of Scripture, "No murderer hath eternal life abiding in him."

The old Jail has long since vanished from the earth. One of the old jailers still survives, 'Squire McLean. He and his excellent wife always did their best to make the visits of Christian men *pleasant* and *profitable*. May God crown their declining years with his love and blessings, and may they, with all who have sought to better their fellow-men, meet in the kingdom of God.

#### A TEMPORARY PRISON.

An old livery stable, opposite the Police Court on Ninth Street, where now stands the beautiful and spacious Christian Church, was used for a time for *men* prisoners, and the old

#### SCHOOL-HOUSE

On Front and Parsons Streets, was used for women. To both these places we made regular visits, holding religious meetings with the prisoners. Both these places were abandoned when the new Jail and City Work-house were completed.

#### COUNTY JAIL.

Owing to the many pressing calls in other directions, my visits to this institution ceased eighteen years ago. Others have followed up the work and are doing good among the prisoners—members of the Y. M. C. A. and others. Mrs. Lawrence has been a faithful worker there, with Bro. Thompson and

wife, and other Christian women. The Master has said, "I was sick and in prison, and ye came unto me" He will reward all his faithful servants "in the resurrection of the just."

## CITY WORK-HOUSE.

This splendid building, next to the House of Refuge, was opened in 1871. Ira Wood was its first and very efficient superintendent. Everything about the building is strong, clean and convenient; well warmed in winter. Their wheat-bread and other food is good, and all the cells are kept perfectly clean. It is a sad reflection on our civilization that it is crowded with prisoners. Its present superintendent, Colonel Ziegler, "the right man in the right place," has had the care of seven hundred and forty prisoners. The County Jail, two hundred and more, making about one thousand at one time. This is an indication of an alarming increase of crime in our midst, far greater than is the increase in our population. The main causes are increasing drunkenness and the ease by which criminals escape punishment. Sabbath desecration prevails; no Bible instruction in our schools, and not even that matchless code, "The Ten Commandments," is taught the children. Thoughtful men may well ask the question, "Whither are we tending? Are we going back to barbarism?" Let one stand in the Work-house Chapel and give the word of life to seven hundred prisoners, he will not fail to believe the *morals of the people are declining*, and crime is increasing. These Chapel services every Sabbath at  $10\frac{1}{2}$  A. M., have always been impressive,

and most of the prisoners join in singing with an organ accompaniment.

The arguments used for building this institution were, "When men are made to work hard while imprisoned, there will be less crime." The experiment has failed to confirm the argument. Criminals have multiplied sevenfold, and the population about fourfold. Why these things are so, we may well inquire.

While Prison Reform has done much to restrain or remove cruel and inhuman treatment of prisoners, has it not had another influence—that of making the imprisonment *so easy and pleasant*, that many prisoners have better quarters, and better food and clothing than they had when at liberty? Let every philanthropist and friend of Prison Reform read the following:

"The finest jail building in the country outside the great cities is in Greensburg, Penn. It resembles a castle on the Rhine, and is simply magnificent in its architecture. It cost the county of Westmoreland over \$200,000. We have just been through the building, and we are surprised at its commodious apartments and fine accommodations for the inmates. We find it costs \$2,200 for running expenses, which, with the interest on the investment, makes over \$14,000 per annum. The average annual commitments are thirty; that is, each inmate costs the county about \$500 a year. Here they have comfortable quarters, heated by natural gas, a good bed and good food. They are gentlemen of leisure, and read vicious literature, play cards and talk crime at will.

It does not strike us things are as they ought to be in our prison system. It does seem a portion of this money might be better spent in preventive measures, in work among prospective criminals, infinitely more to the advantage of the community."—*Journal and Messenger*, February 9, 1887.

It gives me great pleasure to state that each one of the superintendents, Messrs. Wood, Morgan, Dunn and Ziegler, have welcomed those of us who carry the gospel to these misguided and sinful men and women. Mr. Ziegler has often remarked at the close of the Sabbath meeting, "If these prisoners would but take your advice, they would never return." By God's grace we shall continue to give them the gospel of Christ, whether they receive or reject its precious truths.

Every taxpayer is interested in the cost of such an institution. A few items are given which will afford food for reflection to every one. The extracts are from the annual report, ending December 31, 1886.

The City Work-house of Cincinnati, Ohio, is situated on Colerain Avenue, one-third of a mile east of Mill Creek, and within the corporate limits of the city.

The buildings present a beautiful and imposing structure, with a frontage on the west of 510 feet in length, and consist of a main building, 54 feet in width and 54 feet in depth, and five stories in height. In this building are contained the offices, reception and ante-rooms, superintendent's and officers' dormitories.

Officers of the City Work-house for the year end-

ing December 31, 1885: Superintendent, George W. Ziegler; Assistant Superintendent, William L. Thompson; Captain of the Guard, Philip Brooks; Physician, W. E. Keily; Matron, Miss Mary J. Shaffer; Directors: James O'Kane, E. P. Bradstreet, Henry Muhlhauser, Howard Douglass, Samuel W. Trost.

Cost of maintaining prisoners, . . . . .	\$39,000
Cost of employees, . . . . .	27,000
<hr/>	
Total, . . . . .	\$66,000

Number of prisoners committed during the year 1885:

White Males, . . . . .	1,565
Colored Males, . . . . .	221
White Females, . . . . .	477
Colored Females, . . . . .	107
<hr/>	
Total, . . . . .	2,370

Statement of nativity of prisoners committed during the year 1885:

United States, . . . . .	1,542
Germany, . . . . .	357
Ireland, . . . . .	388
England, . . . . .	25
Canada, . . . . .	12
Scotland, . . . . .	11
France, . . . . .	6
From ten other countries, . . . . .	29
<hr/>	

Total, . . . . .	2,370
Earnings of prisoners, etc., . . . . .	\$20,000
Received from taxes, . . . . .	38,000
<hr/>	
Total, . . . . .	\$58,000

From these figures, given in round numbers, it is plain the expense far outmeasures their earnings.

My visits (from twelve to twenty every year) have been made without expense to the institution. Rev. B. W. Chidlaw, Dr. Byers, and members of the Y. M. C. A., with others, have preached the gospel freely to these men. Very often are we accosted on the street by those who have served their time. It is gratifying to know that some of them repent.

## PENITENTIARY—COLUMBUS.

During these thirty-five years only a few visits have been made to the Penitentiary; five times in 1870. One of these was so remarkable it will never be forgotten by those present.

It was on the occasion of the annual meeting of the Ohio Baptist Sunday school Convention. Bro. H. T. Miller agreed to hold a service with the prisoners. Arrangements were accordingly made with the warden and Chaplain Byers, and all members of the Convention were invited. About four hundred of us marched within these gloomy walls. Over one thousand prisoners were in the Chapel. Mr. Miller led the meeting, and spoke in his usual fervent manner, holding the attention of the vast audience.

After singing that expressive hymn of Charlotte Elliott's,

“Just as I am ! Without one plea,  
But that thy blood was shed for me,  
And that thou bidst me come to thee,  
O Lamb of God, I come, I come !”

Mr. Miller called on me to speak. I did so, reading a letter written in that very prison, in 1862,\* by a man to his wife, who was dying of consumption in

\* See page 371.

sorest poverty, dwelling with her three small children in a back street near the river—a family we had helped and relieved. One passage in the letter was so tender it brought tears to the eyes of hundreds of men. It read thus :

“My dear wife, will you forgive me for all the wrong I’ve done you and the grief I’ve caused you and our dear children ? I know God has forgiven me ; though my name is among the transgressors, I am saved, thanks be to God through Jesus Christ ! Oh, my dear wife, if you can say,

“ ‘ Other refuge have I none ;  
Hangs my helpless soul on thee’—

then you will be ready for the hour of death ; and if we never meet again on earth, we shall meet each other in heaven.”

The effect of reading this letter was most marvelous ; most of the prisoners wept, and members of the Convention were affected to tears. After a few words from Mr. Miller and others, Chaplain Byers asked: “Do any of you desire prayers that you may be saved, and become good men ? If so, raise your hands.” A whole forest of hands were instantly raised, and while an aged brother prayed like a father for his lost children, there was audible sobbing all over the vast Chapel.

Chaplain Byers informed us about a year afterward that he had reason to believe fifty men were converted at that meeting.

The author of the letter was pardoned by Governor Todd, and I baptized him in the Ohio River. His wife died, and the three children followed her.

He enlisted in the army and served to the end of the war, and some years ago went home to heaven.

## HOUSE OF REFUGE.

This home for juvenile criminals and incorrigible boys and girls and lost children has been in successful operation thirty-six years. Its Directors serve without compensation. Among those who have served during all these years are R. A. Holden, H. T. Miller, J. Webb, Jr., David Baker, and Charles Thomas, who died there suddenly one Sabbath-day.

Of late years very small children, of three, five and seven years old, have been committed, having drunken parents, or those who have been cruelly treated. At the last report, ending December 31, 1886, the Refuge contained: Boys, 282; girls, 70—total, 352. The Refuge the first year, 1851, contained: Boys, 121; girls 41—total, 162. More than double the number in thirty-six years. Cost of maintaining these in 1886, with salaries of officers, and improvements, was \$52,393.27.

Rev. Horace Bushnell, City Missionary, acted as Chaplain for many years. My visits, made once a week, continued for five years. Much good was done and many of the inmates were really converted, many of whom are filling useful and honorable positions in society.

Of late years these visits have been only from six to ten in the year, conducting the Chapel exercises. For order, attention, hearty singing and quickness in answering questions, this school is unsurpassed.

Its first superintendent, Mr. Hubbard, was a genial,

businesslike Christian man. Others who followed were of like character: Mr. Perry, Rickoff, H. M. Jones, Mr. Monfort, down to Major Oliver, the present efficient and faithful Superintendent. For some reasons the religious meetings during the week were discontinued. Yet they were productive of real and lasting good to the inmates.

It is a necessary institution for a large city, where all sorts of people congregate—some of the best in the world and some of the vilest and most profligate.

*CINCINNATI ORPHAN ASYLUM.*

Where stands our splendid Music Hall, Art Gallery and Machinery Hall, the Orphan Asylum stood for many years—a neat looking three-story brick building, standing back from the street some one hundred feet, approached by a gravel walk with shade trees on both sides, with flowers and shrubbery—a really nice place for the one hundred and sixty children sheltered within its walls. In the rear were the kitchen, laundry and other offices, and beyond, the playground for the children. On the north side was the pasturage for the two cows which supplied the household with pure milk. Children were taught by paid teachers—an excellent arrangement. Since the Asylum has been removed to Mt. Auburn, the children have been sent to the Public School.

From the windows of the old Asylum could be seen the green grass and the cows grazing. And in this small inclosure volunteers were drilled for the War in April, 1861. Many a one looked tearfully

and anxiously on the evolutions of these men who were to be soldiers in the Union Army.

My visits to the old Asylum were nearly every week, and were heartily welcomed by the managers, matron and teachers. The manner and method of these religious visits may be best understood by the following extract from my first annual report, Feb. 22, 1853 :

“In this institution—which we have visited thirty-eight times—there are over one hundred children, who listen with much attention to narratives, stories and incidents, in all of which we endeavor to teach great moral truths, and to lead these children to a knowledge of Jesus Christ, whom to know is life eternal. On one occasion, after reciting the poverty, ignorance and irreligion in our city, a little boy stepped up to me, and said, ‘Here is a little Testament, will you give this to some poor person who has none?’ This was an orphan’s gift—all he could bestow, like the widow’s offering ; perhaps as acceptable to God.

“Another little boy, twelve years of age, is saving up all his Sabbath-school papers and tracts, which he intends to take with him when he goes as a missionary to the heathen, on which his heart seems fixed, and for which he daily prays. May this institution long continue to cheer the hearts and bless the souls of orphan children.”

Owing to the change made in the location, and also in sending the children to the Public Schools, my visits have been less frequent than in former years, limited to vacations both summer and winter. The

present efficient matron, Mrs. Wilson, who has faithfully fulfilled her labors for many years, welcomes these visits, as do all the children. Their attention, singing and intelligent answers to questions show they are well instructed and well cared for. The health of these children has greatly improved since their removal to Mt. Auburn.

Great care is taken in choosing homes for the orphans; most of them are now sent to places away from the cities. A kind hearted farmer adopted a bright lad many years ago. The boy was truthful, industrious, and very obliging. When the good man died he left this young man his entire estate. Out of gratitude to the Asylum which had sheltered him, he sent a ten-dollar bill to be expended on toys for the children, to make their Christmas happier and brighter.

A business man of the city, having no children, adopted a small boy and girl; both have grown to be estimable citizens, and are filling useful positions in society. A volume could easily be filled on this subject, which might weary both the writer and reader.

Such women as Mrs. Judge Burnet, Mrs. Bates, Mrs. Tilly, Mrs. J. B. Trevor, Mrs. Bullock, have been among the managers, and some of our best citizens, trustees.

It is gratifying to know the Asylum has a permanent income of \$7,000 a year, chiefly from the sale of its property on Elm Street. All citizens may rest assured that the physical, intellectual and spiritual needs of these children are well cared for. The hour spent with these orphans has ever been among the

brightest of our varied labors. Thousands of children have been blessed by being inmates. May thousands yet to come enjoy its blessed influence.

THE GERMAN ORPHAN ASYLUM,

Situated on the highest ground on Mt. Auburn, commands most extensive and picturesque views. On the north can be seen the beautiful suburb of Glendale, twelve miles in the distance, and the hills beyond. A little to the northeast can be discerned Sharpsburg, Pleasant Ridge and other suburbs, while on the west lie Price's Hill and Cheviot and the hills beyond. On the south the hills of Kentucky appear, unless hidden by the smoke of our busy city. Nearly the whole of Mt. Auburn can be seen from this eminence.

By the enterprise and benevolence of some of our German citizens this site, containing some eight acres, was purchased. Part of this is an orchard, another large tract, a vegetable garden; a third division is used for a playground. About one hundred or one hundred and twenty children of German parentage are here sheltered and instructed. The children are taught habits of industry and economy. During vacations, in summer, the girls are busy knitting socks and stockings for the winter. It is a common sight to witness forty of the girls and a few of the boys plying their needles while the missionary is teaching them the knowledge of Bible truths or singing them some gospel song. Their aptitude in learning is equal to the English-speaking children. The hymn,

“Oh, do not let the Word depart,  
Nor close thine eyes against the light ;  
Poor sinner, harden not thy heart !  
Thou wouldest be saved—Why not to-night ?”

was learned and sung in five minutes. It became a great favorite with the children ; and of singing, “In some way or other the Lord will provide,” they never seem weary. My visits to this Asylum have been continued for some twenty-five years. None of the children relish these song services and Bible instructions more than do the German children. God bless them all !

The present superintendent and matron are well adapted to their positions, which they have held many years. They always welcome these visits. During the past two years some \$52,000 have been expended in enlargements and additions.

Men and women now in the busy walks of life have often accosted me on the street and reminded me of the happy meetings in the Asylum. A young lady informed me of the happy marriage and Christian life of two of her sisters, with one of whom she has found a pleasant home. All were once inmates of the German Orphan Asylum.

The Asylum is maintained chiefly by the offerings of the people twice a year.

#### THE COLORED ORPHAN ASYLUM.

Thirty five years ago a very modest, odd-looking brick building on Ninth Street, near Elm, contained about twenty-five children, quite small, none of whom could read the Bible. My visits here began in 1850 on the Sabbath afternoons. Very soon they

learned to sing, and could repeat hymns and texts of Scripture. One very peculiar-looking girl, smart and witty, gained the name of "Topsy." The following brief account is worth pondering:

"Julia, sometimes called 'Topsy', had been a child of neglect and ignorance. When first admitted here, the matron said, 'Here is a new scholar for you, but it is doubtful whether you will make much out of her.' After a time she joined in singing all their favorite hymns, and came regularly to our Sabbath-school. She was taken sick of consumption, and died.

"A week before her death she desired once more to hear the children sing, and was carried downstairs, wrapped in a warm blanket, and seated by the fire. She watched with interest our proceedings, and was carried up again to bed. The following Saturday she sent word for me to come up and pray with her. She said, 'I want to die—don't want to get well any more.' 'Why, Julia?' 'I want to go with Jesus and live in heaven—I'm not afraid to die—you must pray for me that I may die and go home to Jesus.' I then called in eight of the children, who stood around the bed of the dying child, and sang by her request:

" 'Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,  
Look upon a little child;  
Pity my simplicity,  
Suffer me to come to thee!' etc.

"She then desired us to sing 'Come to Jesus.' We did so, and then kneeled around her bed and commended the little sufferer to Christ. On look-

ing at the children she said, 'I love all the children, and want them all to come to heaven, where I am going.' She died next day, a most happy death, astonishing all who knew her. None of us knew she thought so much of the world to come. 'Many that are last shall be first.' "

Soon after the War the trustees of the Asylum purchased the building at Avondale, built to shelter the colored people made homeless by the War. Somehow they gained the name of "contrabands." This building, though larger than the quarters on Ninth Street, is not large enough for its purpose. About sixty children are here sheltered and clothed, and sent to the Public School on Walnut Hills. There ought to be a new and commodious building erected. It is hoped some one of our wealthy citizens will perform this service, and, like Reuben Springer, C. W. West and Henry Probasco, be his own executor. It is certainly needed. The grounds are spacious, containing about ten acres.

Owing to the great distance from the city, my visits have been but few and irregular; but they are always appreciated by the children.

#### THE CHILDREN'S HOME,

Founded by the benevolence of Murray Shipley and other philanthropic citizens, began its career in a very humble dwelling on Front Street near Plum.\* Only a few children were gathered within its walls thirty years ago. New buildings were erected on Park Street, near the Gas Works. Teachers were employed, and the children were given religious as

\* First called the "Children's Aid Society."

well as secular instruction. After some time it was decided by the trustees to remove, and for a few years the building on Third Street near Elm was occupied, until the new, elegant and spacious building was erected on Ninth Street. We made weekly visits when the Home was on Third Street, under the care of Mr. Haydock, on Saturday mornings.

The motto over the entrance to the Home is well chosen—"In Christ's Stead." Lost children, children of drunken parents, orphan children and starving little ones here find "food, shelter and pity." The good done by this and kindred institutions is measureless. Those who contribute to the maintenance of and those who watch over and instruct these poor, neglected children, have a sweet consciousness of doing something to better humanity. And the Master has said, "They can not recompense thee, but thou shalt be recompensed in the resurrection of the just."

The institution is in excellent hands. Children who are sent away are looked after by Mr. Green, Mr. Shipley and Mr. J. L. Stettinius, with others, are ever watchful over the institution, which depends for its support on the voluntary offerings of the people.

When the Home was on Park Street, in a large hall of the third story was held a mission Sabbath-school, where gathered some three hundred children, including the Home children. Much good was done here. Every Sabbath evening a meeting was held for parents and children. It was my privilege to attend this service frequently, and address the meeting. Rev.

John Rusk, Rev. S. Sharpless and Rev. Albert Sharpless, all successful ministers in the Presbyterian Church, were among the active workers in these early days, twenty years ago.

## COMMERCIAL HOSPITAL, NOW CINCINNATI HOSPITAL.

Where now stands our beautiful and commodious City Hospital, was formerly erected the Commercial Hospital, a three-story brick edifice, standing back from the street some sixty feet. Erected in 1821, when the city was small, it was quite large enough at that time, but with the increase of population it became too strait for the people seeking admission. Here were gathered, besides the sick, to crowd its insufficient accommodations, the poor, the blind, the lame and aged, and the insane. There was no Infirmary or Lunatic Asylum in the county. It was pitiable to behold lunatics chained to the floor, while their cries and groans were terrible to hear. Nor was this all; the smallpox patients were quartered in a building fronting Central Avenue, then called Western Row. At times when the smallpox cases multiplied, a basement room, some twenty-six feet square, was used, near the entrance on Twelfth Street. In this room, at one time, were twelve men, all suffering from this terrible disease. I was requested by friends of a young man to visit and pray with him. The sight and stench of the room were terrible. Some of the precious words of Scripture were repeated, and listened to with marked attention. Many shed tears. We sang—

“There is a fountain filled with blood,  
Drawn from Immanuel’s veins,” etc.

They joined in the song. A brief prayer was offered, and the poor fellows uttered their thanks. The young man died, and four of the others. This scene will never be forgotten. The other day I met a man who was one of the twelve.

In the yard back of the old Hospital was stored an immense pile of wood for use in the building and for distribution among the poor of the city. Cords of wood were used for fuel instead of as now—loads of coal. Corn-meal, pickled pork and beans were also distributed in winter among the poor.

In the rear of the old Hospital was a garden, in which carrots, beets, onions, cabbage and other vegetables were raised. In the yard was a building used as a wash-house and kitchen. A notable woman, a German, worked in this wash-house for over twenty years; a small, wiry woman, who never seemed tired, and never happier than when cleansing the linen and preparing it for use. Nothing could induce her to leave the Hospital. She became part of the institution until it was demolished in 1867, when old age and other disabilities led her to seek refuge in the Infirmary.

Absalom Death was superintendent in 1852; a large, portly man, of very decided convictions. Many bottles of whisky did he take from the baskets of visitors and dash to the ground, as they sought to smuggle them in to the patients. The wife of the superintendent was a pious woman, a member of the First Baptist Church, who always aided me in visiting the sick.

The old building became so infected with vermin,

it was the decided opinion of our best citizens that it must be demolished. After the poor were removed to the City Infirmary in 1852, and the lunatics to a temporary asylum near Fairmount, the old building was still too small. A serene satisfaction was expressed by our citizens at its demolition. The very bricks of the old building were sold, as not fit to be used in constructing the new Cincinnati Hospital.

It has been said that "first impressions are truest and strongest," so the reader shall have these first impressions made on the mind of the writer from his daily journal:

Monday, February 23, 1852. *Visited the Hospital.* Most of the men are from Ireland; several from Germany, and comparatively few from the States. The Catholic priest visits daily and spends four or five hours there. Nearly all seemed willing to receive counsel and instruction. By far the greater number of Irish could not read. I read the Scriptures to most of them. One poor fellow whispered in my ear, "Are you a Catholic priest? I want to confess." "No, my friend, but I can tell you of one to whom you may confess and find mercy—Jesus Christ." He listened with great attention to the saving truths of the gospel. The Lord open his eyes to behold the truth as it is in Jesus. Another of the same class said, "I don't want to hear the Bible, I'm a Catholic." "Did you ever hear the Psalms of David?" "Never." On this I repeated the 23d Psalm, "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want," etc. This greatly excited his curiosity. He appeared to think his faith in Catholicism would be shaken. To all who could

read I gave tracts. Among them were a few undoubted Christians, whose hungering and thirsting for righteousness might be seen in their conversation and attention.

One man, a Methodist, wept freely whilst Christ and his salvation were set before him. Some of the Germans, I fear, are infidels; careless of death and eternity, they listened to the word with indifference.

In a small room were ten men afflicted with rheumatism and other diseases. They all seemed glad of the privilege of hearing God's word. There was great silence while I prayed with them. All expressed thanks. The Lord bless his word.

February 25, 1852. In the upper story of the female department were six aged women who listened to the word of God with gladness. After prayer and conversation they asked me to come again. So I will if the Lord permits. (Some months afterward these women were sent to the City Infirmary, which was then just completed.)

Visited two of the male wards, read the Scriptures and prayed. One man, whose father and mother were Methodists, solemnly vowed, if the Lord should spare his life, he would devote that life to Christ. He heartily responded while I prayed. May grace enable him to keep his holy resolve.

February 27th. Met Bro. Bushnell, City Missionary, who desired me to preach for him the first Sabbath every month in the Hospital. I agreed. Met my esteemed pastor, Dr. E. G. Robinson (now President of Brown University). He cordially approved the course I had taken and intended to pursue. He

wished me God speed. Spent half an hour with Dr. Fore's aged father.

March 1st. *Hospital. Female Wards.* The majority of the sick women were Catholics, and reluctant to hear the Scriptures or hold religious conversation. Elizabeth J., of North Carolina, appears fast sinking to death; is weaker than when I last saw her, and said nearly all the women made game of her because of her religion. She desired me to pray the Lord to forgive her sins and prepare her for death. Tears fell fast as she made this request.

This poor, suffering girl died March 4, 1852. I would fain hope she has gone to be with Christ, which is far better. She bore the scoffings of ungodly women patiently, and often expressed heartfelt gratitude for my instructions. She died a stranger in a strange land, and sleeps in an unmarked grave until the resurrection of the dead.

Several young men were visited at this time. Some had erred through strong drink; had spent their money and time in riotous living. They had forgotten a mother's prayers and a father's instructions. They were right glad to receive tracts and Testaments, and several promised to amend their ways and turn to the Lord. The following cases are both interesting and instructive:

Henry S., of Mobile, a young man whose parents are Presbyterians, was sick and nigh unto death many days; at times his reason failed, but it returned with returning health. Of all the patients we have visited, he seemed the most distressed about his soul. Many days and nights he did little but cry

for mercy, and beseech God to spare his life that he might repent. Frequently he grasped our hand like a drowning man, saying: "I want you to pray for me all the time—all the time. Oh, pray for mercy, and that God would spare my life a little longer." Rev. S. Wilson visited him a few times, comforting his soul by directing him to Christ as the only Savior. God was pleased to hear prayer, and spare this young man, who, on his recovery, left for home, returning many thanks for all our efforts to comfort his heart and lead him to the Savior, resolving to serve him alone the rest of his days.

Henry M., a youth of sixteen, from Indiana, lay here some weeks with a fractured limb. He listened with deep interest to the words of Christ which he had learned in the Sabbath-school. The parable of the prodigal son affected him to tears—it reminded him of his ingratitude to his parents. There did appear in him true penitence. Whilst sick he read "James' Anxious Enquirer," which he said was the best book he had ever read next to the Bible. We advised him to return home and learn a trade, which he promised to do.

J. J., an iron molder, formerly a member of a Methodist church, appeared deeply grieved and ashamed of his transgressions. Said he: "Of my backsliding I can not think without shame and confusion. My mercies I've abused, and I often wonder God has not cut me off in my sins." To him the promises of God seemed like "cold water to a thirsty soul, and good news from a far country." Prayer was heard on his behalf; he was restored, and on

taking leave of him, he avowed his determination to return to that fold from whence he had wandered.

It would be an easy task to add to these a number of others to whom our humble labors have, we hope, been blessed. Some have fallen asleep in Jesus; others are in the land of the living. One other must suffice.

James H., a young man from England, who had diseased lungs, lay here sick many weeks. He appeared to be an humble, sincere Christian. Some few years ago he joined a sect in his native land, called the Plymouth Brethren, and, from all we could learn at the boarding-house, he had honored the Christian name. Oh, it was a pleasure to sit by his bed and witness the calm and holy tranquillity which beamed from his pallid countenance. He frequently said: "I am willing to live or die; whichever is the will of God. But oh, I would like again to see my dear mother! I am a stranger in a strange land. My disease, I know, will end my life. How I would like to die at home—would love my mother to smooth my dying pillow. How I wish you would write to her and send word about my affliction." I did so, and his mother sent him fifty dollars to return home. Deep emotion filled his soul as he bade me good-by.

Three years later occurred the following instances: An Indian woman who was sick for many months, though unable to read, yet understood the gospel, and was a partaker of its blessings. Poor Hetty, though a great sufferer, often said: "I've no right to complain. Our blessed Savior suffered much more

than we ever can, and when I think of that, it eases my mind." Is not this a brand plucked from the burning? One day in the summer, after asking whether she was tired of hearing the word, she exclaimed: "Bless your soul, no! I'd like to hear it all day. Tired! no, indeed. How shall we do when we get to heaven, always serving God?" The Indian and Negro, as well as the Anglo-Saxon, are sanctified and redeemed by the mighty power of the gospel of Christ.

George J., a young Scotchman, endured his sufferings with remarkable fortitude, and died rejoicing in the all atoning sacrifice of Christ. To him the word of truth was very precious. He expressed thanks for these visitations. After his death many of the sick men said, "If there is anybody gone to heaven, we believe poor George has."

Wm. J. was seated on a bed one day, perusing the Sacred Volume. I said to him, "You are studying the best book in the world." He replied, "Yes, sir, this is the chart by which if we navigate the sea of life, we shall do right." "Where did you first find Christ?" "In England, near Manchester." "Who was the means of leading you to Christ?" "John Jones, the superintendent of the Sabbath-school, a man who loved the children's souls, by whom I was first led to seek true religion." He repeated four stanzas of that beautiful hymn of Montgomery's—

"Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,  
Unuttered or expressed," etc.

"Did you learn that in Sabbath-school?" "No, in an empty house. It was stuck on the wall, and I wouldn't leave it till I'd learnt it." This man was frequently assailed by Catholics, but he knew the use of the sword of the Spirit. He is now well, and a useful member of a church.

Thomas E., of Wales, left home while young, and became the companion of the foolish and vile. After running a course of impiety, when sick and nigh to death, at Buffalo, his sins alarmed him; he trembled at the thought of standing before a just God, and promised, if God would spare him, he would devote his life to his service. He was restored, and soon after he joined a small Welsh church, but, overcome by temptation, relapsed into the depths of wickedness, and, to use his own words, "I was more wicked than ever." His constitution was entirely ruined, and after suffering many weeks of excruciating pain, he died without a ray of hope. His light went out in deep darkness. He often said: "Too late! too late! I have crucified Christ afresh! There is no hope for me!" Thus he died, leaving a terrible warning to those who forsake God.

*Mercy sought and found.*—Said an afflicted woman, "I've determined, if I am lost, to perish praying." I assured her none ever perished seeking for mercy. Several weeks passed away in anxious suspense, when, blessed be God, he answered her prayers and granted his salvation. How changed her language and spirit! She exclaimed: "God has indeed been very merciful to me. I shall never be able to praise him enough. I know I love Christ. I feel entirely

resigned to his will." Who can help glorifying God for his mercy?

To many others, whose cases might be specified, the word of God has proved "the balm of Gilead, and the bread of life," while, alas! some have spurned it, and refused to be guided by its blessed light. The steward of the Hospital and his excellent wife have received our visits kindly.

Among the thousands of patients admitted into the Hospital during thirty-five years, it is difficult to select those which most interest the reader. Each life is distinct, and every one different from another. But as a general rule, those whose early training has been "in the way they should go," have minds more easily impressed with gospel truths, than those whose *whole lives* have been estranged from God.

Many bring on their sickness by drinking and dissipation, others by mingling in the dance, or the theater, thus "turning the night into day." They sow the seeds of consumption and death. Does not the Bible say, "I said of laughter, it is mad; and of mirth, What doeth it?" What doeth it for the body? It enfeebles it, brings it to an early grave. What for the mind? Blunts conscience, calls light darkness, and darkness light. What for the soul? Let God speak, and not man. "The soul that sinneth, it shall die!" "The wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord." "There is a way which seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death." Twice has God caused this latter truth to be written in his Word. But again three times is this written in his Book,

"Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved" (Joel ii.; Acts ii. and Romans x.).

There is a large class of laborers and domestic servants who, having no relatives near to assist, spend all they earn, and lay by nothing for a rainy day. When sickness overtakes them, whether through overwork or accident, or from any unaccountable cause, the Hospital to them is a real blessing. The physicians in attendance take great pleasure in ministering to such. So does the missionary. All ages, from the newly born infant to the man and woman of eighty and ninety years, here find a hearty welcome and kind treatment "without money and without price."

Excellent men had charge of the old Hospital after Absalom Death—Mr. Sowers, Mr. Arthur Hill, Dr. Menzies, Mr. Lyle and Col. Abijah Watson. The latter, with some of the others, has gone the way of all the earth. Every one of these gentlemen always received my visits courteously. Mr. Hill and Col. Watson were each, in after-years, appointed superintendent of the City Infirmary. Frequent changes in the management of the Hospital were found to be a sore evil, and so the directors are *appointed* instead of being *elected* by the people. The Governor of the State appoints one director, the Mayor of the city is another *ex-officio*, the oldest member of the Infirmary Board another, and the other four are chosen by Judges of the Superior Court.

This plan works admirably and should be extended to all public institutions under the city government.

Frequent changes in the management tend to corruption and demoralization. Politicians have got hold of that strange and potent aphorism, "To the victors belong the spoils," and either *ignore* or *forget* the fact that many of the *victors* obtain victory either by drinking, treating and bribing, or by threatening or promising favors to voters. Are these things right? Are they worthy of a great and free people? Surely not.

The voice of reason and common sense is, "Put the best, the truest, most faithful and trustworthy men on guard." May God hasten the day when this shall be done in all departments of our city offices. Happily for him, the city missionary is beyond the reach of artful politicians.

The old Commercial Hospital was found to be quite too small for the vast increase of the city, and so was vacated after being used forty-six years. It was demolished in 1867. The new and beautiful

#### CINCINNATI HOSPITAL

Was opened in January, 1869, with appropriate ceremonies. Mr. H. M. Jones was appointed superintendent. Over twenty years of faithful service as superintendent is one of the best proofs which can be given of the administrative ability of Mr. Jones, and also of Mr. McLean, who has been his assistant all these years. Of the fitness of Mr. Brannon, Doctors Wright, Judkins, Mussey and others, nothing need be said, their work speaks for them.

During the erection of the new building, St. John's Hospital was used for men, and the old Orphan

Asylum, where Music Hall now stands, for women. Both were regularly visited by the missionary.

#### A REMARKABLE WOMAN.

One of the devoted women who followed the army and waited on the sick and wounded soldiers, was Mrs. Fogg, who often went to the front where there was real danger, to serve and minister to the soldiers. After the close of the war in 1865, she met with an accident by a sudden fall; for many months she lay helpless and in great suffering. Her delight seemed to be in reviewing hospital scenes connected with the war. The Christian hope ever sustained her; gladly she received my visits once a week, and always requested to hear sung her favorite hymn—

“Jesus, lover of my soul,  
Let me to thy bosom fly.”

After many months of suffering she was able to leave for her home.

#### CHOLERA VISITATION.

The last time our city was visited with this dire calamity in 1866, its devastations were not nearly so great as in 1849, when six thousand were hurried to an untimely end. The disease appeared in a milder form and was not so widespread. The sanitary improvements tended much to prevent the growth of the disease. But among those who fell victims were two excellent ministers. Rev. W. H. Harrison, of the English Lutheran Church, was a man much beloved, always going about doing good; a member of the School Board, a friend of the children, and a faithful pastor. His death was sudden. Rev. Mr. Newman,

pastor of the Union Baptist Church, died of the same disease August 1, 1866. The Hospital contained many victims during the continuance of the pestilence. The cholera ward for men often contained twelve and sixteen patients. By the diligent attention of the physicians and good nursing, with the blessing of God, many recovered. Many a time have I rubbed the limbs of these suffering men. One young man from Newark, Ohio, who had served in the army, was writhing in agony; after rubbing him awhile, the cramps subsided, when he exclaimed, "God bless you for this, that rubbing has done me more good than anything." After some words of Christian counsel and prayer, he again thanked me. He recovered and returned home, and wrote a letter expressing his thanks for my services.

During the erection of the new Hospital, the women and children were placed in the old Asylum building on Elm Street. That was known as

#### THE ELM STREET DIVISION OF HOSPITAL.

Over this department was Mrs. Agnes Rose, a most excellent matron, who continued her arduous labors for over twelve years. Her kind attentions and Christian spirit won the esteem of patients and physicians, and also of those who ministered to their spiritual necessities. Many a distressed heart she *soothed*, and often directed my attention to such for Christian consolation.

#### A POOR, GRATEFUL WOMAN.

Many of the inmates could not read. On one of

these visits we were quietly singing to a group of women, the well known song,

“Tell me the old, old story,” etc.

On reading the verse,

“Remember I’m the sinner,  
Whom Jesus came to save,”

the woman burst into tears, saying: “God bless your soul! How true that is! May the Lord have mercy upon us and save us all!” Others in the group wept. We commended them all to that Jesus who “came to seek and to save that which was lost.”

Patients, nurses, physicians and missionaries were all glad when the new Hospital was ready for occupancy. The two years seemed a long time for its completion. The discomforts of both St. John’s and Elm Street were cheerfully borne by all classes. We thanked God and rejoiced to enter the new building, which occurred in January, 1869. The dates and names of the trustees are inscribed on two marble tablets in the entry of the Hospital.

#### AN INTERESTING INCIDENT.

About twenty years ago, whilst passing through the women’s ward, I noticed a very sorrowful-looking woman just recovering from typhoid fever—a stranger in the city, a hard-working domestic. Listening attentively to a few words of Scripture, she said: “I am not a Christian; I wish I was. I know I have not lived as God would have me. Pray for me!” I did so, and continued these visits until she left. Often she expressed her gratitude for instructions and prayer. After some years she met

me, and said: "I bless God and shall always bless him for the good you did me when I was sick in the Hospital. I joined the Baptist Church, and have a kind, good husband. I bless God for all his mercies to me." For several years she has been an earnest worker in the church, and her husband also. No one can measure the good of one such life. We sow the seed in hope, and the promise is, "In due season ye shall reap if ye faint not." God help us to be faithful!

#### A SAD DEATH.

A few years later, there died one of the most ungodly among women. Carrie M. I first met in the House of Refuge, then in the Jail, then in the Hospital, when a limb was amputated, then in the City Work-house, then in the City Infirmary, and last of all in the Hospital, where she died. Strong drink, a high temper and great determination made her a terror to others. On her death bed she often said: "The years spent in the Refuge were the happiest of all my life. Oh, if I had but followed your advice, how happy I might have been!" She read with interest many times before dying, the fourth chapter of Hebrews, and yearned and prayed for the "rest for the people of God."

#### PAY DEPARTMENT.

One very important improvement in our new Hospital is the *Pay Department* for both men and women. Here at a moderate cost persons may have a quiet room with all the privacy and pleasantness of home, with competent nurses and physicians. Only

those requesting the missionaries' ministrations are visited.

#### A SCHOOL-TEACHER'S DEATH.

For many months Miss C., a very estimable lady, who had been a school teacher most of her life, lingered in one of these pleasant rooms. Her disease, rheumatism, was very painful. She bore it with Christian fortitude, sustained by divine grace to the end. My visits were fully appreciated; to the reading of the Scriptures and prayer she ever lent a willing ear. Her conversation often turned on the religious training of the young. The lack of this was the real cause of so much ungodliness among the people. She often emphasized Dr. Watts' words:

“ ‘Twill save us from a thousand snares,  
To mind religion young;  
Grace will preserve our following years,  
And make our virtues strong.”

The songs of praise she always enjoyed, and looked forward to the ending of life with calm resignation and sweet anticipation. She was the only woman among thousands I have visited in sickness, who repeated that wonderful hymn of Cowper's:

“To Jesus, the crown of my hope,  
My soul is in haste to be gone;  
Oh, bear me, ye cherubim, up,  
And waft me away to his throne.”

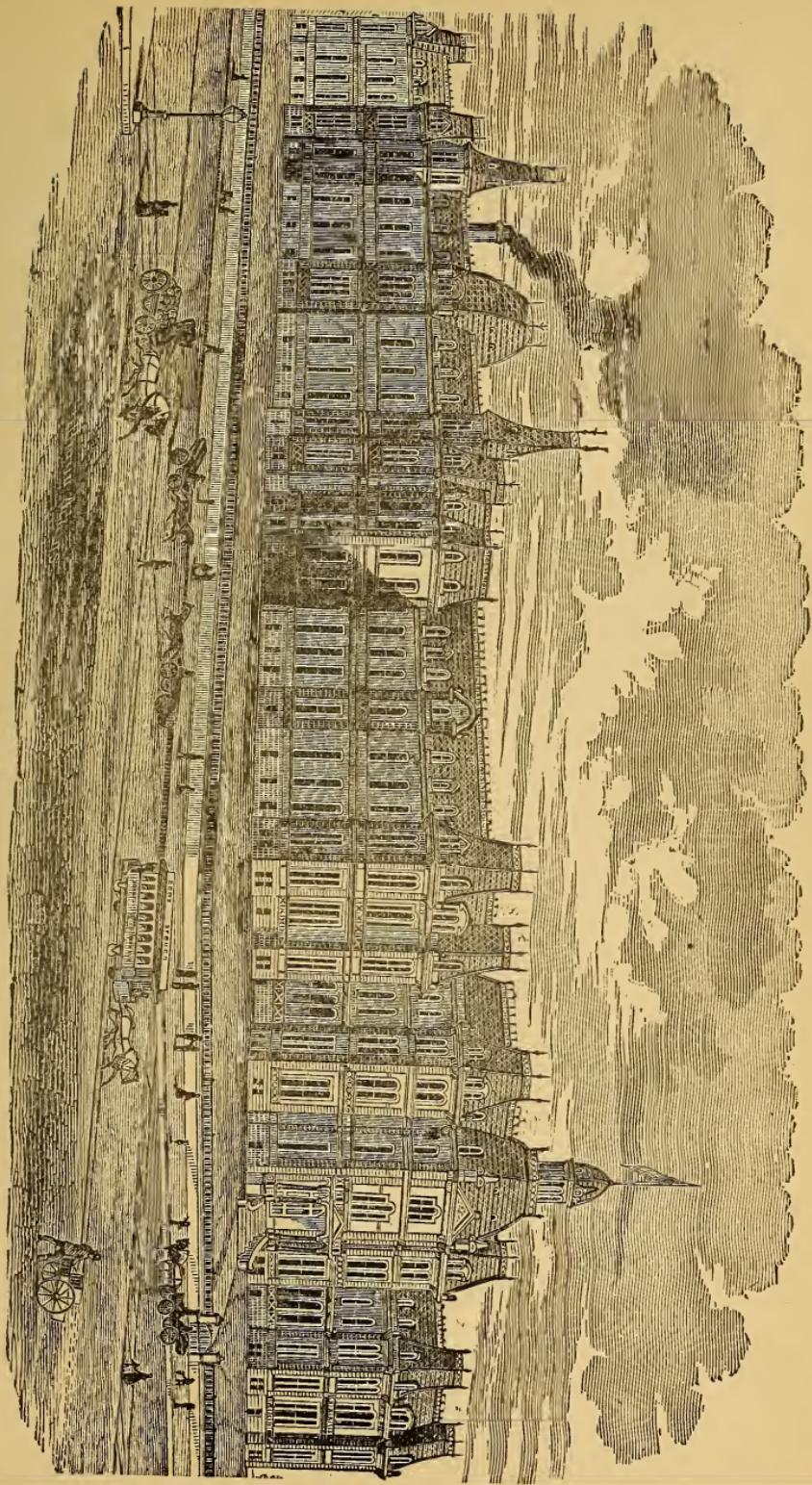
By her request we often sang this precious hymn. She calmly yielded up her spirit to Christ Jesus.

Dr. Langdon, former superintendent of Longview, died here, in one of the quiet rooms. His brother, S. Langdon, since deceased, requested my visit and

prayers. At the time he was past recognizing his nearest friends and soon passed away. Many others treated here have recovered.

#### DIED IN DESPAIR.

Many years ago a man died in deep despair. Everything which was said to give him comfort was of no avail. His reply invariably was, "It's too late now." Born in the vicinity of Belfast, Ireland, he had religious training, and seemed well acquainted with the Scriptures; but he forsook the guide of his youth. He came to the United States, and obtained employment on a river steamboat. There he forgot God, and learned all the evil habits of the worst class of boatmen—drinking, gambling, swearing and other vices. He continued in this course for eleven years. Sickness and poverty overtook him. He was glad to seek refuge in the Hospital, having no earthly friends. His sinful life came all before him. Then he remembered the days of childhood, and thought on what might have been, had he chosen the way of righteousness. Reading the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew, he spoke suddenly, saying, "The door was shut, and it was never opened again!" "But God is a merciful being and does not desire the death of the wicked." "But there is no mercy for me! I've sinned away the day of grace! I've crucified the Son of God afresh and put him to an open shame!" These and similar words were spoken with a terrible earnestness I can never forget. I asked him, "Shall I pray for you?" "It will do no good. It's too late; but pray if you like." Often, with



CINCINNATI HOSPITAL.



others, I prayed for this despairing man, but it seemed in vain. The door of mercy seemed closed against him. After much suffering for many months he died without hope or mercy.

What a warning to transgressors! God's word declares, "Better for them not to have known the way of righteousness than to turn from the commandment of the Lord." And, again, it says, "For it is impossible for those who were once enlightened and have tasted of the heavenly gift and were made partakers of the Holy Ghost, if they shall fall away, to renew them again unto repentance; seeing they crucify to themselves the Son of God afresh and put him to an open shame." The foregoing is a fearful illustration of these truths. Yet still we remind transgressors of the mercy of God to the guiltiest, and of the poet's words:

"And while the lamp holds out to burn,  
The vilest sinner may return."

#### A PEACEFUL DEATH.

It is pleasant to turn from the foregoing sketch to one just the opposite. A widow, past the middle of life, having no earthly friends, was overtaken by consumption. After exhausting her scanty earnings and becoming worse, she was admitted to the Hospital, where, after months of suffering, she fell asleep in Jesus. Her affliction was borne with wonderful patience and resignation to the will of God. Shortly before her death she gave me this account of her conversion. "My husband and I were living in a tenement-house in the lower part of the

city. One Sabbath evening we heard singing in an adjoining room. It sounded so beautiful we went to the door and asked if we might come in. They said: 'Certainly.' We asked them to sing again that beautiful hymn; it was this:

" 'My latest sun is sinking fast ;  
My race is nearly run ;  
My strongest trials now are past ;  
My triumph is begun.'

With the refrain,

" 'Oh, come, angel band !  
Come and around me stand !'

"We were both affected to tears, and thought on our sinful lives, and determined to seek the Lord with all our hearts. These friends invited us to the Bethel, where Rev. Thomas Lee was pastor. We united with that church, and have enjoyed God's blessing ever since. My husband died a few years ago in the faith of Christ, and I expect soon to meet him among the redeemed in heaven."

After a few more days of suffering this dear friend died in peace. She could truly say, "There's not a cloud between me and Jesus." Truly, God is no respecter of persons. The poor are as welcome to the gospel feast as the rich. And though poor in this world, they are rich in faith, heirs of the kingdom of heaven. Who can measure the value of such a life, or of such a death? For such lives and deaths do influence those about them. It is not unusual to hear the expression, "If I had that woman's religion, then I could die." "If any one has gone to heaven, that woman has." "Blessed are the dead

who die in the Lord: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors ; and their works do follow them."

#### THE FLOWER MISSION

Has rendered good service to the sick every summer, by supplying fragrant and beautiful flowers to the eighteen wards of the Hospital. Strong men, unused to these mute messengers, will gaze upon them with delight, and are refreshed by their perfume. Children and women are loud in their exclamations of delight on receiving the beautiful, fragrant gift.

#### A DYING WOMAN,

Ill with consumption, lay one day feasting her eyes upon a glass full of bright flowers, her hand beneath her head. It seemed she had lain in that position a long time. I ventured to ask: "Of what were you thinking?" With a heavenly smile she answered: "I was thinking of Dr. Watts' words—

“ ‘There everlasting spring abides,  
And never-withering flowers ;  
Death, like a narrow sea, divides  
This heavenly land from ours.’ ”

“And you will soon be in that land.” “It will not be long. I count the days and hours.” Her hope was built on the sure foundation. My next visit found her weaker, but very happy in the Lord. The next visit the bed was empty ; she was gone to join the spirits of the just made perfect.

Some men there are who despise flowers ; for them there is neither fragrance nor beauty. They who visit the sick know full well their potency and in-

fluence. A gentleman walking the street with his hand full of bright flowers, was followed by half a dozen poor children, crying out: "Gimme a flower ! Please gimme a flower !" He could only pacify them by parting with the last one. This suggested to the gentleman the origin of the Flower Mission.

Go on, ye gatherers of these delightful things which God has given to brighten this dark world and cheer the children of men ! Send your flowers to the bedside of the sick ! Give bountifully to our hospitals and the poor ! The sick and the dying will bless you. "They can not recompense thee ; but thou shalt be recompensed in the resurrection of the just."

#### SURGICAL OPERATIONS.

*A Christian Woman's Death.*—Many years ago, while walking through the female surgical ward, my attention was attracted to a very quiet, motherly-looking woman, reading her Bible, which is something very cheering to witness. Our conversation took the following turn: "You are reading a very precious book." "Yes, the best in all the world ; it has been my companion for many years." "May I ask the chapter you were perusing ?" "It is my favorite chapter, Romans viii.: 'There is therefore now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus.' " "That is a blessed chapter, and it was my mother's favorite also. You are a stranger in the city ?" "Yes, sir ; my home is five hundred miles from here, in Pennsylvania. I came here to undergo a surgical operation." "What, think you, will be the result ?" "I can not tell ; but I feel entirely re-

signed to the will of God." "Suppose you die under the operation?" "I can say, 'The will of the Lord be done!'" After prayer and a few more pleasant interviews with the sufferer, the operation was performed, and the second day after she calmly fell asleep in Jesus. To her death had no terrors. To live was Christ, and to die was gain.

*A Colored Woman*, mother of a large family, living in Kentucky, was afflicted with a tumor in her side. It was the largest ever seen here, and weighed seventy-five pounds. The poor sufferer sank under its removal, and died. She was a truly Christian woman, and was willing to endure the operation for the sake of prolonging life for her family's sake. She spent much time in prayer, and was so glad when we prayed with her.

Many operations performed are successful, and the patient recovers health and strength. Often these persons urgently request prayers for their recovery. It is gratifying to minister to them in their afflicted condition. A more careful nurse than Mrs. W., in the women's surgical ward, can not be found. For over twenty years she has kindly nursed these afflicted ones.

In this same ward are found from five to eight young girls who are afflicted with various maladies. All of them love singing. The half-hour thus spent flies far too quickly. Sometimes eight gospel hymns are sung with great sweetness. Among the favorites are: "Man of Sorrows, what a name!" "All the way my Savior leads me," "It is well with my

soul," "I am thine, O Lord, I have heard thy voice," and "I gave my life for thee."

The singing is a real enjoyment to the score of aged women in this ward. A short prayer and a few words of Scripture close the exercises. Flowering plants adorn the windows, and canary-birds often join us in singing. Contrast this scene with the old Hospital of thirty years ago, the improvements are great and marvelous. Poor sick people have no need to dread the Hospital; yet many do, and possess a great aversion to entering. Many defer going until it is too late to be benefited. It is no uncommon thing for a man or woman to be removed thither in the very last stage of disease, and they die in some cases the day after admission. Their food is excellent, and nursing unsurpassed. Thousands bless God for the Hospital.

#### THE RIOT—KILLED AND WOUNDED.

The fearful riot of March 30, 1884, is fresh in the minds of all our citizens. The murder of Kirk, and the Taylors of Avondale, and scores of murderers in the Jail unpunished, led to the rioting. About fifty innocent men were killed, and over one hundred and sixty wounded, many of whom died.

#### SCENE AT HABIG'S.

Long rows of dead men, shot in various parts of the body, the man of gray hairs, the middle-aged, and some mere lads, were here. The sight was sickening and appalling. Who could help shedding tears over these dead men? Who slew all these?

The real murderers who caused their death were safe in the fire proof Jail, while the Court-house, adjoining, was burnt to ashes. A sad day! A dark day, indeed, was this in the history of our city! May God forbid we should ever see the like again. Let us never forget, that "Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is the reproach of any people."

#### MEN'S SURGICAL WARD.

Never since the war was there a sadder or more terrible sight than was seen in the two wards containing the wounded men from the riot. Sixty of these wounded men were here treated. They were shot in the mouth, head, knee, thigh, side, feet and hands; one man in both legs. A shocking sight! They bore their sufferings bravely. Several died, others recovered, and some were crippled for life. To them the word of God and prayer were very acceptable. One boy of fifteen years was shot in his shoulder. He recovered and returned home.

#### COLORED MEN'S WARD.

For over twenty years Mr. P. has been the faithful nurse of these men, old and young, afflicted with all diseases which are common to men. Often desperate characters are brought in, shot or injured in drunken quarrels. Whether good or bad, all are kindly nursed and receive the best medical attentions. Incurables are sent to the City Infirmary; also the hopelessly blind and the very aged, when they have no means of support or earthly friends. They enjoy the word of God and prayer, and are among the best

of singers. Readily they join in any of the songs we use among them. In this ward, during the last two years, my friend, Mr. Julius Q. Mulford, has accompanied me, and in several other wards, where are afflicted women and children. Often we find sincere Christian men, whose poverty of circumstances lead them to the Hospital.

#### COLORED WOMEN'S WARD.

Faithful and good nurses have charge of these people. When a nurse can discharge her duty for ten or fifteen years, it is one of the best evidences of her fitness. Mrs. C. has for some years nursed in this ward. Often we find among the patients sincere Christian women. To them the word of God and prayer are always a delight. Many, indeed, die without hope or mercy, having wasted their lives in sin, and brought on sickness by their vices.

#### CHILDREN'S WARD.

The description of Christian work in the Hospital would be incomplete without noticing the little children, of whom the Son of God declares, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." For many years Mrs. C. has had charge of the children, and they invariably call her *mother*, for she acts as mother to them all.

It is a curious sight to witness, on entering, the little ones cry out, all at once, "Here comes Mr. Emery, now we shall sing." Some are cripples. They hobble along on crutches, some move about on one crutch; once in a while they creep along the floor, and arrange their chairs around us. Their songs are of the simplest kind, yet sung with heartiness.

"Jesus loves me, this I know," "I have a Father in the promised land," and "Shall we gather at the river," are among the favorites. Of Bible stories they never tire. It is one of the prettiest sights in the Hospital, and the children's ward is the most cheerful. One little girl who fell from a porch, was here over a year; always cheerful, always ready to sing, even when in bed.

Once in a while when there is a child "nobody cares for," it is sent to the City Infirmary, there to remain until some one adopts it. These generally greet us with clapping of hands and smiles. Should we not all remember the Master's words, "Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones, for I say unto you, their angels do always behold the face of my Father who is in heaven"? Occasionally we meet one of the little ones on the street and receive their congratulations.

#### NEW CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL.

Thomas Emery's Sons have done a noble deed of philanthropy, in erecting a hospital for children, with all modern improvements, on Mt. Auburn, at a cost of over \$60,000, with this broad and beautiful inscription, "Children admitted irrespective of creed, color or nationality." It can not fail to prove a great blessing to children. Every lover of humanity will wish the lady managers great success.

#### ST. LUKE'S HOSPITAL,

Situated on Franklin and Broadway, established by our Episcopal friends, and sustained by them chiefly, had a bright and useful career. Rev. R. Gray was

chaplain, and we often met here visiting the sick. It began in 1865, and was closed in 1869. Many pleasing recollections cluster around this institution. It seemed a pity to give it up for want of the necessary funds; but, like many other good things begun in our city, it died for want of support. It cost some \$7,000 a year to sustain it.

A lady from Portsmouth, Ohio, was an inmate for a long time, and by the blessing of God on medical skill and good nursing, she was perfectly restored. Her bright countenance and cheery voice in singing were always interesting to visitors. Accustomed to teach in a Sunday-school, she delighted to hear anything of this kind.

#### CLOSE OF A USEFUL LIFE.

One of the last to die in this Hospital was the faithful nurse, Miss Van Alstin, who had watched over the sick nearly three years, and was so deeply interested that she left her earnings for the benefit of the institution. Often she expressed fear of death, and at times doubted whether she was a child of God. One day our conversation took this turn, "Do you think a Christian should fear death?" "By no means, for to die is gain." "I've always had a dread of death." "So have many Christians; but when the last enemy comes, Jesus is with them, and they die in peace." "I've done so little in my life to glorify God." "Are there not some things which give you pleasure?" "Yes; when I taught a class in a Sabbath-school in New York, that was one of the happiest parts of my life. Then when I came to Ohio, and was in

the nursery of the Orphan Asylum, the little children would come to me and say, 'You're my mother now, pray with me.' And I did, and God blessed me there. And the rest of my life has been spent among the sick and dying. Many a time at midnight I've kneeled by them and prayed."

The last months of her life were spent on a sick-bed; she died of consumption, and wrote with pencil these four lines:

"Jesus can make a dying bed,  
Feel soft as downy pillows are,  
While on his breast I lean my head,  
And breathe my life out sweetly there."

Her end was peace. She died happy in the Lord.

This slip of paper the dying nurse sent to another lady, dying of consumption in the next room. Thus one dear friend cheered the other, in view of crossing that mysterious stream we sometimes call the river of death. "I can trust Christ Jesus for time and eternity," was the expression of the last patient when dying. Soon after the death of these two excellent women the Hospital was closed. The new Hospital, capable of accommodating one thousand patients, was deemed sufficient for the present.

#### THE MARINE HOSPITAL,

Built by the Government on Mt. Adams for the accommodation of boatmen, had a short but useful career. In the time of the war it was filled with soldiers. Then it was sold. Two benevolent men, Mr. Butler and Mr. Worthington, purchased it and gave it to the Catholics. It is now "The Good Samaritan Hospital," controlled entirely by them. Visitors

with Bibles, Testaments and tracts are not permitted to pass through its wards. Once in a long time the missionary is called to visit a single patient and administer to him consolation.

The same is true of Betts Street Hospital, also under the Catholics. All creeds are admitted, but only the priests and Sisters of Charity visit the wards regularly for religious instruction.

#### THE HOMEOPATHIC HOSPITAL,

For women and children, sustained by voluntary contributions, is on Ninth Street, west of Baymiller. It began in 1882. More like a private house for quietness and comfort, it fulfils a long felt want. The inmates number from six to sixteen, and are carefully nursed. They receive thankfully copies of the *Christian Press* and other papers. Only in special cases, requesting visitation, is the missionary called upon. Often a weary heart has been cheered by the word of God and prayer. Many an afflicted woman has blessed God for this institution.

#### PEST-HOUSE.

Where Lincoln Park now is, with its artificial lake, its fountain, its well graveled walks, shady-trees and bright flowers, was once the Potter's Field, where stood a few low buildings, called the Pest-house. In this field, where strangers, suicides and others were buried, were eighteen hundred graves. This was in the year 1852. The Pest-house was then removed to Roh's Hill, and remained some years; then it was removed a few miles up Lick Run, where it still remains. The

latter place I have never visited. When on the hill-top, there were many cases of smallpox; people became restless in the vicinity, and it was removed to its present locality.

The old Pest-house was the place for the poor colored people. Of these there were from ten to sixteen, men and women; and the colored sick were sent here. That seems strange, yet strangely true! Why these people should be placed in the same building with the smallpox patients, is very strange. Did the authorities wish to get rid of them? Did they wish to spread the contagion? Colored people in those days were often denied privileges accorded to every other nationality. Blessed be God, the war and its results have changed these things for the better.

#### AN AMPUTATION.

Whilst visiting these poor people in 1854, I was permitted to witness the amputation of a colored man's leg. With others he had been dancing and drinking in the night; the disturbance was so great the police were called; and to avoid arrest, he jumped from the window and broke his leg just above the ankle. Dr. Mussey, Sr., performed the operation with as much care as though he were a millionaire. He survived the operation only a few days. The man's blood was full of whisky. It is feared he died without hope or mercy.

#### RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

That these visits, once a week, were fully appreciated, let the following quaint expressions be pon-

dered: "If it wasn't for our little preacher's comin', our souls 'ud starve to death; and if he was to quit comin', we'd be in a bad fix. Who cares for us poor niggers? Nobody, 'cept him, we reckon. De Lord shall reward him at de great day." "When are you comin' again? Don't forsake us, for de good Lord's sake. May Master Jesus bless you, and may we all meet you at his right hand in glory."

One poor woman, Lewis, died here of consumption; her end was calm and peaceful. The last time I saw her, I found her patiently waiting, sometimes longing, for the hour of her release. I can not doubt that she is among that "great multitude, clothed in white robes, and with palms in their hands."

George, a simple-hearted man, died recently, who, I trust, has gone to join the church triumphant. The first time he heard the word, he lifted up his voice, and weeping aloud, grieved over his sinfulness, but believed Christ would forgive him, saying: "I want to be baptized. George is a poor, unworthy sinner, but I hope my blessed Jesus has forgiven me." He became more and more feeble until he died, leaving behind the evidence of his having obtained salvation through a crucified Redeemer.

#### DEATH OF A PRODIGAL.

In 1854, Wm. B., son of a minister of the gospel in South Carolina, was sick here many months, and died a sad death. He had been a profligate man, and though often urged to repent, kept on in his sins. He would say, "Ah! you may talk; when anybody's been as wicked as I have, all their life, 'taint

so easy to repent." He often deplored the life he had led, saying, "Ah, well! it's no use, it can't be helped, too late now!" His last words were, "Dark! all is dark, no hope! Too late! It's too late now!" Thus he died.

Contrasted with the foregoing was the death of poor old

#### UNCLE JACK.

He died shouting the praises of Jesus. His was truly a happy death. Often, during preaching, he would burst out laughing; this was his way of expressing joy. When checked, he would say: "Lord bless your soul, who can help it when they feels as happy as I do. Must laugh, 'taint no use sayin' nothin' about it. I know the Lord has converted my soul. What would poor Jack have been but for his mercy?" Joy and peace ever sat on the brow of this aged Christian. When death came, the servant of Christ rejoiced. "Blessed is that servant who, when his Lord cometh, shall find watching."

Aunt Judith expressed her joy by jumping and clapping her hands. No one could restrain her. She would shout: "My blessed Jesus! Who can help shouting? I love him with all my heart." Their two favorite hymns were, "Come, thou Fount of every blessing," and "There is a fountain filled with blood."

Many precious meetings were held with these people. The only survivor known to me is Jane Moore, who has been all the rounds to Hospital, Infirmary and Work-house. May she at last find a home with the redeemed in glory.

## JEWISH HOSPITAL.

To their credit it is recorded that our Hebrew fellow-citizens take care of their sick, their poor and their orphan children. Considering the thousands of Israelites who reside in our midst, this is really praiseworthy. Many of them have been kind and liberal in contributing toward the sustenance of the writer for twenty-five years past. And in the last thirty-five years I have found only one Jew in the City Infirmary, and one sent to the Penitentiary. The latter was for forgery. He had a wonderful talent for writing—wrote me a card equal to any copper-plate. The other was a poor Polish Jew, afflicted with softening of the brain. As the word of God was read to him and prayer was offered, he invariably wept.

During 1853-54-55 I made several pleasant visits to this Hospital, and was always kindly welcomed. Never many patients. Everything cozy and comfortable. The pressure of many other duties has led me to relinquish visiting this pleasant resting-place of afflicted Jews.

## THE WIDOWS' HOME.

Its first location was in two private houses on Everett Street, near Central Avenue. Its next was in the building erected on Mt. Auburn, opposite the German Orphan Asylum, and its present location on Walnut Hills. Wesley Smead, formerly a banker of our city, was its liberal founder, giving his thousands of dollars. Many years ago, when we were going to the institution on Mt. Auburn, he said with great

emphasis: "There is something I can never lose. If I lose all I have on earth, that Home is secured for aged women." "Yes!" I replied, "that is something which will bless aged women for many generations, when you and I are laid in our graves."

During twenty-eight years, until 1880, it was a privilege to minister to the spiritual wants of these aged women, and they, as well as the lady managers, appreciated these services. On the removal of the Home to Walnut Hills, it seemed to me ten resident ministers, and twenty others in Lane Seminary might well perform this service. It is gratifying to know that the Home is supplied with religious services on the Sabbath.

The following extract from our first annual report, published in 1853, will be read with interest:

"This excellent asylum for the aged and infirm contains but sixteen inmates. To the majority of these, we have reason to hope, Christ is precious. Of the means of grace they would have been entirely deprived, since their removal from the city, but for the weekly visits of your missionary. Every Thursday afternoon we meet in the large parlor of the house, where we read, sing and pray, and expound some portion of the word of God. Very often, at these little meetings, have the souls of these aged women been refreshed, and we have felt the Redeemer was faithful to his promise: 'Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them.'

"During the year, Mrs. Payne, an aged afflicted woman, died. Her mind was somewhat deranged

by a succession of heavy afflictions, yet she always evinced astonishing clearness and correctness in all religious truth. On asking her one day, 'Do you know Mr. R.? Mr. S.? Do you know me?' she said, 'No.' 'Do you know Jesus Christ?' 'I guess I do! I guess I do; I love him! I ought to know him! he died for a poor, guilty sinner like me.' She then gave vent to her feelings in cries, prayers and tears. Never was she bewildered about Christ and his salvation. Her affliction was of long duration, but her end was calm and peaceful as a summer evening."

Mrs. W., an estimable English lady, spent the last years of her life in the Home, and died in her eighty-sixth year. Another, Mrs. P., who always appreciated the religious meetings, died, aged eighty-five. Mrs. W., a Scotch lady, while engaged in her morning devotions was burned; her clothing caught fire from the stove, from the effects of which she died, aged ninety years. The lives of these aged women were prolonged by their residence in this quiet place, surrounded by a pure atmosphere, away from the noise and dust and smoke of the city.

Some of the happiest recollections of my missionary life are connected with the Widows' Home. During the five years, from 1875 to 1880, Rev. R. Gray, missionary, alternated with me on Wednesday afternoons. So they had preaching every week, and sometimes on the Sabbath. My esteemed Bro. Gray died a few years since, in his eightieth year, in the faith of Christ.

## GERMAN WIDOWS' HOME.

Soon after the original Widows' Home was transferred to the new and commodious buildings on Walnut Hills, the building on Mt. Auburn was sold, and purchased by Mrs. Lauretta Gibson, who generously presented it for the German Widows' Home. A noble gift! God shall bless all such who devise liberal things for his poor children.

After the building was renovated and put in thorough repair, it was opened with appropriate ceremonies, November 22, 1881. There were in attendance a large number of citizens, many German ministers and hundreds of ladies. The Home opened with nine inmates; it now has forty. It is managed with that thought and economy for which qualities our German citizens are proverbial. These aged women appreciate my visits, some twelve in the year, and thankfully receive German papers and tracts. Most of them enjoy gospel hymns, and listen with profound delight to the singing. A brief talk on some Scripture truth, spoken in plain words, is understood. Like the other Home, it depends mainly on voluntary contributions for support, and inasmuch as many of our German citizens have become wealthy, they ought never to suffer the Home to want for money. Occasionally the Home is remembered in the will of the wealthy. These sums are added to the "Endowment Fund." For ages to come may this asylum prove a blessing to the aged German widows, thus making their hearts to "sing for joy." "Thou shalt remember the widow

and fatherless," is the command of our Heavenly Father.

#### HOME FOR THE FRIENDLESS AND FOUNDLINGS.

This benevolent institution for sheltering and reclaiming friendless women, was founded by several benevolent women of our city in 1855. Among its first, truest and best lady managers were Mesdames Bishop, Bailey and Taylor, all of whom have gone to their reward. Mrs. Worcester, the present President of the Board, Mrs. Warman, Mrs. Reed, and all the other ladies, devote themselves to its maintenance and prosperity. Mrs. Bishop died in September, 1883. Her life seemed bound up in this Home. Every inmate wept tears of sorrow at her death. With great ability Mrs. Bishop presided at meetings of the Board for many years, up to the time of her death. Suitable resolutions were passed, expressing their high appreciation of her labors. Her end was peace.

The Home began its useful work in a rented house on John Street near Clinton. From thence it was removed to Sixth Street near Smith, then to its own building on Court Street near John. Young women seeking employment, strangers and penniless women, here find a kindly welcome. Others who have wandered from the paths of virtue, are also received. And a large number of women here find food and shelter for one or two nights, and then go on their way rejoicing.

In the choice of matrons the ladies have been successful and shown wisdom. Mrs. Dryer was the first; a pious, excellent lady. Whilst on Sixth Street, at

the request of the managers, my wife acted as matron for several months, but the strain on her sympathies was too much, and she resigned. Mrs. A. B. Smith was matron in the new Home for over twelve years; one of the best and most efficient the Home has ever had. The feeble state of her husband's health led her to resign. They went to California, where he died a few years later. Mrs. Smith in that distant State remembers the Home in her prayers and in her letters. Many souls were led to Christ through her pious labors. Her name is held in grateful remembrance.

## HOME FOR FOUNDLINGS.

A few years ago it was felt desirable to admit lost babes, some of whom were cast off by unnatural parents, others found in baskets on doorsteps. Once in a while a poor little one is left at the door of the Home. Others from the Hospital, whose unmarried mothers have died. This department has been successfully managed by Miss C. Emmons, an efficient nurse. Care is taken about adopting these little ones. Occasionally have I been called to attend the funeral of one of these, of whom Jesus said, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Sometimes the missionary is called to perform the rites of marriage of an inmate. Congratulations, tears, smiles and flowers are then the order of the day, as the bridegroom bears away his loved one to distant parts.

Mary D. was an inmate for many years, was here led to seek salvation, and was very useful in the sewing department. She was a quiet, industrious, pious

woman, and, after a lingering illness of consumption, died in peace.

It is impossible to tell the number of rescued ones, but all are made to feel that "the fear of the Lord that is wisdom, and to depart from evil is understanding." A wholesome religious influence pervades the Home. Its present matron, Miss Morgan, is a devoted Christian, a member of the First Baptist Church, wise in her management, and is doing good work for the Master. Many hundreds of young women are sheltered every year. The lady managers and matron often receive letters from those who have been inmates. This is an eminently benevolent institution, blessing its members for time and eternity.

#### THE BIBLE-READING,

On Friday, at 4 P. M., during the past twenty-five years, has been a source of great spiritual profit to hundreds of these women. Two of the gospel hymns, "Man of Sorrows, what a name!" and "All the way my Savior leads me," are always sung with great feeling. Many, for the first time in their lives, engage in singing and reading the Scriptures. After a brief address on the truths read, every one reads or repeats a verse of Scripture; the exercises close with prayer, then all join in the Lord's Prayer.

Other ministers hold a service here on Sabbath at 3 P. M. This institution, whose endowment fund is small, should have all the money it needs from our citizens. Its affairs are managed with great economy. Among its Trustees are R. M. Bishop, R. A. Holden, J. Webb, Treasurer, A. W. Whelpley and S. S.

Davis; men in whom the community has entire confidence. Long may this institution prove to be a blessing to homeless women, and cast-off and forsaken infants.

## LONGVIEW ASYLUM,

With its seven hundred inmates, ought to have the gospel of Christ preached regularly within its walls. This has never been done. Probably one-half of these poor unfortunates could appreciate it. During Dr. Langdon's superintendency, a committee from the evangelical ministers, consisting of a Methodist minister and myself, was appointed to wait on him and see what could be done. We found from his expressed opinions that he was opposed to having preaching, and said it was useless; he would rather have music and dancing. We brought in our report, and no further efforts were made by that body to supply Longview with the gospel. And yet Christ said, "Preach the gospel to *every creature.*" He did not except lunatics.

In 1876, a devoted missionary of the Methodist Church, Dr. Fisher, visited Longview and the County Infirmary, which is close by. He proposed to me to visit both institutions twice a month. He was faithful and zealous until his removal to Omaha—a loss to our city.

I began holding services May 26, 1876, and was very cordially welcomed by all the officials. The inmates were exceedingly grateful, and listened with reverence to the preached word and prayer. Many of them joined in singing. Often these poor people would say, "Come again; come and preach on the

Sabbath." The latter I could not do. All the time of Dr. Bunker's superintendency, these meetings were held twice a month.

Two years later Dr. Miller was appointed superintendent, and my labors continued regularly until October 20, 1881. On leaving, Dr. Miller very politely informed me "that there had been some trouble with the Catholics, and I had better stop coming for the present." I expressed regret, and my labors ceased.

One young man who was there several years and always sang heartily, is restored, and is now pastor of a church in Illinois. He loved to hear the word of God while there, as did scores of others. Surely these people ought to have the word of God as much as the poor in our Infirmaries. There ought to be a chaplain employed to visit the sick and the dying, and to preach the gospel on the Sabbath. God grant that day may soon come.

#### CITY INFIRMARY.

This home for the poor, the aged, infirm and blind, receives also the hopelessly sick, the paralytic, and some forty children. Built on a beautiful location near Hartwell, it has contained the past winter over seven hundred inmates. Its present superintendent, Mr. John P. Decker, is one of the best the institution has ever had. His excellent wife is also one of the best of matrons. Their discipline is good, their care of the poor highly praiseworthy. They always welcome those who come to impart spiritual instruction

to the inmates. An excellent corps of nurses is employed.

From its very opening in 1852, I have known every superintendent, and matron, and physician. Dr. Marsh, A. M. Robinson, Arthur Hill, Abijah Watson, Capt. Whitney, with some others, have gone the way of all the earth. Both officials and inmates have, during all these years, welcomed the missionary in his labors. There was but one slight, short interruption, arising from Catholic interference. It was published in my annual report for 1854, as follows :

“ Every true friend of religious liberty will regret to know that both the Commercial Hospital and City Infirmary are closed against Protestant missionaries and ministers. This was done by the will of the directors of the Hospital and Infirmary, although there is not a clause in the new rules for either to forbid the voluntary services of such as are willing to comfort the poor, sick and dying inmates.”

The City Infirmary I visited once a week until the 7th of June, when, to my astonishment, a letter from Charles Ross, one of the directors, was put into my hands *forbidding my visitations*, giving as a reason, “ We have got into trouble with the Catholic clergy.” So my labors here ceased for a few weeks. In the meantime, public sentiment was aroused against this attack on *religious liberty*, and the directors wisely rescinded the objectionable resolution. From that time to the present, no restrictions have been made against proclaiming the gospel to these poor. May the day never come when the objects of our charity,

the inmates of this institution, shall be deprived of hearing the gospel of Christ, which brings peace on earth and good-will to men. One of the noblest men who ever lived has declared, "The gospel is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth."

My earliest visit to the Infirmary, as recorded in my daily journal, may give an idea of what it was then as contrasted with its present condition :

Dec. 15, 1852.—"Reached this place by 9 A. M. with Brother H. Bushnell, he with a bag full of Bibles and I with a bag full of Testaments, hymn-books and tracts. In the schoolroom, where are about seventy children, I spent a pleasant hour running over the history of Joseph, which seemed very much to interest these juveniles; then we sang some lively hymns. I spent much time with the sick and infirm. The Infirmary contains some two hundred inmates of all ages, from the infant of days to the man of fourscore. Here are congregated the halt, blind, maimed and sick, with many aged and infirm people. One excellence of the institution is, all who are *able*, *are required to work.*"

My visits continued once a week for a few years, but increasing duties have compelled me to make only two visits a month. The poor people have all these thirty-five years appreciated the services held among them. Hundreds have died here; in their last days, it has been a source of untold consolation to receive spiritual comfort. A few instances will here be given of the triumph of Christian faith over affliction and poverty.

## A REMARKABLE CONVERSION.

About twenty-five years ago, while visiting the sick women, I found one, recently admitted, who was quite sick and emaciated; her face betokened a dissipated life. Our conversation took the following direction: "You are quite sick?" "Yes, I am." "Are you a Christian?" "That is none of your business." "True, but it is important to you." "I don't want to talk to you." "Very well, I will leave you." So I left the room, and prayed God to change her mind. On my next visit she was very penitent, and, with tearful eyes, asked me to forgive her, and to read the Scriptures and pray with her. This I gladly did.

Her history was a strange and sad one. When but a child six years old, she was persuaded to enter Dan Rice's circus, and performed many wonderful feats on horses. During many years she followed the circus throughout the land. All religious thoughts were soon dissipated; the very life she lived was one of gayety, excitement and folly. Overtaken by sickness and poverty, she was admitted to the Infirmary, where she remained some seven years. On my second interview, I asked: "Did you ever read through the New Testament?" "No; only a little bit of it when I was in Sabbath-school." "If I bring one, will you read it every word?" "Indeed I will, and thank you for it." The next time a Testament was given her. She began reading it carefully and felt she was a sinner, and soon learned that Christ came into the world to save sinners. Her tears often fell, and her prayers to the Son of God were heard; she

believed in his name. She read that book through ten times while here.

Desiring to be baptized, she came into the city and united with the High Street Baptist Church, of which I was the acting pastor. This convert was the first I ever baptized in the Ohio River. Many others followed. After her baptism, Ellen returned to the Infirmary, living a consistent Christian life. Shortly before leaving, sickness prostrated her; but she was unspeakably happy, trusting in Jesus. She repeated several times that precious hymn :

"Abide with me, fast falls the eventide;  
When other helpers fail, with me abide."

On leaving the Infirmary, she called on me for a certificate of Christian character. She left for Northern Ohio. She has probably long since joined the great multitude of those who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. May both reader and writer, by the grace of God, find a place among these redeemed ones.

#### FOUR ORPHAN CHILDREN.

Mr. A., with his wife and four children, emigrated from the North of Ireland in 1849. They had not been here long before the wife died of cholera. The husband's earnings were small, and the children were neglected. Placed in the Infirmary, they were well cared for, and were under a good school teacher. Their father was taken sick with consumption, and, after lingering long with that disease, he died in the old Commercial Hospital, about thirty-four years ago.

Every visit made to this afflicted man, he would inquire about his children. Twice before he died they were permitted to visit their father. The last visit may not be described. To each one he gave good advice and a dying father's blessing. When near his end he requested me to read the sixty-third Psalm, "O God, thou art my God; early will I seek thee." I inquired, "Why this Psalm?" With tears in his eyes, he said, "It was the first Psalm my mother taught me when I was a little boy." As I read the verses the big tears chased each other down his wan cheeks. His mind was thrown back to days of childhood. Poor suffering one, he soon afterward yielded up his spirit to God. He was one of the few men found in the Hospital who could sincerely say, "I know that my Redeemer liveth."

As for the children, they were placed in homes where they were kindly cared for; perhaps scattered never to meet again on earth. It was to me an unspeakable joy to minister to the souls of these children, and to comfort their dying father. Surely, the kind friends who have enabled me to make these visits will share in the reward. Is it not written, "Blessed is he that considereth the poor; the Lord will strengthen him on the bed of languishing"? And Jesus says, "The poor ye have with you always, and whosoever ye will ye may do them good."

The following two deaths occurred early in 1853:

J. C., a poor girl from Ireland, trained in the Catholic Church, first heard the gospel of Jesus Christ through Mr. Bokum, when sick in the Hospital, two years ago. She pursued her inquiries, and

searched for herself the inspired word, and learned to love and believe in the Lord Jesus Christ. After many weeks of pain and suffering she died, resting all her hope for pardon and salvation on the Savior of sinners. Her end was peace. To her our visits were always acceptable.

George C., an old man near eighty, formerly of Virginia, died here after much lingering pain and weakness. We met this man last August in the Hospital. He thought his end was near. He was removed to the Infirmary in the fall. The change wrought beneficially, and prolonged his life many months. He ever manifested deep interest in the great atonement made for sin on Calvary. Though very diffident of himself, he appeared to possess a humble, steadfast reliance on Christ. The last time we saw him the power of speech was gone, but he grasped our hand, and on asking him, "Is your hope on Christ?" he nodded assent. "Are you afraid to die?" He shook his head. "The Lord Jesus receive your spirit." He tried to say Amen, but there was no sound, his lips only moved. He died the next day; we hope, a true believer in Christ.

In the few years which followed, others died peacefully in the faith of Christ; though some, alas! died as they lived, without God and without hope.

#### CONVERTED AT FOURSORE.

Very ignorant and fearfully profane was this man, cast off and disowned by the few friends he had. He was very abrupt and rough in his answers to my questions; nearly blind and rather deaf. One day I

asked him: "Do you pray?" "No! never!" "That is strange!" "I don't know how; I've had no schooling." "But you are a sinner." "I know that, and a great one." "Christ died for our sins, and you don't love him?" "I can't love a person I never saw." "I can; I love John Howard, the philanthropist; I love John Bunyan, who wrote 'Pilgrim's Progress'; I love George Washington, father of his country; and I love Jesus Christ, who died for my sins, more than all besides. And I love the Apostle Paul, who preached Christ and wrote such wonderful epistles." The old man listened thoughtfully, and then said: "I see now what you mean. But don't think I love Jesus, for I've been so awfully wicked." Tears filled his eyes as he said: "Nobody ever talked to me as you do; if some one had done so, I believe I would have been a better man." He sighed heavily and said: "What can I do now? I know I'm wicked, and have been wicked all my life. Tell me what I ought to do?" "You must pray, 'God be merciful to me, a sinner.'" "I'll do that, and what else?" "Believe on the Son of God, for it is written, 'Whosoever believeth on him shall not perish, but shall have everlasting life.'" After quoting the leading truths of the gospel and praying, the old man said: "Thank you, God bless you. I wish some one had talked to me like this years ago, I would have been a very different man." These visits continued up to the time of his death. No sooner had he begun praying, than he stopped swearing. Though unable to read, he relished the word and prayer. His last days were his best. He died very

happily, spending much time in audible prayer, thus exemplifying Montgomery's words—

“Prayer is the Christian’s vital breath,  
The Christian’s native air,  
His watchword at the gate of death,  
He enters heaven with prayer.”

#### BLIND PETER

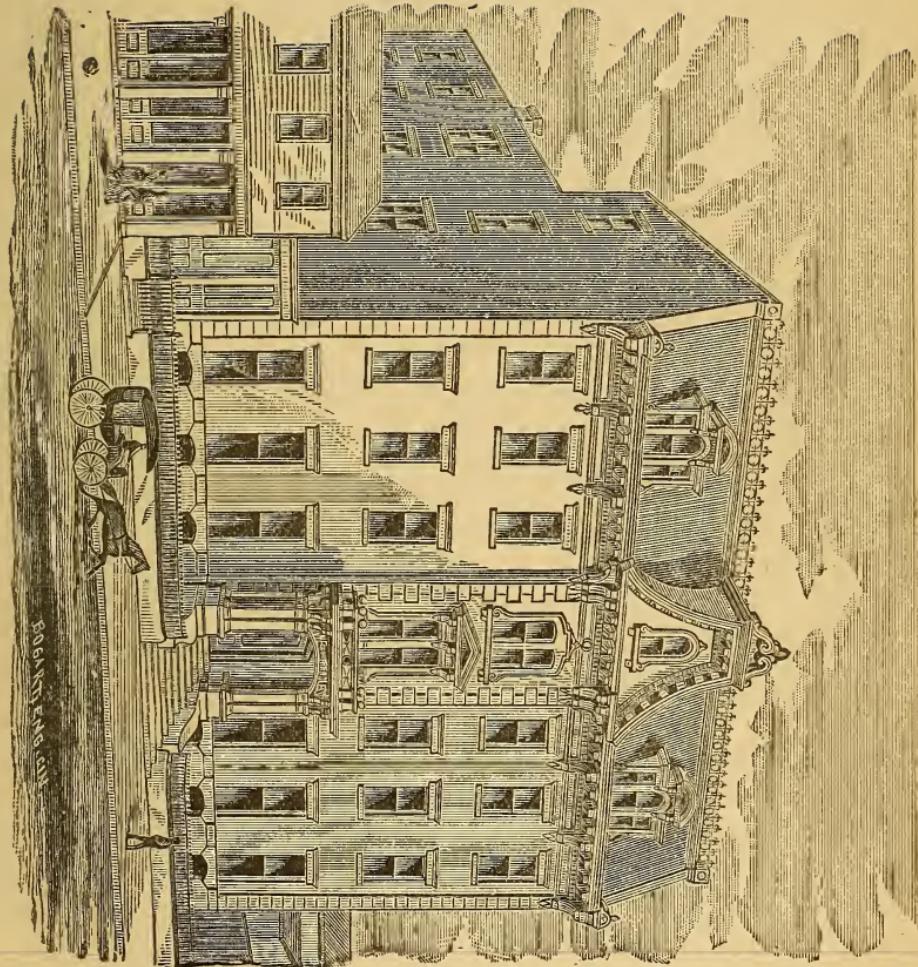
Was a remarkable character. In the early days this very industrious German sawed most of the wood for the Infirmary. He was never happier than when at work in the woodshed. Skewers for meat, axe-handles and other articles in wood, he turned out with wonderful skill, though totally blind. He loved the word and prayer, and laid aside all his tools to attend the religious meetings. Many years ago he passed away to his heavenly home.

#### BLIND CHARLIE,

Also a German, is still an inmate; makes all the brooms for the Infirmary, and does other work besides. He is one of the most attentive listeners to the word of God, and has a fine bass voice, which he uses in singing.

When Mr. Connor, the old letter-carrier died, some few years ago, blind Charlie and two others followed him to the grave. He had carried the mail to and from Hartwell for seventeen years, and left money enough with Dr. Bunker to bury him. He was interred in Spring Grove Cemetery. After a brief Scripture-reading and prayer, we sang by the open grave—

HOME FOR THE FRIENDLESS AND FOUNDLINGS.





"Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee!"

The scene was weird and plaintive. The hymn was the special favorite of the blind man.

#### THE CLOCKMAKER,

Also a German, has plied his vocation ever since his admission, till two years ago. Discarded soup-bones he has turned into beautiful clocks. He speaks but little English, but always receives religious papers thankfully. He is now too feeble for work.

D. Campbell, another genius, quite lame, can play the violin skillfully, and handle all sorts of tools. Some pieces of his workmanship have been placed in our Expositions. He is also a great reader and an intelligent man.

Robert Jones, the Welshman, makes all sorts of curious ornaments from bones. He is quite a good singer.

#### A MARKED CONVERSION.

Henry Lewis, a German, was admitted into the old Commercial Hospital in 1851; having lost the use of his limbs through paralysis. He was among the first to be removed to the Infirmary. While in the Hospital I gave him a Bible, which he promised to read. He kept his word and read it through and through, to the end of his life. He soon discovered his sinfulness, and mourned over his misspent life. Then he began to trust in Christ, and for many years he continued a faithful, humble Christian. He was baptized at the Infirmary. His joy and peace through Christ were remarkable. His daily motto was,

“Always ready?” When the messenger came he was ready to enter the marriage supper of the Lamb. He died in peace, resting on that Jesus who died for his sins.

#### A HAPPY BLIND MAN.

One of the happiest men in the Infirmary was Mr. Jones, who by disease became totally blind. At first he felt very rebellious against God, but after mourning over his calamity many weeks, he began to pray for mercy, and was led to trust in Christ. Unable to work, he sought a home in the Infirmary, where he spent the last ten years of his life. He often said to me: “I thank God for my blindness.” “And why?” “Because, when I had good eyes, I lived in sin and forgot God, but now I thank him. I know I shall see my blessed Jesus.” He taught a little boy the Ten Commandments, the Lord’s Prayer, and a few hymns. He died peacefully in 1872, in the faith of Christ. In his last days he often sang—

“My Jesus, I love thee, I know thou art mine;  
For thee all the pleasures of sin I resign.”

His influence over others was remarkable. Often he led the prayer meeting among the inmates. A man may do much good, though he may live and die in the poorhouse.

#### A WEALTHY LADY,

About the middle of life, was an inmate for only a few weeks. Her grief was very great; constantly weeping and bemoaning her sad condition. “She refused to be comforted.” At one time her property amounted to \$60,000, but all was swept away by one

calamity after another. She found the truthfulness of that Scripture, "Riches make to themselves wings and fly away as an eagle toward heaven." Some of her friends pitied her, and removed her to their home, greatly to the relief of the poor people, the superintendent and nurses, all of whom did their best to console her.

#### HAPPY WHEN ONE HUNDRED YEARS OLD.

Margaret Gage found a home here for the last fifteen years of her life. Always cheerful; never more so than when listening to the word of God. The gospel to her was meat and drink. For many years she had served in some of the wealthy families of the city, and maintained an excellent character.

Some of her quaint sayings were: "Bless your soul, honey. I know I love Jesus, I know he's pardoned all my sins, and it won't be long before I see him." Her religion was of that positive and pleasing kind; it was good to talk to her. Her memory entirely failed concerning earthly things, but of the heavenly she was never bewildered. A great lover of the songs of Zion, she sang with the heart as well as voice. Two of her favorite hymns were, "There is a fountain filled with blood," and "Come, thou Fount of every blessing." Calmly she fell asleep in Jesus, dying from old age.

#### ONE HUNDRED AND NINE YEARS OLD.

Robert Smith, a colored man, lived to this great age. He had seen George Washington, and other Presidents and distinguished men. Had been a hard-

working man up to fourscore, and when his earnings were gone, friends and relatives had died, he found a home here. He was a lover of good people, and delighted to attend the religious meetings. His faculties were wonderfully preserved. He at last yielded calmly to the great destroyer. The death of these aged people is very easy; in many cases 'tis like a tired child falling asleep. Unspeakably blessed, for such to awake in the kingdom of heaven.

#### A MANUFACTURER.

In 1868 died J. S. He was famous in our city forty years ago, as a manufacturer, some say the inventor, of Star candles. But for the wine cup he might have amassed considerable wealth. For many years he was an inmate, having lost all of his property. Very quiet, always respectful to others, he bore his misfortunes with resignation. He was regular in his attendance at the meetings. One day Mr. Boggs accompanied me, and at once recognized him, shook hands heartily, and said with deep emotion: "John S., is it possible you are here? I'm really sorry, but may God bless you!" Both these aged men shed tears as they talked. He begged him to seek the Lord and prepare for the everlasting rest. It is hoped the advice was followed.

#### THE THREE OLDEST INMATES.

Blind Michael, or as he is called, Mike, was admitted in 1852; also the German clockmaker, and Ellen Kennedy, who is weighed down with years. These three have been there from the opening. All of

them are quiet, well-behaved people. Many persons, by being removed from their unpleasant homes in the city, improve in health and morals, and are well provided for to the end of their lives.

#### BLIND BUT HAPPY.

During the last sixteen years of her life, Beulah Moore found a pleasant home in the Infirmary. Like many other blind people, she was very happy. A member of the First Baptist Church, she was a woman of devout piety. Often she followed me to the different parts of the building to hear the good word of God. Several times she has said: "I would rather go without my dinner than miss hearing the word of God. You know I'm blind, and I can seldom go to my church in the city, and I do love to hear the gospel." She was the only woman in the place who regularly asked me for a copy of the Minutes of Miami Baptist Association. She always found a reader for this, to most people, uninteresting pamphlet. Inmates would read to her the blessed Gospels and Psalms. After a brief illness she died happy in the faith of Christ.

#### A PIOUS CRIPPLE.

Poor Jane had been a cripple for many years, and when no longer able to maintain herself by sewing, came here to spend the evening of her life. As she sat in her low rocking-chair, near the speaker, her eyes would sparkle with joy, and her face bore that happy expression indicating peace, contentment and happiness. When on her death-bed she did some

crochet work for her faithful nurse, Miss P. When requested to lay down her work, she said: "I do want to finish this yard before I die." Her fingers then were cold in death. She laid down her work and yielded up her spirit to that Jesus on whom she had believed. "Godliness with contentment is great gain." True of poor Jane.

ISAAC YOUNG—BLIND.

For many years he was the faithful janitor of the Amazon Insurance Company. By reason of a blow on his head he became totally blind. The strong, active man was rendered incapable of earning his bread by this sad calamity. Amidst his darkness, before leaving his situation, I visited him and made known to him the decision of Doctors Aub and Williams. Both declared the optic nerve was paralyzed, and no earthly skill could restore his sight. He seemed inconsolable, and craved death rather than blindness. The grace of God preserved him from suicide. He would cry to him to restore his sight, and clung to the hope that he would one day have it restored. Overburdened with care and sorrow, his wife died after a tedious illness, in the faith of that Jesus she had loved from her youthful days. Their four children were taken away by death some years before these calamities. I was called to visit them in sickness and attended their funerals. Now the companion of his life was removed, nothing was left for him but to go to the Infirmary. Here the last seven years of his life were spent. On hearing my voice, he would say: "Here he comes! God bless our dear

brother!" And he clapped his hands for joy. Thoroughly attentive to the word and prayer, he heartily joined in singing as long as he was able. His brain became affected, and disease at last brought him to the end of life. Often he expressed firm reliance on Christ, and to him it was gain to die.

Much kindness was shown him by the company, through Mr. Howell Gano, on many occasions; and they gave him a decent burial. It is said that "corporations have no souls." That is not true of this company, for they unmistakably proved that they valued the services of a faithful janitor who had served them ten years. May God save the reader and the writer from blindness, which so many regard as worse than death. But in the case of our brother Young, and many others, God's promise holds true, "My grace is sufficient for thee." I baptized him into Union Baptist Church in 1860.

A young lady of refined taste, V. R., whose mother died years before, was afflicted with epilepsy. Admitted to the City Infirmary some ten years ago, she heard the gospel, believed it and was baptized. From that time to the day of her death she lived an exemplary Christian life. Her affliction was borne with great patience. The attacks often lasted three or four days, during which she would repeat chapters in the Bible, and sing the gospel hymns. At one of these times I overheard her singing

"Pass me not, O gentle Savior,  
Hear my humble cry;  
Whilst on others thou art calling,  
Do not pass me by."

The tone of her voice was really pathetic. Her life was truly Christian. The nurse when called from the ward would invariably leave her in charge. But the last of these attacks came. Her peace was wonderful. She said: "Precious Jesus! I shall soon be with him. I could not be happier, even in heaven, than I am here." So she passed away to her heavenly home, beloved by all who knew her.

Shortly before her death her afflicted father found refuge in the Infirmary; here he remained nearly two years. He never spoke of his departed daughter without tears of joy. He grasped the same precious truths, and often expressed his hope as found in the hymn, "Rock of Ages, cleft for me!"

A firm in the city, where he had faithfully served, was kind enough to bury him in Cumminsville by the side of his wife and daughter.

Miss Purcell, who had been nurse for some sixteen years, died at Cumminsville, July, 1887.

Mrs. Esther Whitridge, the devoted lady evangelist of the M. E. Church, began her work at the City Infirmary, about twelve years ago. She desired me to introduce her to mission work among the poor. On our way she requested me not to call on her to speak or pray. As we passed through the wards she prayed and spoke and sang about a dozen times, and became thoroughly interested in the work—went on alternate Wednesdays—and continued her visits for some three years with good success. She is now wholly engaged in various parts of the country winning souls.

Mrs. H., of the Presbyterian Church, and Mrs.

Lawrence, with other ladies, visit occasionally. The harvest is great and the laborers are few. Ministers and laymen who preach on the Sabbath are all welcomed and appreciated by the inmates.

Time would fail me to tell of many others whose last years were spent in this asylum for the aged and infirm. Of the once successful merchant, of the judge on the bench, of the Lieutenant-Governor of a Western Territory, of the artisan, the lawyer, the physician, the industrious hard-working woman, the sewing girl, the domestic servant and laborers of all kinds.

A large proportion of the inmates are Catholics, with whom we have always got along pleasantly. Many of them are attentive hearers of the word. Our National Constitution provides "That no law shall ever be passed to interfere with the free exercise of religion." All my interviews with the Catholic priests, during thirty-five years, have been pleasant. Neither side has ever indulged in sharp words or needless controversies.

Citizens can not be too careful in the selection of men who have charge of this and kindred institutions—men of honesty, kindness, firmness and sympathy for the poor, whose great age and bodily infirmities lead them to the Infirmary. Mayor Smith, and the citizens at the last election, have shown both care and wisdom in choosing such men. And of Mr. John P. Decker, the superintendent, and his excellent wife too much can not be said of their ability to manage and care for a family of seven hundred and fifty people. May God bless them and the faithful

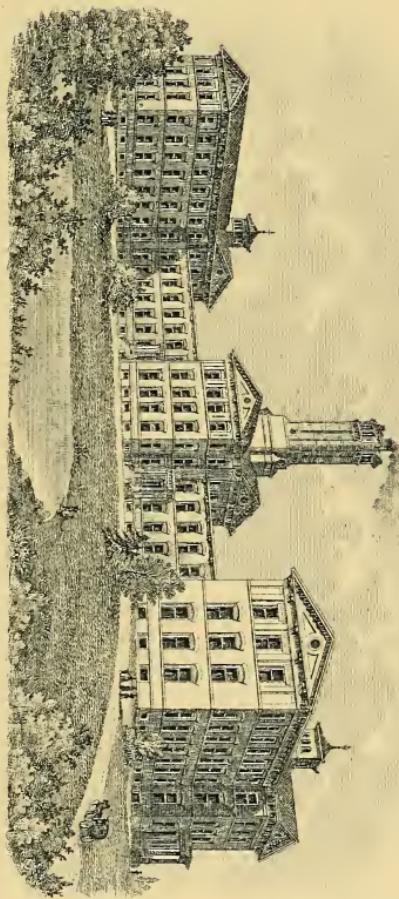
nurses, for many years to come. May we all remember the words of the Master, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye did unto me." The present Board of Directors, with John D. Caldwell as President, are well qualified for their duties.

#### COUNTY INFIRMARY—CARTHAGE.

This institution stands on a beautiful elevation, not far from Longview. It contains the village poor, their sick, aged and blind people. For many years a small frame building was used, before the present beautiful and commodious structure was erected. Its inmates vary from two to three hundred, the last year having the largest number. Here are mothers with their babes, children who are orphans, and some with poor, feeble and sometimes intemperate parents. A school-teacher is employed to instruct some thirty scholars. The half-hour spent with them in singing, speaking and prayer, they always enjoy. At the close each one recites a verse of Scripture.

My first visit occurred May 26, 1876. Mr. John Ritt was superintendent, and his excellent wife matron. They gave the missionary such a hearty welcome, that he felt impelled to continue his visits, inasmuch as no regular preaching had been held among these people, who expressed their thankfulness in many emphatic words. Mr. Hunt and Mr. R. Cilley also gave a cordial welcome to these visits. The latter had an organ placed in the chapel and supplied it with hymn-books, which added greatly to the services. The present superintendent, Mr. Santmyer,

COUNTY INFIRMARY.





takes just as much interest in this part of the work and in the welfare of the inmates. His excellent wife visits constantly the sick and the aged women. Mr. Tyler, of Wyoming, conducts services on the Sabbath, and often at the City Infirmary. His influence has secured the labors of Mr. Vigeon and several resident ministers. The distance from the city renders it impracticable for us who labor here to to preach on the Sabbath.

Miss Harris, the school-teacher, died in 1880. Faithful, and much loved by the children and officials, her funeral was a sad one; yet all who knew her, felt assured she was gone to a better world. Her efforts to train the children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord were appreciated. The Christian Church at Carthage was crowded with people at her funeral, who highly esteemed her.

#### TWENTY YEARS SICK.

James Davis, an aged man, had lain on the sick-bed over twenty years; and what was very remarkable, he seldom complained, and was generally cheerful. All medical skill had been exhausted, and nothing more could be done, save to minister to his temporal and spiritual wants.

A pious, aged couple, Mr. D. and wife, spent their last years in the Infirmary. Always ready for the gospel meetings. To them the word of God was the bread of life. Infirmities of many years pressed upon them. One soon followed the other to "the house appointed for all the living." They died in peace. Another aged veteran lived to be ninety

years of age. To such death is always a welcome messenger.

The services of the late Levi Coffin and wife, in behalf of the oppressed, in the days of slavery, will be had in lasting remembrance. After their death, their faithful servant, Mrs. Green, was taken sick with an incurable disease. She gladly availed herself of the Infirmary, where she ended her days. Although her sufferings were very painful, she bore them with resignation, trusting that Jesus who had been with her all through life.

#### *STRANGERS' HOME.*

This public, free lodging-house was opened on Plum Street near Front in 1869, and closed after three years, in which time hundreds of homeless wanderers found shelter. It was under the management of the Y. M. C. A. With others I went two or three times a week and held religious services. Many difficulties were in the way, as will be seen in the following extract of our annual report for 1872:

"From sixty to two hundred men and boys found shelter in this humble dwelling last winter. A free lodging was given for all who applied, excepting those whose noisy, boisterous conduct, through drunkenness, rendered them obnoxious to the other lodgers. Food was furnished to a limited extent, so far as money was received for the purpose. Religious and temperance meetings have been held, and numbers signed the pledge. This branch of my work is the most difficult to manage. Idleness and drunkenness are the chief causes of so many hun-

dreds seeking lodging on the floors of station-houses and the Strangers' Home. This evil prevails in all large cities. How to deal with it wisely or remove it, is a problem very difficult to solve."

## CHAPTER II. WAR TIMES.

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### SICK AND WOUNDED SOLDIERS.

The election of Abraham Lincoln to the Presidency in November, 1860, and the four years of Civil War which followed, has been ably written by its ablest soldier, General Grant, and others. We can add nothing to the leading historical facts, but a few things ought to be written of the suffering soldiers and the threatened destruction of Cincinnati. Thanks to God, in answer to the prayers of thousands, and the efforts of all classes of people, our city was spared.

From the firing of Fort Sumter in April, 1861, to the end of the war, in April, 1865, hospitals for the sick and wounded soldiers were a necessity. Often they were so crowded that some lay upon the floors. The following were the hospitals used during the war and visited by the missionary:

Commercial Hospital, on Twelfth Street.  
St. John's Hospital, on McFarland Street.  
Marine Hospital, on Mt. Adams.  
Third Street Hospital, near Central Avenue.  
Fourth Street Hospital, near Main; a five-story building.

George Street Hospital, an abandoned school-house.

Barracks, on Sixth Street near Carr.

The colored people, freed by slavery, were quartered for a season in the old Baker Street Church. They were supplied with bread, meat and coffee. Others were in the lower story in the Fourth Street Hospital. Then a frame building was erected in Avondale; afterward purchased by the trustees of the Colored Orphan Asylum, and now used for that purpose. Scores of us were busy day after day visiting these poor fugitives, who were then called Contrabands. Homes were found for them as soon as possible.

Among those thus emancipated, Aunt Kezia still lives, aged and infirm, and a true disciple of Christ; a woman of remarkable power in faith and prayer.

A DYING NEGRO.

In one of my wife's visits she found a pious, aged man, lying very sick on an old bedstead back of Allen Temple, in a dilapidated frame building. In the confusion of the war he had lost his wife; went to St. Louis and failed to find her; then he traversed the streets of our city without success. On asking about his leaving the world, he exclaimed: "This is the day I've long been expecting. I'm not afraid to die! I know Jesus has pardoned all my sins. I would like to have found my wife, but we shall meet in heaven." "Then your wife is a Christian?" "Oh, yes; we've both of us served God these many years." After giving him the consolations of the gospel and

prayer, which he and others in the room enjoyed, we joined our voices in singing Dr. Watts' beautiful hymn—

“When I survey the wondrous cross,  
    On which the Prince of glory died ;  
My richest gain I count but loss,  
    And pour contempt on all my pride.”

Our old friend joined in the song, and we bade him good-by, relieving his present necessities. Another visit and he was dead; or, rather, entered the rest which remains for the people of God.

Among the colored people in Baker Street Church we held many a precious meeting; also in Fourth Street Hospital. Bread and meat, coffee and sandwiches, never come amiss with the gospel. The bread of life is never less relished when we bestow also the bread which perisheth. These people were exceedingly grateful. Their expressions were: “God bless you! May Jesus be ever with you! Tell the good people who send us bread, we pray for them. Our blessed Master will reward you! Thank God, we're free! We've prayed for this many years! We don't wish our old masters harm, God knows. We's willin' to work. God bless Massa Lincoln an' all the soldiers.”

#### CINCINNATI UNDER MARTIAL LAW.

On September 2, 1862, the inhabitants of our city were placed under martial law. This is the description given in our daily journal of that exciting time, never to be forgotten:

We awoke this morning and found our city, Cov-

ington and Newport under martial law. The reason is, Kirby Smith with the Southern army is on his way to the city. All is excitement and anxiety. None can leave without passes. All able-bodied men are required to enroll themselves. All business is closed except newspapers, post-office and provision stores. I reported at the voting place and enrolled myself as a worker. Made a few calls, but every one is so excited they can hardly think or speak of anything except the war. Oh, for patience and faith. . . . Called at the Military Hospital, read a few Scriptures and prayed with sick soldiers.

September 3d. Left home at 7 A. M., marched off with one hundred and twenty other citizens from this ward (16th) to Covington; across the Pontoon Bridge. Staid an hour at the Baptist Seminary building; then marched up the hill, three miles, to Fort Mitchell, where we halted, and after dinner we dug five hours in the trenches; then had supper of hard bread, potatoes and coffee. Worked again until 9½ P. M. Then by permission of our excellent Captain, T. D. Lincoln, the attorney, we held a brief religious service, conducted by Rev. Richard Gray, missionary, and myself. We sang that good old hymn—

“Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,  
Pilgrim through this barren land ;  
I am weak, but thou art mighty ;  
Hold me with thy powerful hand.  
Bread of heaven,  
Feed me till I want no more.”

Never in our lives did that hymn sound sweeter, and nearly every one sang it heartily. The stars looked down through the trees on hundreds of weary, anxious men, and undoubtedly angels of God witnessed the scene. Bro. Gray then offered a fervent prayer. I repeated the twenty-third Psalm: "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want" Then we sang: "'Tis religion that can give." Another prayer, and we rested as best we could on the bare ground.

Captain Lincoln thanked us, and said these services had a good influence on the company. It was almost impossible to sleep that night. Bro. Gray shared his blanket with me, and our old friend Moses divided his provisions with us.

Dr. Phillips and myself were detailed to cook the food. With an improvised apron on, a carving-knife in his hand, he called out to the company, as they were digging at 7 A. M.: "Gentlemen, you needn't set your mouths for a good breakfast, for we've got nothing but hard-tack and bacon, and coffee without sugar or milk." This speech called forth ready responses: "I can't drink coffee without sugar," said one. "And I can't drink it without milk," said another. "My teeth are bad, and I can't eat that hard bread," responded several. And our good-tempered Captain looked on and smiled.

"Hunger is good sauce," and so we found it. The bacon and hard-tack were devoured eagerly, and every cup of coffee was used up. And the Doctor declared: "Gentlemen, you've done ample justice to the breakfast. The cooks feel complimented, and

we will serve you to the best of our ability." The men went to work with a will.

To the colored men, who were digging near by, we gave a word of cheer: "Dig away, brothers; every spit is for freedom." They looked on us and said: "God bless you, we know it. God Almighty will protect us. He won't let no Southern army molest us. We're quite glad to work for our country."

Without our request, Bro. Gray and myself were dismissed to return to the city and look after the women and children and the sick soldiers. Walking down that dusty road, we gladly dipped our tin-cups in the cow tracks for water to quench our thirst. Returning to the city, we had plenty to do. Our families gladly greeted us.

#### THE SQUIRREL-HUNTERS.

Men and boys from every part of the State came pouring into the city. Every railroad, with box cars, flat cars, freight cars and passenger coaches, were loaded with men. All who could, brought shotguns, rifles, pistols and revolvers. Hundreds came on foot, others in wagons and buggies. For nearly three weeks they poured in upon us.

#### CINCINNATI THREATENED.

Where now stands the beautiful Tyler-Davidson-Probasco Fountain, the old Fifth Street Market-house stood. Here the thousands were fed with bread and meat, coffee, and occasionally vegetables. Many a soldier stuck his bayonet through a loaf and carried it off in triumph. Ladies of the city were

kept busy, night and day, hard at work, preparing food and garments for the soldiers.

The war-cloud, over the city, passed away. Many men returned home, but the larger part enlisted in the army for the war. On hearing that our city was threatened, men left the workshop, the anvil and the store. Some left their horses and plow in the field, and the threshing-machine. They came in their blouses, their coats and shirt-sleeves. The response was most marvelous; and under the God who rules the nations, the Southern army did not come near us, nor fire a gun in our streets. Every praying man thanked God, and all good citizens rejoiced over the result.

#### *MILITARY HOSPITALS—THIRD STREET.*

After the battle of Fort Donelson, our hospitals began to fill up with wounded and sick soldiers. There were many rebel soldiers, who always listened attentively to the word and prayer. We had no trouble with the men who were afflicted, but sometimes a little rough treatment from those in charge; but we endeavored to "overcome evil with good," and had the hearty thanks of those men who had imperiled their lives for their country.

#### *A DYING SOLDIER'S CONVERSION.*

On a Sabbath afternoon in April, 1862, Father Wright, of the Methodist Church, and four ladies accompanied me. By request of the soldiers we sang the well-known hymn, "There is a fountain filled with blood," etc. Several men shed tears, and one man

from Illinois wept aloud. On asking the cause, he said: "I'm the wickedest man in the army. I've broken every commandment except murder. Oh, what shall I do? The doctors have given me up. They say I can never get well."

We repeated to him the blessed invitations of the gospel, and reminded him that the "blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin;" that He is able to save to the uttermost. "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." He said: "I'm too wicked a man to be saved." Father Wright spoke tenderly, and urged him to call upon Jesus as did the dying thief, and he would be saved. We then sang—

"Just as I am, without one plea!  
But that thy blood was shed for me!"

The struggle continued, and the weeping. Then I said: "Will you now call on Jesus to save you?" He said, "I will," and he did. Most of that night he continued praying, and found peace in believing. He lived some two weeks longer, and died in peace, saved through the blood of the Lamb. He was shot in the thigh, and suffered great pain, but bore it all with resignation, after he had found peace. Many other soldiers were deeply affected by this service, and gave us the assurance that they would live better lives.

After the battle of Shiloh, or Pittsburg Landing, April 6, 1862, our city was crowded with the sick and wounded. For three weeks steamboats left

Louisville loaded with these suffering men. It was an affecting sight to see long lines of men on crutches, on stretchers, others leaning on the arms of strong men. The stoutest hearts were melted on beholding these scenes of distress. Our citizens were prompt and liberal to meet these emergencies and help the suffering.

#### FOURTH STREET HOSPITAL.

April 17, 1862. Entering Fourth Street Hospital, the first duty assigned me was to preach a funeral sermon for a soldier's wife, who had died the previous evening. Around the coffin were her four children weeping; two of them quite sick. Their father came down, and we held a brief service of fifteen minutes. Poor man, he seemed deeply grieved at his loss. Read the eleventh chapter of John and prayed. This faithful wife had come a long distance to visit her wounded husband. Two other soldiers were just carried out, who died the day before.

Up-stairs we beheld a fearful array of wounded men, shot in all parts of the body. One man whose arm was amputated at the shoulder, was rejoicing in Christ. He had just received pardon and was exceedingly happy. Rev. E. T. Robinson, pastor of Ninth Street Baptist Church, was with him in deep conversation. This pastor spent much time in the Military Hospitals; and by excessive labors and exposure to a July sun, died of typhoid fever at Glendale, July 21, 1862, beloved and lamented by a host of friends. Among his last words were: "It is so sweet to die!"

A fine-looking man, shot in the leg, felt his sinfulness and desired to be prayed for. We responded to his appeal. With this poor, wounded man I had a long talk. He did wish he had united with the church before going into the army, and expressed the hope of doing so ere long.

Among the rebel soldiers I read and prayed. They showed me their Testaments, given them on leaving home. They were printed at Nashville.

A young man from Illinois was shot in his side. The doctor was trying in vain to extract the bullet from his bleeding wound. Poor fellow, he screamed, cried and prayed. I directed him to the Lamb of God, who takes away the sin of the world. Every one pitied him. May Jesus save him. Oh, the horrors of war! Lord, hasten the day of peace!

Reaching here one morning with my wife, I was called to preach the funeral of Sergeant O. P. Killman, of the 41st Ohio, who died from a wound in his breast. His poor, distressed wife was present, and bore her sorrow submissively, with the faith and fortitude of a Christian. Spoke from Rev. xiv. 13: "Blessed are the dead whc die in the Lord from henceforth, for they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them." Many visitors, some of the nurses and a few soldiers were present.

Another youth lay dead in the dead-room, and another lay dead in the third ward. Oh! this fearful, cruel war! When will it end? May God hasten the time of the end!

Wife and I went through most of the wards, but became weary and felt sick. The scenes were too

harrowing to describe or endure. Words seemed at times inadequate to reach the hearts or console the minds of these wounded soldiers. An old German said, "Christ is in my heart," clapping his breast. He looked calm and peaceful, though emaciated.

#### GEORGE STREET HOSPITAL.

An awful spectacle! One man had his nose shot off and his face disfigured. He died after a few days of suffering. Others were shot in the knee, arm, leg, head, side and breast. Mr. Billings, a Congregationalist, a very intelligent man, was on picket duty when the battle began. They were forewarned of this, but would not believe their danger. Thus thousands of men were sacrificed by this terrible battle of Shiloh. But for the rapid movements and bravery of General Grant and our army, the result would have been far more disastrous.

One young man, Howels, shot in the knee, was suffering awful pain, and his soul was a stranger to peace. As I pressed on him the importance of seeking Christ, he wept very freely. I prayed. After four days he died.

#### A GREAT SUFFERER.

One of the greatest sufferers was a tall, fine-looking German. He was shot through both ankles by a minnie-ball. His cries of anguish were distressing. The pain and suffering were incessant. He lived about two weeks, and everything was done for him by the physicians, but he died. It was with difficulty we could impart to him the consolations of

religion. Grateful he always was, but his agony was distressing.

Found two young men in a back room. One of them had been reading "Pilgrim's Progress." Quite cheerful, I asked whether he had ever been on that pilgrimage? He hoped he had. Was thinking of uniting with a Baptist church near his home, in Michigan, before leaving. He had found great comfort in reading his Testament while in camp. He appeared to be an intelligent and pious youth. Whilst talking with him, a man in the next bed was intently listening; he was very sorrowful. On speaking with him, he said: "I'm a great sinner, and have lived a wicked life." I told him of the Great Physician, and urged him to look unto him and be saved. Repeated many of the promises and invitations of the gospel; marked the verses in the Testament, read them and asked: "Will you come to Jesus?" He answered: "I will! I will!" Poor fellow! I trust he was saved.

And so the visiting kept on in this and other Military Hospitals to the end of the war, when one after another these extra hospitals were abandoned.

#### BATTLE OF BULL'S RUN—JULY 20, 1861.

Its effect on the nation was startling. The Southerners were emboldened, and President Lincoln's call for troops was responded to by overwhelming numbers. At the time I had taken a brief respite to College Hill, Indiana, and was the guest of J. H. Tibbets, now of Kansas. In that quiet village of North Vernon, the clicking of the telegraph brought

the sad news. Every man's heart was troubled, faces turned pale; mothers who had sons in the army wept bitter tears. Whilst waiting in a house for the next train to the city, the father said: "I've four sons in the army, and I don't know whether they were in that battle or not. We must look to God in this dark hour of the nation's history." The mother, seated on a low rocking chair, wept and prayed in silence. I proposed to read the forty-sixth Psalm, "God is our refuge," etc. All listened to the precious words, which were like balm to our wounded hearts. It seemed like the voice of an angel to cheer us in our distress. Then we sang that precious hymn—

"O God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come;  
Our shelter from the stormy blast,  
And our eternal home!"

We all bowed down in prayer to the God of our fathers, who rules among the angels and guides nations in their extremities. Reaching the city, all was excitement. The patriotism displayed both by men and women was wonderful, and it continued to the end.

#### *A SOLDIER BOY'S DEATH—MAY 10, 1862.*

Bro. Jones, pastor of the Welsh Church, took my arm one day and said: "Now, my brother, go with me and see a soldier boy who is about to die." So we went together. On a cot lay a pale-faced youth of sixteen, who had been shot in the thigh; a fearful wound, of which he died. Our conversation took the following direction: "You are

badly wounded?" "Yes; and the physicians say I can not recover." "How do you feel about leaving the world?" "Perfectly happy! I am resigned to the will of God." "Then, I presume, you are a Christian?" "Yes, sir; it is six years since I joined the church in La Crosse, Wisconsin. My parents live there, but I never expect to see them again." "Do they know of your sickness?" "Oh, yes; but they can not come. But I shall meet them in heaven." This youth spoke with the utmost calmness, just as one would speak of taking a journey to visit friends near and dear. After a few more days of suffering, which he bore without a murmur, he sweetly fell asleep in that Jesus he loved.

A dying German refused to confess to the priest, or listen to his prayer, but eagerly listened to the truths of the gospel, as I directed him to Christ Jesus, as the only way to life and immortality. He nodded assent and grasped my hand firmly as I bade him farewell. He was supplied with a German Bible; others with English Testaments and Psalms. These were liberally furnished by the Young Men's Bible Society of Cincinnati.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION, January 1, 1863, was hailed by all good people. Though a military necessity, it freed some four million slaves from bondage. A significant turn of successes followed to the end of the war. The names of Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, and a host of others, will be had in lasting remembrance. Every right-minded man thanked the God of heaven for the

ending of this terrible Civil War. Oh, may the day never come when there shall be another such a war. May the inhabitants of our goodly land submit to and serve the Prince of Peace.

#### THE IOWA GREY-BEARDS.

This regiment of venerable soldiers, composed of men from sixty to seventy-five years of age, was quartered for a time in the barracks on Sixth Street near Carr. All were volunteers, fine looking men, who always fully appreciated visits from the missionary and others. Cheerfully they performed the duty assigned to them. Many visits were made to them by our loyal citizens.

#### MARTIAL LAW.

July 13, 1863.—To day our city was again placed under martial law, on the occasion of the wild inroads of John Morgan. People were excited and alarmed, but not to the extent of the Kirby Smith affair. I was completely broken down in health, by reason of the continual visitation and other labors, one of which was supplying the Freeman Street Baptist Church, and collecting money for its renovation. Our efforts were successful—debts all paid, the house in good condition, and regular congregations.

Our physician insisted that I must go to the Lakes. So I started for Chicago, on a brief visit to my brother, James Emery, Milwaukee, Wisconsin. I had to run the gauntlet of bayonets at every street corner; but for the presence of a dear friend and the doctor's certificate, it would not have been possible to reach the depot. Thanks to a merciful Providence,

I reached Chicago safely the next morning. My appetite returned with the lake breezes. The three weeks spent in Wisconsin were really invigorating. I gained in weight. My brother and his wife did all in their power for my benefit; and a brief visit to Mr H. Spear's, at Fond du Lac, was thoroughly enjoyed.

On returning home, the work was again prosecuted with vigor. The Elm Street Hospital was the last for the sick soldiers—one by one they left, until the place was entirely cleared. For a time, it was afterward occupied by women from the old Commercial Hospital, during the building of the new one. Our grand Music Hall now occupies this spot of blessed memories.

**GENERAL SHERMAN'S MARCH TO THE SEA,**

Under the providence of God, hastened the capture of Richmond. News of its fall reached us April 3, 1865. The city was wild with excitement over this good news. People were intoxicated with joy. Our city was vocal with cannon, rifles, revolvers, pistols and martial music. Many persons uttered such words as "God be praised! Thank God for Generals Sherman and Grant!" Five thousand colored soldiers entered Richmond under Weitzel—a righteous retribution on a race of sinners and oppressors.

Christian people, in their families, churches and prayer-meetings, gave thanks to God for these victories. To him be all the glory! "He maketh wars to cease to the ends of the earth."

## END OF THE CIVIL WAR.

The 14th day of April, 1865, will always be remembered as long as the nation endures. From early dawn till late at night our whole city was in an excitement of joy. At 6 A.M. bells sounded a joyous peal all over the city. Cannon boomed, announcing the festivities of the day. Banners were everywhere displayed. The procession was miles in length, containing thousands of citizens. All hearts seemed happy that day. Illuminations at night were all but universal. But the festive day closed by that awful calamity,

## THE ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

This terrible news shocked the whole nation. Men were well nigh paralyzed. The blow was so sudden—just when people were in the highest joy they were plunged into deepest sorrow. Could it be true? The unwelcome truth came when Lincoln, our martyred President, breathed his last. The nation mourns! Emancipated millions weep over the death of their deliverer.

People breathed more freely when Booth, the murderer, was put to death by the rifle of Boston Corbett.

“The victory that day was turned into mourning unto all the people” was the theme of a discourse I delivered the next Sabbath in Freeman Street Baptist Church, which I was then supplying. A large and attentive audience listened. Many wept over the terrible end of so good and brave a President. Nothing else was talked about for many days. The

mourning badge was seen on the cottages of the poor as well as the houses of the rich. Over the whole people there came a strange fear, mingled with sorrow. Aged women in the Widows' Home spoke of it with feelings of deep sympathy. Poor men and women in the Infirmaries spoke of it, some in anger over the wicked perpetrator, others with forebodings of what was to come.

That God who has watched over our nation with paternal care ever since the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers did not forsake us in the hour when the nation staggered under the assassin's blow. He who guides the sparrow and wings the angel heard the prayers of millions of our people; so that the remarkable words of Garfield, in New York, himself a martyr some years later, were fulfilled—"The Almighty still rules and guides the nation; and the Government at Washington still exists!"

Gradually the excitement subsided. The old Ship of State went on her course, though she had received a stunning blow. Does it not become every citizen, of whatever name or nationality, whatever his condition, rich or poor, to remember that important truth in the word of God: "Righteousness exalteth a nation; but sin is the reproach of any people"? And also, "The nation which will not serve thee shall perish." God forbid the day should ever come when the nation shall forget God. Let every one seek to benefit his neighbor and live according to the teachings of the Scripture. May our lives be regulated by the Commandments of God and by Christ's Sermon on the Mount. "Happy is that people whose God is the Lord."

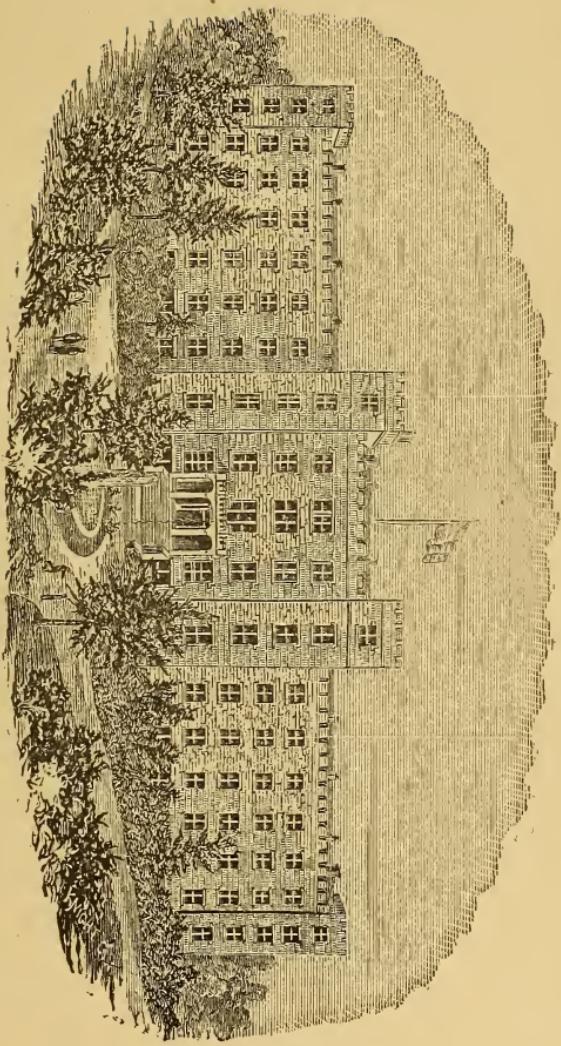
## CHAPTER III. CHOLERA TIMES.

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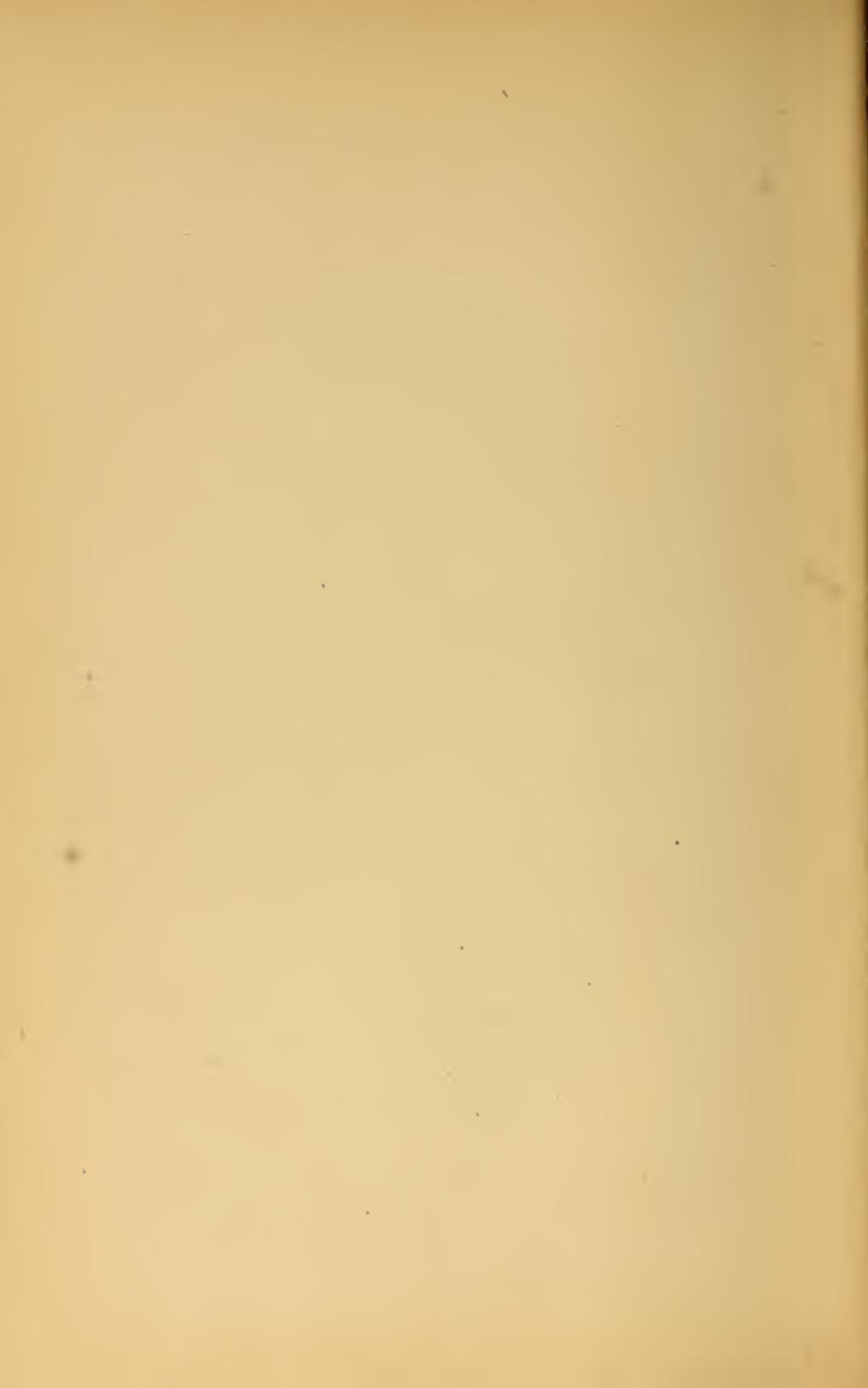
“Boast not thyself of to-morrow; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth.” “Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave whither thou goest.”

These truths of God’s word should ever be borne in mind, more especially when an epidemic prevails—when men and women are cut down by death at short notice.

This dreaded disease visited our city in July, 1866. Some cases appeared earlier, but most deaths occurred in July and August, and several in the following months, especially in October. Sanitary measures were pretty thoroughly enforced. As to its contagiousness, physicians are divided. Plenty of instances could be quoted on both sides. Certain it is that nurses, doctors and missionaries, who waited on and visited persons dying of cholera, had not a symptom of the disease. Then again, two or three would die in the same house. Fear has much to do in the matter. Thrice blessed are they who can trust in God, in his protecting providence, at such times. His word declares, “He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide in the shadow



HOUSE OF REFUGE.



of the Almighty." Surely, they who dwell under his shadow are safe. Psalm xci.

Thanks to our Heavenly Father, the contagion soon passed away. But there were many strange and sudden deaths. Some fourteen persons died on Richmond Street, one of the cleanest private avenues of the city; and, stranger still, in one of the dirtiest parts of the city—Sixth, east of Broadway—there were but few deaths. Such things are unaccountable. Following are some of the instances, written down as they occurred.

#### DEATH OF A MINISTER.

August 3, 1866.—From Cherry Grove, as I reached home, my wife told me Rev. P. W. Newman, pastor of Union Baptist Church, was dying of cholera. I went immediately and staid one hour and saw him breathe his last. He said to me: "I am perfectly happy. I am in the hand of God, body and soul. All is well; I leave my family with him." Soon after he lay breathing quietly, his hands clasped. Then, after a little, his eyes became fixed, as though looking into heaven. He never spoke another word. His distressed wife tried to get a word, but he did not recognize her. Soon after he quietly fell asleep in Jesus. Brethren Troy, Simpson and a dozen church-members were present. We all kneeled down, and I led in prayer. His death was a great loss to the church and the community.

August 4th.—A friend requested me to visit a dying man on Longworth Street—a cholera case. On reaching the house I found he had been dead

twenty minutes. His poor wife was deeply affected. The room in which he died was disinfected after his death.

August 6th.—Mr. McCormick still lingers with cholera—unable to speak, hands and feet cold. I visited him twice and prayed. He died in the evening. I was called to officiate at his funeral.

How strangely mysterious are the ways of Providence! Are they not past finding out? Verily, “His way is in the sea, and his path in the great waters!”

#### MIDNIGHT CALLS.

During these sad days I was called a few times at midnight. Once by a man whose wife was dying with cholera. After a long and tedious walk we found the sufferer in the last stage of the disease; hands and feet cold, and suffering otherwise. She was exceedingly anxious about her soul. We gave her the consolations of the gospel and prayed—remained till the moring—called again in the day, and at night she died. Both husband and wife, and friends expressed thanks for these visits.

A similar case occurred on Third Street. A friend of the dying woman awakened me at midnight. She was also in the last stage of the disease. Eagerly she listened to the words of Jesus, “Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out.” “Look unto me and be ye saved, all ye ends of the earth.” Two more visits after this, and the sufferer died.

Another call was responded to, of one who had been brought out of darkness into light. Distressed by the enemy of souls, she entreated me to pray God

to be merciful to her and save her. Prayer was heard in her behalf, and after some weeks of great suffering she entered the everlasting rest. Her end was peace.

Other calls have been made in other years upon persons nearing death. And is it not a real pleasure to impart comfort and consolation to the distressed? Our blessed Master spared not himself for us, and surely we ought to be willing to spend and be spent for him; in helping the distressed and sorrowful. He has said: "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

#### A BLASPHEMER'S DEATH.

"All things come alike to all; there is one event to the righteous and to the wicked, to the clean and the unclean."—*Ecclesiastes*.

A very profane man, in these days of pestilence, frequently uttered fearful oaths about the cholera, and in the hearing of others said: "The Almighty ain't going to kill me with cholera. I'm not afraid of it." In perfect health, the same night, after a hearty supper, the dread disease seized him. He suffered terribly, medical aid failed to relieve him, and he died in great agony before the morning light. What a warning to transgressors! "Let all the earth keep silence before him! Who can stay his hand, or say unto him, What doest thou?"

A wicked man, who had turned his daughter out of doors when she became a Christian, died in the night in fearful agony. His wife testified: "He is in the hands of God; he did not utter a prayer; his life was opposed to religion."

A mother of a large family, irreligious herself, and hindering her children, as far as she could, from following Jesus, was suddenly seized with cholera and died after two days of great suffering. A sad warning!

The following items are from our daily journal:

August 8, 1866.—Mrs. H. died of cholera last evening, after only a few hours of illness. Undertakers were busy; much confusion; the few people present came late, and the poor woman, I fear, died in her sins. She was once a Sabbath scholar in the Baker Street Sunday-school.

Widow W. died of cholera yesterday morning and was buried at 2 p. m. Sick only a few hours, then death. She was ready for the change. Her sorrows are now over. She had long been a faithful member of the Ninth Street Baptist Church. The deacons were present at the funeral.

*Commercial Hospital. Cholera Ward.* — Here lay ten strong men, most of them in the agonies of death. What a spectacle of pestilence, and of God's judgment! Only three could speak; to these dying ones I presented Christ as the only Savior, and committed them to God in prayer. Of these ten, seven died in a few hours, and others were brought in to fill their places.

In the colored men's ward were four men lying sick with cholera. Read the Scriptures and prayed. Seven men asked me to remember them in prayer.

August 10th.—*Elm Street Hospital.* — Six women down with cholera. Two had died since Tuesday. Prayed with these sufferers.

*Commercial Hospital.*—Ten cholera cases; three died to-day. Mr. H.'s wife was watching sorrowfully by his bed. Most of these died of this terrible disease. Those suffering thanked me with tears. God be merciful to every one.

August 11th.—By request visited Mrs. D., whose oldest daughter had died of cholera. She was much distressed, and seemed unreconciled to her loss. After showing her the Lord's love to his people, "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth," and many other precious promises, we bowed in prayer, when she seemed sweetly subdued, and invited me to call again. After casting her burden on the Lord, this lady found great comfort in the truths, "All things work together for good to them that love God," and, "He hath done all things well."

#### MAKING LIGHT OF THE PESTILENCE.

August 13th.—Had a talk with Dr. W. and a minister about the cholera. Both spoke lightly of it as easily cured; that people died from eating imprudently. They showed me some infallible (?) medicine. Strange as it may seem, the minister's daughter was taken ill the same hour with cholera, and died at night. Read of her death in the next morning's paper with amazement. It will not do to trifle. "God is not mocked."

August 14th.—Mr. J.'s sister died of cholera; also a dear child, of the dread disease. Prayed with the family.

Mr. T.'s brother died of cholera, after two days' sickness, happy in the Lord. He could say sincerely, "Thy will be done."

Prayed with cholera patients in both Hospitals, who all seemed thankful. Some died last night, others have come in.

I attended the funeral of a beautiful boy of five years, son of Mr. D., who died of cholera after only a few hours of sickness. Some six persons have died in the vicinity of Ninth and Elm Streets, and many were still sick. The father and sister of this dear boy were too sick to go to the funeral.

Mrs. V., and two infants, down with this terrible malady. Prayed with and comforted her.

#### IT IS NOT THE FOOD WE EAT.

Under date of August 16, 1866, are these interesting records: Made my usual visit to the City Infirmary and held the customary services. Not a single case of cholera was known among the hundreds of inmates. They enjoyed remarkably good health. They had freely used corn, new potatoes, cucumbers and melons, without the least harm. I also ate freely of these at dinner, with a thankful heart to the Giver of all mercies.

Took tea with my dear brother T., in Wyoming, who expressed surprise at my eating corn and melons for dinner. They had destroyed their melons, and avoided other forbidden products. But we had a pleasant season of prayer and singing, and I staid until the next morning.

#### EXTRACTS FROM DAILY JOURNAL.

August 17th.—Reaching home, I was requested to attend Mrs. C.'s funeral, who died rather suddenly of cholera. She had been a true Christian many years; died in her eightieth year.

D. A. went with me to a Christian friend's, where lay the remains of Rev. Mr. Green, a Baptist minister, from Danville, Ky. On his way to Convention at Richmond, Va., he was taken sick and died. He left a wife and six children. Lord help them! How uncertain is life!

August 18th.—A sad and busy day; visited two Hospitals and attended three funerals. A lady went with me to Elm Street Hospital, where we found many sick women with cholera; two had died the last night, several others were brought in. Read the word and offered prayer.

*Commercial Hospital.*—One man had died since my last visit, and others were brought in; some five or six will recover. Exhorted all to look unto Jesus, and prayed.

Attended the funeral of Mr. Cook's little boy at 2 P. M. They were much distressed. There were only a few sympathizing friends present. Some people are fearful.

Was hastily called to visit Miss V., dying with cholera; a school teacher. When I reached the house, she had been dead over an hour. Prayed with the distressed family, most of whom are grown people.

The next funeral was at 3 P. M. at Mr. L.'s. A lady visiting her daughter, died of cholera. A few sympathizing friends were here, the rest were strangers. They hope she died a Christian.

Old Sister Brown, concerned about the scourge, says: "It is God's chastisement." So think many of our best citizens.

*Home for Friendless.*—Held the usual services. Two inmates were down with cholera, their symptoms favorable. Prayed with each of them. They expressed thanks. May the Lord save them. These are times of great affliction, sorrow and death. Thus far our family has been mercifully preserved. Oh, may our lives be more fully devoted to Christ Jesus.

August 19th.—Attended the funeral of Mr. S., who died a drunkard. How awful! Cholera came, and soon he fell a victim. At the funeral were only six persons. His wife was chief mourner. I did my best to warn them against living in sin.

Attended the funeral of Mrs. V. last evening. She can not be buried till 7 A. M. to-morrow; so held the funeral services at 4:30 P. M. The chief mourner was a little boy six years old, whom she had raised. How sadly he wept. May he say with David, "When my father and mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up."

Visited cholera patients in both Hospitals. One had died in each since my last visit. On reaching home was very weary, but was called to visit Mrs. K. on Linn Street—very sick with cholera, but expressed a hope in Christ. Her soul very penitent, I think submissive to the will of God. She and her husband were very thankful for my visit. Called again at 9 P. M.; she was about the same. Five days afterward she died in the faith of Christ.

August 20th, '66.—At 9 A. M. preached the funeral sermon of Mrs., E. who died of cholera. She was taken sick at 5 P. M. and died yesterday at 8 A. M.—fifteen hours of suffering, borne with Christian

resignation. She had lived a Christian life and died in peace. Her countenance betokened heavenly peace. Many friends of Ninth Street Church were present. These sudden deaths are solemn warnings.

In the afternoon I attended the funeral of a little boy two years old. The parents were greatly distressed—he was their only child.

August 21st, *Commercial Hospital*.—Cholera is abating, thanks to our Heavenly Father. Most of the ten men now sick will, I think, recover. I read the word and prayed. Among the colored men, not one case of cholera. I read the word, sang and prayed—precious time.

August 22d.—Attended the funeral of a Welshman who died of the cholera, I fear in his sins—not a member of any church. The wife and three sons were deeply affected. She thanked me most emphatically.

Toward the end of the month the pestilence abated. Daily reports were published in the papers. This tended much to allay excitement. Better it is always to *know the truth* than to listen to wild, *uncertain rumors*.

#### DEATH BY CHOLERA THROUGH FEAR.

Rev. James Sargeant, a Baptist minister, was remarkably fearful about the cholera. He avoided it as much as possible, and was very nervous when the subject was mentioned. On his way to church at N., one Sabbath, he was told there was to be a funeral service there that morning. He inquired of what the man died. They said, "Of cholera." He was completely unnerved—turned away from the

church quite unable to perform the services. Became sick at once. Everything was done for his restoration, but he died in two weeks, of cholera, in the faith of that Jesus whom he had long preached. He was a man of rare piety and a faithful preacher, well known to the writer, and beloved by a large circle of people. His sickness and death were brought about by that something we call nervousness. A calm mind is a wondrous blessing, especially in cholera times.

Dr. Lord, pastor of the Congregational Church on Seventh Street, was another of the six ministers who died of cholera. Perfect health and a robust constitution prove no safeguard from the disease.

It may be proper here to refer to a paragraph which went the rounds of the papers at this time, concerning the death of two men in Russia. They were both under sentence of death for murder. Physicians were permitted to experiment upon them in this way: Two beds were brought from the hospital, on which men had died of the cholera. They were put into the cells of these men; and neither of them knew that men had died on them. They slept comfortably on them without the least harm. After about a week these beds were exchanged for new ones on which man had never slept. They were told that men had died of cholera upon them. They were so alarmed that both became sick and died soon after, of cholera. Fear and dread of the disease so affected them that it produced the disease, then death.

In the month of October the disease continued its ravages. Many deaths occurred among our prominent and useful citizens. Sometimes in localities

very clean and healthy. Many persons fled from the city, and some died in the country.

October 8th, '66, *Commercial Hospital*.—Found many new patients among the colored men. Only a few of them could read.

*Cholera Ward*.—Four new patients. Some in a collapsed condition. One man knew not how to pray, and said he was not ready to die. I directed him to Jesus and prayed. Two others could not speak. Poor fellows, I pity them.

Toward the end of October the pestilence disappeared, to the great relief of every one. The month of August was the most fatal. The deaths from cholera in 1849 numbered over 6,000. This last visitation was very small compared with that of seventeen years before. We have reason to thank God that we have had no further visitations of this dreadful pestilence.

Let no one say, from what has been written, that the writer undervalues sanitary measures. He heartily approves everything which helps humanity, especially that which prevents disease. That myself and family were wonderfully preserved from cholera through these trying months, is due to that God who has promised to protect those who trust in him. "He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust." "There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling." And one of our poets has said:

"Plagues and death around me fly;  
Till he bids, I can not die;  
Not a single shaft can hit,  
Till the God of love sees fit."

## CHAPTER IV.

### VISITATIONS TO FAMILIES.

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From fifteen hundred to two thousand visits have been made each year to all kinds of people. Some who have all the comforts of life, and lack nothing save health, welcome such visits. But by far the larger number of visits are to the poor, the sick, the aged and the blind. From ten to twenty aged and infirm women are on my list. These are visited every month. Consumptives and other sick persons are generally seen once a week. In many instances poverty as well as sickness are theirs. It is very pleasant to help such from the funds contributed by kind-hearted people.

Among the first to contribute to this fund was my esteemed uncle, Mr. Thomas Emery, who was accidentally killed by a fall, December 30, 1857. His sons have followed his example, and have been, and still are, the most liberal supporters of this mission. Over three hundred other persons have shown their hearty appreciation of this work of preaching the gospel to the poor, and ministering to their temporal necessities, by their contributions.

Ladies of Springdale, connected with the Presbyterian Church, under Rev. W. H. James, have for

the past twenty years made, with their own hands, garments for poor children of this city. These are distributed mostly to the children of widows, and they express their gratitude in emphatic words. Some of them say: "The clothes are better than money, for I'm busy all the week, I haven't time to make them." One said: "May God bless the ladies who make such nice clothes for my poor children." Some of these women are cripples, others have charge of a few of their grandchildren. All are grateful for this help, given in winter, just when poor people are straitened in many ways.

Many other friends have helped in the same direction, by sending clothing outgrown by their own families. No matter what it is, any size, shape or color, there are always found needy ones—not the beggar who comes to the door, but these poor people we visit in their homes. Our blessed Lord will say to some at the last day, "I was naked and ye clothed me."

#### IMPOSTORS.

In all large cities there are many of this class. They tell the most outrageous lies, and while they tell them, forget it is written, "He that speaketh lies shall perish." Some of them shed tears and tell most pitiful stories of distress, poverty and sickness; all to gain contributions of money, goods, or groceries, or clothing. Take the following instances:

A lady of Mt. Auburn wrote, requesting me to visit a family in great distress. The applicant said: "My wife is sick, and the youngest child lies dead, and

we've not got a cent to bury it, and there is nothing to eat in the house." The name of the man, the number of the house and street were given, but no such family lived there. This man, after imposing on this lady, and others on the hill, never returned after his case was investigated. He was an impostor.

A little girl of ten years came to our door with a very pitiful story about her mother's sickness, and her father away, and nothing to eat. Doubting the truth, as soon as possible I went to see, and the mother was at work washing. Expressing my surprise, she coolly said: "I've been sick, but feel better now." This woman taught her child the art of begging. We discard all such impostors.

An old impostor who has been tramping the streets these twenty years, soliciting alms, was very reluctant to tell his residence. He was found to possess two houses. His stories were very pitiful, and doubtless touched many hearts to whom he appealed for help. His visits extended to Clifton and Avondale. When, oh, when, will his wanderings cease? Of course, we dismiss all such impostors with some good advice. "The love of money is the root of all evil."

Again, we have found a few families, only a few, thank God, who are constitutional beggars, which practice has descended to the third generation. The habit is so strong, they seem unable to overcome it. They have a rooted objection to hard work. Then there are not a few tramps. A loaf of bread does not satisfy them, they want money with which to buy beer. Hundreds of loaves are given away to

the needy poor from our home every year; but drinking men, and other strangers to us, often spurn a loaf of good bread. There are always enough people to relieve—such as are really unable to earn their bread, and who are grateful for assistance—without bestowing alms on the idle and dissipated.

From the fifty-six thousand visits to families, during the past thirty-five years, only a few can be here referred to. All are instructive, and each one different from the others.

#### A MECHANIC'S SICKNESS AND DEATH.

A kind-hearted lady desired me to visit a carpenter, sick with consumption. He resided in a comfortable house of his own, on Mt. Adams. Consumption was steadily bearing him down to the grave. His wife was always glad when I administered spiritual comfort to her husband. He was equally glad to listen to the gospel of Christ. His sickness lasted many months, and was borne with great patience. This man was hungering and thirsting after righteousness. He had neglected his soul's welfare in health, but when his case was pronounced hopeless, he said: "Where am I going? Where after this life will be my dwelling-place? I am not ready to die." He cheerfully accepted Christ's invitations to come and find rest for his soul. He trusted in him—who is "mighty to save," and was saved. He died, trusting him who died for his sins.

At times, when walking this toilsome way, two miles from my home, when there were no street-cars, the thought would come: "What's the use of taking this long walk just to see one man? Is it not a waste

of time?" Immediately another voice replied, I think it was the Spirit of God: "Your Master traveled many weary miles for you. Often he was weary with his journey, and his feet were afterward nailed to the cross." And I said: "'Tis enough, Lord; I'll go again." So these visits continued to the day of this man's death. At his funeral I did all I could to comfort his wife and family, and to warn the thoughtless and indifferent of the consequences of neglecting this great salvation.

FATHER COX, OVER ONE HUNDRED YEARS OLD.

One of the happiest men I ever visited was old Father Cox. He lived in his own house on Elm Street, near Liberty. During my first visits, some thirty years ago, his wife was living; she was over eighty years of age, very infirm. Nothing pleased this aged pair more than to hear the word of God and prayer, with singing. They were a happy couple, and for many years belonged to the Methodist Church. After a brief illness Mrs. Cox died, leaving her aged husband to mourn his loss. He preferred to live in his own house, and so remained for some years; lonesome, but always happy. Concerning all temporal things, his memory failed, but never on spiritual things. He would forget the names of his long-tried and true friends, but he never forgot that name which is above every name. The name of Jesus was written on his heart, it could not be erased. His Book of Psalms, and Testament, and Methodist Hymn-book, were always on the table. These he would read every day.

Entering his room one day, I said cheerily: "Well, Father Cox, how are you to-day?" "Thank God, I'm as well as usual; nothing to complain of." "Don't you at times feel lonesome?" "Not very; I've always my Bible and Hymn-book, and I can draw nigh to God in prayer. The neighbors come in now and then." "Suppose death should come in some day, what would you say?" Without a moment's hesitation, the aged man replied: "I'd say, Come, welcome death, I'll gladly go with thee!" "Then you feel ready to die?" "Yes, indeed; any day the Lord sees fit, I'm ready to meet him." "You seem to be a happy man?" "Indeed, I am; why shouldn't I be? I have Jesus here every day, and I love to pray to him. I know he's forgiven all my sins, and I shall soon be with him."

This venerable man continued in this happy frame of mind to the end of his life. He could say with Paul: "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" Like all the sons of men, he died; but he came down to the valley of death with smiles on his face, rejoicing in Christ Jesus. Friends and neighbors were always kind to this servant of God, and willingly helped him. His scanty income was found enough to satisfy his wants. He died in peace.

#### AN AFFLICTED GERMAN FAMILY.

Mrs. R. was left a widow with four daughters, three of whom were afflicted with some spinal or rheumatic disease, which rendered them incapable of using their limbs. One daughter, Julia, kept her

bed for twenty-two years; unable to rise or feed herself. The other two were quite helpless, but could sit in easy chairs. The other daughter was married and had a large family. Three daughters died. Then the aged mother and Sarah, the youngest, went to the City Infirmary four years ago. There the mother died, and only Sarah remains, unable to rise from her chair or bed, but is kindly cared for in that institution. She is waiting, sometimes longing, to depart and be with Christ, which is far better. She enjoys the religious services.

Of all the families I have visited, this one had the longest continual affliction of any. The dear mother must have had the patience of Job. Often has she said, with tears: "But for the grace of God, I couldn't stand it. I'm sure I should go crazy, my troubles are so great." She was a prayerful Christian, a diligent reader of the Bible. Her house was the picture of neatness. But affliction and disasters occurred, the mortgage closed, the house was sold, poverty came, and then with great reluctance, under my earnest advice, she removed to the Infirmary. Here she watched over Sarah a few years, and then died peacefully in Jesus.

The married daughter, a hard-working woman, through a cold and overwork, had the typhoid fever, and in a few days died. Most of her children were old enough to earn their living. Annie, the oldest, lived with us a year, and a better or more industrious girl it would be hard to find. May God bless them. May they meet their relatives in heaven.

“Let not ambition mock their useful toil,  
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;  
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,  
The short and simple annals of the poor.”

—*Gray.*

It may seem strange, it is nevertheless true, that there are a few families who have suffered both poverty and sickness over thirty years. Read the following :

#### HAPPY AT NINETY-SEVEN YEARS.

Mrs. D., a pious Scotch woman, has reached that age. During the past thirty years she has suffered pains in her limbs, confining her to the single room inhabited by herself and faithful daughter, a widow, who has never left her mother. “Janet is a real good girl, I would not know what to do without her!” she has often said with great emphasis.

In my earliest perambulations I found them, the aged saint an invalid, and the daughter doing a little to earn her living. These visits have continued ever since. Her Bible lies constantly before her, and she reads it daily. Few books in the city are so constantly used. She reads the *Christian Press*, which I leave her every month, and she is a great admirer of Spurgeon and reads all his sermons. During her last years my deceased wife read to her Spurgeon’s sermons on Sabbath afternoons, and to others who, like her, were aged and infirm. Part of her time is spent in knitting socks, gloves and baby shoes, and so her days pass away. Always glad to hear the voice of singing and prayer. She expects to see her one hundredth birthday. Her voice is firm, her

sight good, and she possesses a strong constitution. God bless her! May her end be peace!

Another aged widow, Mrs. K., we have known since 1852. When sickness enters her family, she invariably sends word, that I may administer consolation. Of quite a large family only one grandson remains, and he is a faithful, industrious young man. Converted under Sam Jones' preaching, he is a member of a Baptist church. The aged widow's son, John, died many years ago; then Emma, with slow consumption; and last year Lizzie, her only remaining child, died. For many years she was the main support of the family, working at bookbinding. For two years she was sick at home, all the time hoping to recover for her mother's sake. Physicians were very kind to wait on this afflicted one. Their reward will come by and by. The mother's health failed, and both were sick. We secured a woman to nurse them, and paid her four weeks, until the mother could resume the nursing. These were truly trying times. But the promise of God held true, "As thy days, so shall thy strength be."

A few other friends showed kindness in these days of affliction. The son of the dying woman worked faithfully, except once, when the men were on a strike, his wages stopped. The time came when his mother must die. An urgent message came from the dying woman. She requested us to sing her favorite hymn—

"Lord, I care not for riches,  
For silver or gold;  
I would make sure of heaven,  
I would enter the fold."

Singing this hymn afforded her much comfort. She exclaimed aloud as we sang it. The last prayer was offered, and the farewell taken. She expressed the hope of meeting us all in heaven, through Christ Jesus, whom she believed, and so passed away.

#### A DYING POLICEMAN.

Sickness, then poverty, overtook this man and his family. On hearing of the case, I visited them, and often relieved their temporal wants. "Bread and the gospel go well together." So the word of God was read from time to time, and the sick man became interested in his soul's welfare. After one of these visits, his wife, on returning to the room, heard the voice of her husband, and thought some one was there. She listened and found he was praying to God for mercy. This touched her heart, she wept tears of joy. She had never before heard him pray. He continued reading the word, and prayed for recovery. His prayer was heard. He joined a Methodist church. After some months sickness again returned, and after many weeks of suffering he died, trusting that Jesus who died for sinners.

During the last visits he invariably requested me to sing his favorite hymn—

"The Great Physician now is near,  
The sympathizing Jesus;  
He speaks the troubled heart to cheer;  
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus!"

So long as he had strength, he would sing this and other hymns. He was decently interred by his

police friends. His widow placed the youngest boy in the Soldiers' Orphans' Home, at Xenia, and the oldest boy on a farm. How death breaks up homes and scatters families!

The following instances will be read with interest. They occurred in 1854.

#### AN AWFUL DEATH.

Lucinda, died in her nineteenth year, 1854. Indifferent entirely to the claims and pleasures of religion, she sought happiness among the gay and thoughtless. And oh, such a death! In her dying moments, while the cold sweat of death was upon her, she cried for the mercy she had despised during health and vigor. Unprepared to die! Death said, "Come! You must come!" Will our young people be warned by these sad memoirs? or will they still go on in their pleasures, heedless alike of the joys of heaven and the miseries of hell? How long will they postpone the work of repentance? Young has truly said:

"Procrastination is the thief of time:  
Year after year it steals, till all are fled,  
And, to the mercies of a moment, leaves  
The vast concerns of an eternal scene.  
If not so frequent, would not this be strange?  
That 'tis so frequent, this is stranger still."

'Twould be easy to furnish very many more sad instances of death-bed scenes. While many have died without hope, others have died in the full hope of the gospel. Some have gently fallen asleep in Jesus, others have died in triumph.

## A HAPPY DEATH.

Mary S. was one of our first scholars in Cutter Street Sabbath school. During her long affliction—pining away with consumption—she seemed gradually preparing for eternity. Precious were these seasons, spent in comforting her soul with the consolations of the gospel. For many reasons she desired life; for others she desired to depart and be with Christ, which is far better. Her view of salvation, and her hope in its blessings were clear and well grounded. One bright Sabbath afternoon, six of her classmates accompanied me to the sick-room. We had not been there long before their tears of affection blended with hers. With some difficulty, we sang one of her favorite hymns:

“There is a land of pure delight,  
Where saints immortal reign,”

and, having read a portion of the precious word, commended her and her schoolmates to the merciful Redeemer.

On the last day of her life she seemed more cheerful than usual—cheerful in the prospect of a brighter world. All fear of death was entirely removed. It had given place to that blessed hope which is filled with immortality. While reading that verse, “Oh, if my Lord would come and meet,” her face was radiant with smiles, but the next verse affected her more deeply:

“Jesus can make a dying bed  
Feel soft as downy pillows are;  
While on his breast I lean my head,  
And breathe my life out sweetly there.”

She exclaimed, "Oh, that is beautiful! Please read it again!" After this I commended her to that Savior in whom she believed. In the evening of the same day her spirit was released. Thus she fell asleep in Jesus.

#### ANOTHER HAPPY DEATH.

In May last, died Frances R., of consumption. She had been sick of this insidious disease for about a year. Anxious to live, not for her sake alone, but for a beloved widowed mother, she hoped even against hope that her days would be prolonged. Her desire to aid her mother was truly praiseworthy. Often when unable to sit up, she was sewing in bed. Her hope rested on the Rock of Ages. Before the hour of parting came she said: "I am not afraid to die; I know whom I have believed."

#### PLUCKED FROM THE BURNING.

Almost despairing and nigh to death was a young woman who had, six years before, joined the Methodist Church. On speaking to her of the mercy and grace of God, and how he would pardon returning sinners, with a look of inexpressible anguish she said, "It's too late now!" This caused her aged mother and friends to weep bitterly. After reading the word, and prayer, I left with a saddened heart. Some days after this, while reading to her of the love of Christ, she exclaimed: "Oh! I do love him! Blessed Savior, he is all my trust! To think I should ever leave him, how wicked! But oh! how kind he has been to me, not to cut me off. I do love him! Oh, yes, I do!" This holy joy continued with her

until health was restored, when she returned to the fold of the Good Shepherd.

#### DEATH FROM STARVATION AND DISSIPATION.

One Sabbath evening, after a hard day's labor, during the severe frost in January, I was desired to visit a dying woman on Gas Alley, one of the most degraded sections of our city. On entering the dismal room, a dim candle revealed six or seven colored people, nearly intoxicated. On a scantily furnished bed lay the wife of the occupant, who appeared to be past medical aid, and had quite lost the power of speech. On proposing to read and pray, they consented. There was not a chair in the room, but an old box formed the only seat. The only window in the room was left open to let out the smoke, but it let in the strong odor from the Gas House and the sharp breath of winter. During prayer the dying woman wept, but spoke not one word. I left money with a friend, and an order for food on the Relief Union. I then gave a solemn warning to all to give up liquor, which was hurrying them all to perdition. Soon after my departure, and the other friends left, all these wretched people went off drinking, and in the morning the woman was found frozen to death! Her own husband had left her to die alone!

Much has been said and written about this case which is incorrect. These are the facts. The woman who died had long been a victim of intemperance, and told those around her that her soul was lost. She was going to hell. Thus she died. "The way of the transgressor is hard."

## AGED AND POOR.

An aged Christian widow dwells in a very small room ten feet square, with a daughter, also a widow, and very infirm. The elder woman is near eighty. It was with peculiar joy she received from me, two years ago, a New Testament, with Psalms, large type, which she reads daily. With these two poor children of God, I occasionally spent a most precious half hour. On asking the daughter, on my last visit, how they passed the winter, she said: "Just middling; sometimes we had enough to eat, and sometimes we did not; but the Lord has been mighty good, we've been always able to keep a fire." Living in obscurity and poverty, these poor disciples shall be acknowledged in the day when God numbers his jewels.

Mrs. A. had been left a widow about two years. She labored hard to supply the wants of three small children. Dying suddenly with cholera, she expressed great anxiety for her children. After the funeral of this poor widow, who, I trust, died in the Lord, the children were placed in the Orphan Asylum. Two of them are still there, and the oldest in a family doing well. Their mother's last prayer was that the children might love and fear God.

Mrs. A. had a long time waited for some evidence that her sins were forgiven. In visiting her, I urged the necessity of yielding her soul to Christ—giving up all for him. She promised to pray over this matter and read the will of Christ. After diligent study of the word and prayer, she was enabled to rejoice in Christ Jesus as her Savior.

## DEATH OF A KIND FATHER—AN ENGLISHMAN.

Mr. G., by industrious habits and economy, accumulated a snug little sum of money with which he intended to purchase a house for his family, consisting of a wife and five girls. The money was placed in the Trust Company Bank, which failed, and all was lost. This was a terrible blow. The father, soon after, was taken sick with some throat disease, of which he died. These were dark days and trying times. My visits continued for some months. Kind friends and neighbors cheerfully helped them. When unable to speak, a slate was kept by his bed, on which questions were written and answered, such as these: "Is Christ precious?" "Yes, indeed; he is all my trust." "Have you peace of mind?" "Thank God, I have." "How about leaving the world?" "I can say with David, 'Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me.'" "Yes, for the Christian to die is gain. How about your family?" "I commit them all to God, and hope they will meet me in heaven."

His wife was deeply affected by these conversations, but she was always cheered, that her husband could meet death with calm trust in Christ. The end came. Calmly he yielded up his spirit to God.

A few days before his death, the wife followed me to the gate, weeping, and said: "What am I to do when he dies? I haven't a dollar to bury him." "Oh, never mind about that; we will see to it. Now won't you pray to God to help you through these trials, and bring up your children to love and serve

him?" "I'm not a Christian." "But you must pray. God will hear and help you, for he has promised this in his word." And so it came to pass. He who promises to be the God of the widow and the Father of the fatherless, heard and answered her prayers. The funeral took place from the house. All was neatly done, and all expenses paid by friends of the family. Joy and sorrow, pleasure and pain were intermixed that day. Tears expressed both.

After their father's death, the oldest girl was sent to learn a trade; another was taken by a kind lady; the two youngest were kept at school. Every one grew up to fear the Lord and keep his commandments. They were all much respected in their various spheres. Some eight years after her father's death, that insidious disease, consumption, overtook Martha. During the long, weary months of suffering it was my lot to minister to her. She died in peace.

The others married good, industrious men; one of them a minister. They are scattered in various directions, but we hope mother and children will all meet that dear father in heaven. I bless God for being permitted to minister to such as these in the hour of their sorrow.

#### A PROFANE MAN'S CONVERSION.

"Is anything too hard for the Lord?" was a question asked in olden time. Our Lord has said: "With God all things are possible," and, "All things are possible to him that believeth." We know he can convert a Saul of Tarsus, a Jailer, a Newton and a Bunyan. So he can convert the wickedest sinner in our midst.

We became acquainted with this family in 1856. The father was an illiterate man. He did not drink, but was awfully profane, and discouraged every semblance of religion in his family, who were growing up without God and without hope in the world. The mother often came to our house for words of sympathy and instruction; joined us occasionally in family prayer. We proposed to have a little prayer-meeting in her house. She gladly seconded it. She called her neighbors. Her husband refused to come in, but retired upstairs. After reading and prayer, we sang—

“Show pity, Lord! O Lord, forgive!  
Let a repenting rebel live.”

This man's wife was deeply affected, even to tears, and sank down on her knees and prayed. The devil seemed to enter her husband, who came down and dragged his wife from the meeting and slammed the door. We kept up the services for another half-hour, praying especially for this man's conversion. For some time he was hardened and wicked. He said to his wife: “If Emery ever comes in my house again, I'll shoot him!” His wife brought the message. I went in two or three times after, but he did not shoot.

Some few weeks after this he sent for me to pray for him. He was trembling from head to foot, and said: “Can you pray for such a wicked sinner as I am?” “Certainly I can, and may God forgive you and give you a clean heart and a right spirit.” He sank upon his knees, and his wife and oldest girl were present. He sobbed aloud all the time during

prayer. He prayed himself, amid sobs and tears, and became a new man; a new creature in Christ Jesus. He united with a Methodist church and prayed in his family. From this time until his death he maintained a Christian character. His wife united with the same church after I baptized her. Oh, what a change was wrought in this family! They were turned from darkness to light, from the power of Satan unto God.

Several years later this man was thrown from a wagon and severely injured, from which injuries he died. On his death-bed he spoke to me of his narrow escape from hell. He magnified the grace of God, which saved him. He wept over his former wickedness, but was pardoned through Christ. Quite ready to die, his last words were spoken to his family, whom he commended to God.

A few years later one of his sons died. He expressed a hope that Christ would save him. After these things the mother bade us good-by, with tears and many thanks for what had been done for her and the family. She removed many miles from the city to live with a son.

“Wonders of grace to God belong,  
Repeat his mercies in your song.”

#### A BACKSLIDER.

- Visiting a widow, past the middle of life, an old acquaintance, she expressed pleasure at my visits. On asking, “How is it with your soul?” she said: “I know I don’t live as I ought to; I used to belong to a Methodist church years ago, but I haven’t been

for a long time." "And why?" "Because I can't fix to go." "Do you think God will accept that as a reason at the last day?" "Perhaps not." "Then you will be speechless." Here she wept, and was fully convinced she was living in sin. I expressed sorrow that she set such a poor example to her children. She promised again to seek the mercy of God. It is hoped this visit, and others which followed, brought back the wanderer.

#### AN ICE-BOUND RIVER—FEBRUARY, 1855.

For more than four weeks our river was closed. The cold was so severe that four-horse teams crossed on the solid ice, and many slaves escaped from slavery and fled to Canada; others were caught and imprisoned, then sent back to bondage. Among the latter was Margaret Garner, who slew her child to prevent its return to bondage. This long-continued cold weather threw many people out of work, and the poverty and distress tested all our benevolent institutions. The Relief Union did a noble work, the Bethel its share, the missionaries theirs, and the city authorities had to multiply their donations. A short supply of coal added to the distress. It was sold for fifty cents a bushel, and difficult to obtain at that price. It seemed as though very few people had laid in coal for the winter. Ours gave out, and like others of my neighbors, I hired an express wagon and went down to the river, and after paying for twelve bushels, the driver and I helped push the load up the river bank. The City Council, under the earnest pleadings of Benjamin Eggleston and

others, came forward for the relief of our citizens. Railroads brought in some. But when the thaw came, with a full river, people were well pleased. God forbid we should ever see another fuel famine.

A few items of interest, which occurred in these trying times, may interest the reader:

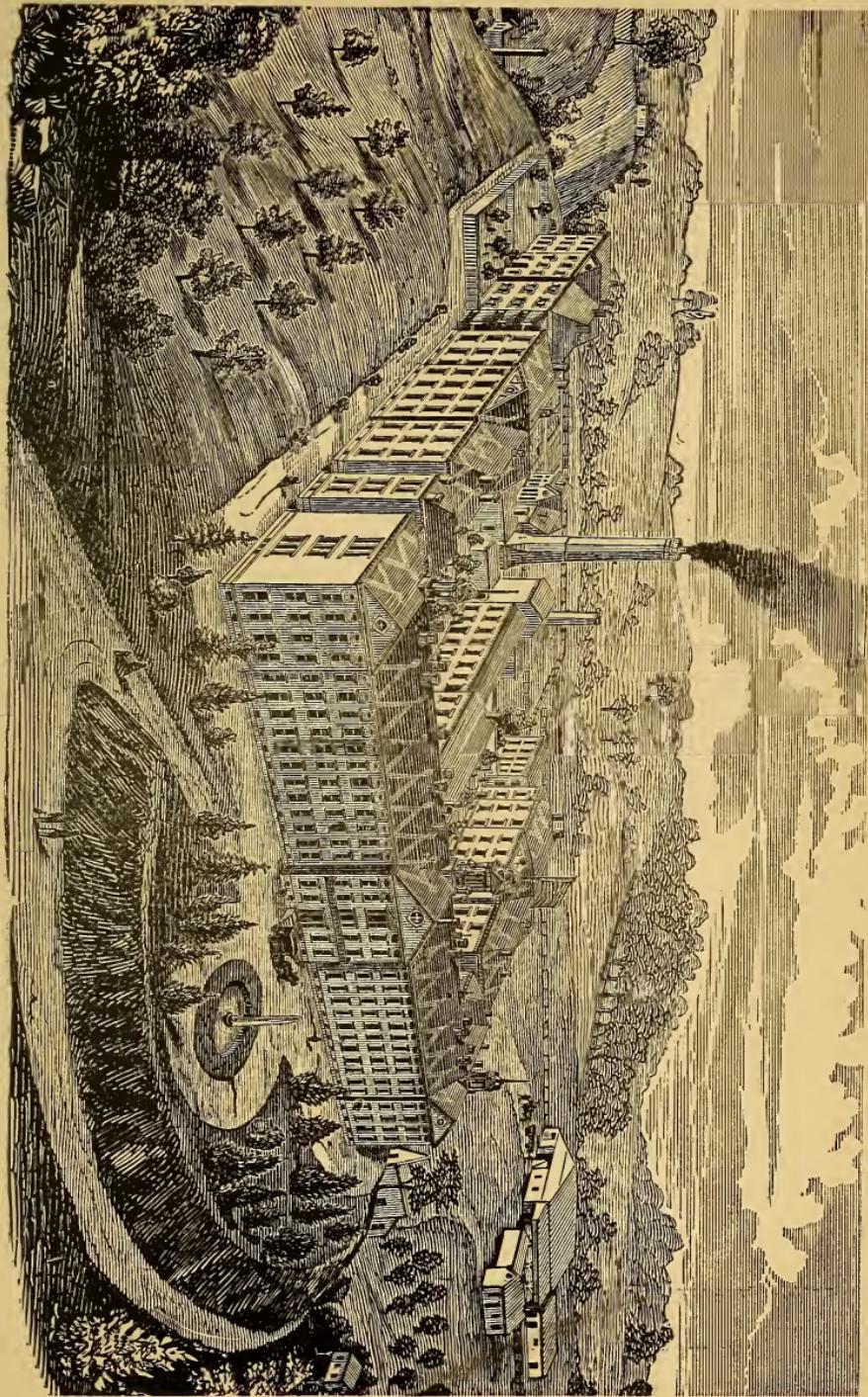
#### THREE WIDOWS IN A COTTAGE.

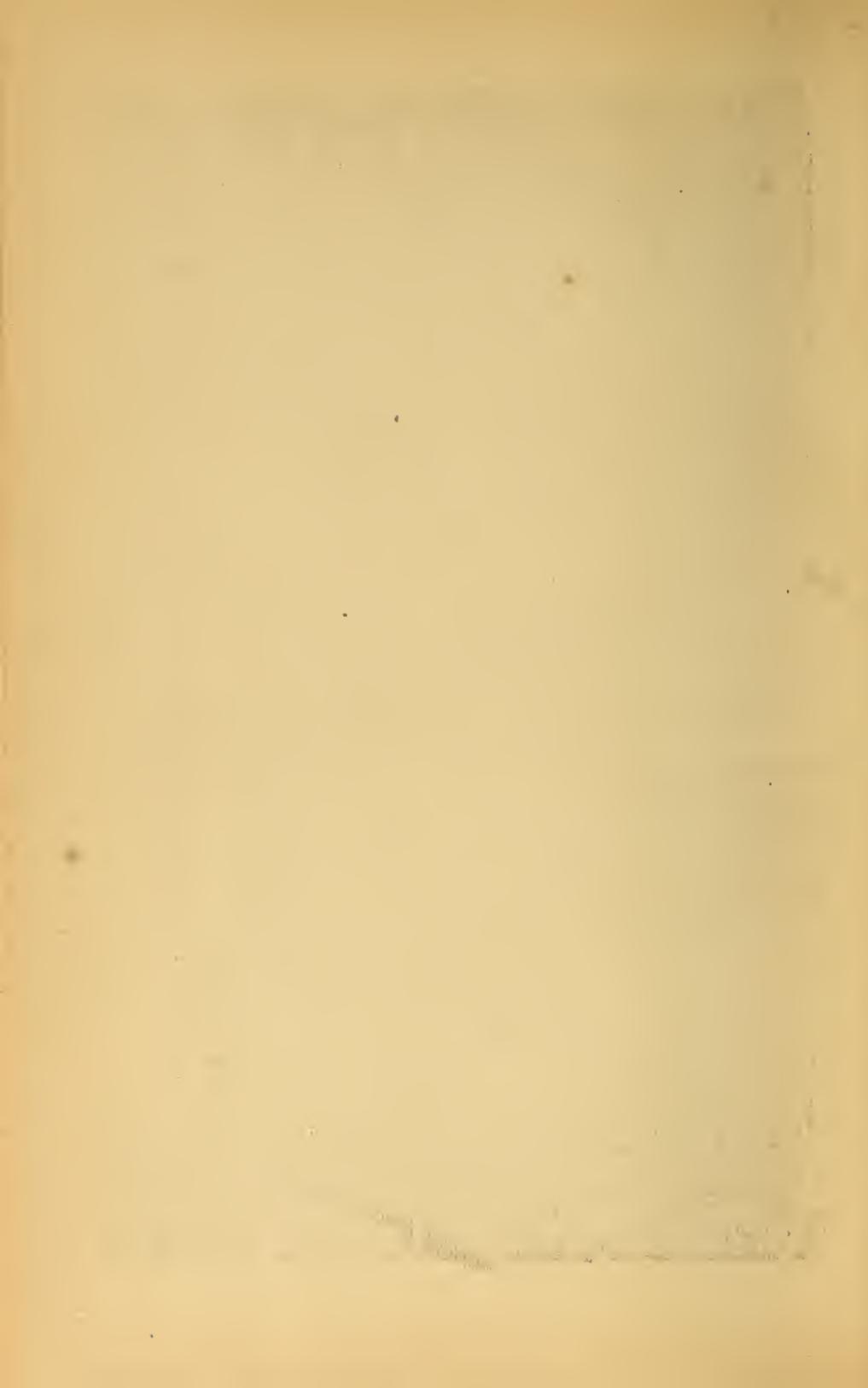
Mrs. L. was nursing her grandchild, only a few weeks old, its mother sick in bed, the father having deserted them both, and was gone to his parents. How unnatural! Poor creatures, both seemed strangers to pure religion. Waters of a full cup were wrung out to them. After comforting their souls with the promises of God, I commended them to him in earnest prayer, and gave her material relief.

In the same house, in another room, lived a widow with four children. They were suffering for the necessaries of life. The mother had an affection of the lungs, yet was obliged to toil for daily bread. These I relieved and tried to comfort with the promises of the gospel of Christ.

Mrs. W. was almost as degraded as the colored people, her neighbors. Her children quite as dirty, and her room as wretched. The hydrant was frozen. Gabriel, a young man who had attended meetings, said: "I can't come every night, for I play for parties." "Get your living by that method?" "I ain't strong enough for work." "Young man, you should remember Christ's words, 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added to you.'" He promised to

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come to the meetings when he could, but not to give up playing for parties.

## FIVE YEARS OF SICKNESS.

Living in a frame house, in a back street, Mr. T. passed the last years of his life. He worked at his trade and enjoyed God's blessing every day. God's word was precious to him. He never complained of his hard lot, but blessed God daily for all his mercies. He died in perfect peace and tranquillity. A week before I visited him for the last time, he said: "Bro. Emery, you must excuse me, I can't kneel down." Remarkable for his humble spirit, though afflicted with sickness and poverty for five years. At his funeral the house was crowded with people. Bro. Franklin, his pastor, spoke tenderly and prayed for the family. I followed, praying that the grace of God would sustain the widow, and that the children might follow their father's example.

## END OF AN AGED CHRISTIAN.

My old friend Harpham kept a small second-hand bookstore, by which he earned his living. He taught a class of boys in the Union Baptist Sunday-school. He won the affection of the lads by constantly making presents of pictures, cards and books. He was a sincere, humble Christian, loving to do good to all in distress. He expressed perfect trust in that Christ whom he had believed, and so departed.

Widow Wilson, colored, grasped my hand heartily, saying: "How do you do? I'm glad to see you. Take a seat by the fire." Inquiring after her welfare,

she said: "It's been a pretty hard winter, but bless God, we've always had something to eat." "What do you eat?" "The cheapest we can find in market." "Do you eat mush?" Her face brightened at the mention of it, as she said: "I'm mighty fond of mush; it's cheap, and I often make it." "Will a bag of meal be useful?" "Indeed, it would be very acceptable." "Then you shall have one." "I'm a thousand times obliged to you." We closed with prayer.

During these trying times, with a frozen river and scarcity of fuel, there was abundant opportunity to help the poor to food and clothing, and they received it gladly, thanking God and the donors. The following incident gives another phase of a missionary's work:

Mrs M. had been deeply afflicted and requested my visits. Her little girl was with her at this time. She said: "To think I should live thirty years without religion, it grieves me." "You feel that was all wrong?" "Indeed, I do; what shall I do?" "You must cast yourself at the feet of Jesus." "I want to, but there are too many obstacles; it seems as if I can't do what I ought." "You find then a law warring against the law of your mind?" "Indeed, I do!" Read to her part of Romans seventh and eight chapters. These precious words I commended to her. "I thank God through Jesus Christ our Lord." As I read these Scriptures, she said: "I do desire mercy through Christ; I know I'm guilty, but hope to be forgiven." I prayed, and urged her to read the word and trust in Christ.

## A SKEPTICAL WOMAN.

Called on Mrs. T. and found her quite skeptical. She hooted at the idea of hell and the judgment-day; yet Christ has clearly taught it. It was painful to hear her speak of the blessed Son of God who died for sinners. Boasted of having been blessed with a pious mother, but alas! how far she wandered in the paths of wickedness, yet disliked to be reckoned an unbeliever; but turned every way, admitting, then denying. Her mind was completely off the balance; like a ship out at sea without captain, chart or rudder, driven of fierce winds. She boasted of her goodness and morality, yet refused to believe in him who came to seek and to save that which was lost.

## CHAPTER V.

### TENT MEETINGS—1856.

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#### THE UNION TENT.

It is quite pleasant to turn from the abodes of sickness, sorrow, poverty and vice, to the delightful meetings held in that spacious tent, erected by the benevolence of Christian men, on the Orphan Asylum lot, where now stands our splendid Music Hall. It was designed to promote religion among all classes of people, and quite undenominational in its character. Meetings were held every evening in the week, and three times on the Sabbath. Preaching in German, once or twice a week, from July to the close. By the Tent Committee I was employed to canvass for children and people to attend the meetings. The first hour was a children's meeting, attended by from one to five hundred children. These meetings were exceedingly interesting and profitable for the children. The finding of suitable speakers and leading the singing rested chiefly on me. It was delightful, but very wearying.

The first meeting is thus described in my journal:

July 17, 1858.—Canvassed for children for the meetings in the tent. Though the afternoon (Satur-  
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day) was wet, there were present nearly one thousand persons, most of them children. They were addressed by brethren Searle, G. F. Davis, Chidlaw and H. T. Miller; I read the twelfth chapter of Ecclesiastes; Victor Williams led the singing. It was a most blessed meeting; it can not be in vain. A rain-storm lengthened the services.

The rain hindered many from coming to the evening meeting, yet there were present nearly one hundred and fifty persons and forty children. Bro. Maltby and I talked and prayed.

The first Sabbath services are thus recorded:

July 18th.—Prayer-meeting in the tent at 8 A. M.; over one hundred persons present. It was a solemn, interesting service. Brethren Chamberlain, Miller and myself took part. We felt the presence of Christ.

Tent at 4:30 P. M.—Quite a number of children gathered, and we began singing and speaking to them. A large congregation soon gathered and Dr. Nelson preached, Rev. Mr. Sehan spoke, Dr. Colver prayed, and others took part in the services.

Dr. Colver preached an impressive sermon in the evening on the duty of searching the Scriptures. "The Bereans were more noble," etc. Thus closed the first Sabbath meetings in the tent. Others which followed were much like it. On Sabbaths were present from fifteen hundred to two thousand people. There was always good order, and hundreds of people heard the word of God who do not attend any of our churches. Every one who took part was blessed, and quite a number were converted. We ought to

have such a tent and such meetings every summer. In the large Eastern cities they hold such meetings every year. The late Dr. Tyng was most interested in these tent services. Shall we have them here again?

Every one interested in this series of meetings, regretted to see them close, but the chilly nights rendered it necessary. So the last meeting was held September 28, 1858, and it is thus described in the *Evening Times*, which gave full reports daily:

About twelve hundred people assembled last evening to witness the closing services. It was a meeting of great power and affecting interest. Over two hundred children sang their sweet melodies and listened to the parting words of the Tent Missionary, closing with their favorite song:

“Say, children, shall I meet you  
On Canaan’s happy shore?”

Many a little one wept when told this was the last meeting of this season. Before the children were gone, several hundred of earnest-looking men and women were in the tent, and soon the platform and seats were filled. After singing “Am I a soldier of the Cross?” Hon. Bellamy Storer read part of the last chapter in Revelations, and made a short address, urging each one who spoke or prayed, to occupy only five minutes. There were ten addresses, four prayers made, and six hymns sung, and a more deeply interesting meeting has not been held there the whole season. We give a brief outline of each speaker’s theme:

Hon. N. G. Pendleton said: "What is the great truth of our religion? It is contained in these words, 'Man has sinned, Christ has died.' Sin is a disease—truth the remedy. The gospel is truth. The remedy must be *taken*, or man must die of this disease; take the remedy and you shall be cured; heaven shall then be your home. Never forget it, this remedy is *infallible*. Hear the words of the Great Founder of Christianity: 'Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me; in my Father's house are many mansions.' "

"Come, thou Fount of every blessing" was sung by all the people.

A petition was handed in that prayer should be offered for a young man on a sick-bed, who has no hope of heaven. Mr. Wm. T. Perkins prayed fervently.

Prof. Sayler then said: "Nothing is so wonderful in this world as that a man should be *indifferent* to his eternal interests. Most men live in the midst of warnings, and yet are *indifferent* whether they are going to heaven or to hell. Nothing ought to fill us with shame so much as that men are rushing through life with their coffins and graves in sight, perfectly indifferent of what shall be their eternal doom." He then graphically described the burning of the Austria at sea. "The merchant was there with his treasures; the emigrant was there, expecting to find a home in the Far West; the wanderer was there, longing to get home to his friends. That vessel was full of life, joy and glee, when all of a sudden the cry of 'Fire! Fire!' is raised. The

devouring element spreads — hundreds sink to a watery grave! Is not this a sad picture of how heedlessly men live on the very verge of eternity? Listen to the gospel: 'Ho! every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters. Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness. Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and ye shall be saved.' Then come life, come death, come disaster, scorn, come weal or woe, all shall be well. Heaven shall be yours."

Mr. H. T. Miller then led off and sang, "Out on the ocean—we're homeward bound."

Mr. J. Beggs said: "A host of thoughts are rushing through my mind. The wise man says, 'Better is the end of a thing than the beginning.' God grant that the end of this tent may be better than the beginning. When I think of this tent being taken down and folded up, I can't help thinking of that time when this earth shall be wrapped up like a scroll, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat. There are but two classes here to-night! Every one of us shall either hear the welcome, 'Come, ye blessed,' or 'Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels.' "

Mr. Samuel Lowry then prayed.

Rev. D. F. Carnahan said: "You have heard earnest words of truth spoken here to-night. Life is no child's play, nor is death an eternal sleep! Suppose a lion should burst loose from the menagerie, suppose he should come roaring into this tent, would not every heart tremble! There is a lion who goes about seeking whom he may devour. Yes, the devil is more to be dreaded than the ferocious lion. This

world is a great lazarus-house, full of the dying and the dead—what are you to do? Fly to Jesus! Yes, fly to Jesus! God sent his dear Son to suffer, bleed and die, that through believing in him, you might live forever!"

Rev. S. D. Bowker said: "I reside fifty miles from here, and have often read about your tent, and longed to see it, and I rejoice to be with you to-night. Is not the gospel feast like that King who made a marriage for his son? All are invited, all are welcome—none are refused. Yet you hear men say, 'I'll get better before I become a Christian.' What would you think of a prisoner in your jail, who was offered a free pardon, but he should say, 'Sir, I'll honor the law before I get released.' Would you not say, 'Man, you must have your liberty before you can honor the law'? Christ alone can give this liberty. Receive Christ and this glorious liberty is yours."

The congregation all stood and sang, "Delay not! Delay not! O sinner, draw near."

Rev. T. J. Melish said: "I feel sad when I think this is the last time we are to meet in this hallowed place. Who has not felt that God has been in this place? What unconverted man has not been impressed with the solemnity of these meetings? Yet this is the last time! Don't forget that day when many will say, 'The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and I am not saved.' I pray you, lay this to heart. Think of the grace of the gospel, 'Whosoever believeth on him shall not perish, but have everlasting life.'"

Rev. J. F. Coons arose and said: "I have been asking myself the question, Why should the work cease? God has crowned with complete success the labors of this Tent. Shall the work cease? [‘God forbid!’ responded many voices.]

"Has not God been here? Has not his gospel here been faithfully preached? Have not many souls here been converted? Christians have said to me: 'I must go to the Tent. I want my heart refreshed, and I'll go to the Tent.' God has blessed this enterprise. Shall the work cease? If it be prudent to lay away this canvas, I trust some place will be found where we can meet on a common platform, and near and preach the gospel of Jesus Christ." He closed by repeating the well-known dream of the starless crown.

Mr. H. T. Miller said: "While I rejoice with my last brother who spoke, I feel sad to think some of you are living in sin, and have no hope in Jesus. You don't like to hear of hell, and the sinner's doom; and I don't wonder at it. You are like a little girl I saw to-day. Some one spoke of the comet; if it were to strike our earth, everything would go to instant ruin. She cried, saying: 'Oh, mother, why did you tell me that?' So it makes you afraid to hear of hell and the judgment-seat. This is the last meeting in the Tent, but there is another meeting where you and I must give an account, and receive our doom or reward."

All united in singing, "Sinners, turn, why will ye die?" etc.

Mr. John W. Shipley then said: "I have been at nearly all the meetings in the Tent from the com-

mencement. Many have staid at the close of the services for conversation and prayer. There are many here to-night rejoicing in Christ, others are seeking him. Now we've come together for the last time. Shall we part forever? Shall we meet in heaven? Will you crush out these feelings from your bosom, which make you feel you are guilty? Will you quench the Spirit? If so, on which side of the great white throne shall you stand? I speak as a dying man, to dying men, 'Now is the accepted time! Now is the day of salvation.'"

Rev. J. Emery, Tent Missionary, was requested to speak. He said: "I feel glad, and I feel sad. I am glad to see this large assembly here to-night, but I feel sad that this is the last of these hallowed meetings. Much good has been done. Many souls have been converted to God. We hear from many churches, of various denominations, of persons joining who received their *first* and *deepest* impressions from hearing the gospel beneath this canvas. And I ask with my brother, Shall the work cease?

"One interesting fact deserving notice has not been touched upon. There have met here every evening from fifty to two hundred and fifty children, to sing and hear the truth. What brought these children together? We did not give them cakes and candies, yet they came, and loved to come. We gave them God's truth in that Bible! We sang the gospel hymns with them! We talked of the man Christ Jesus! And to-night when we told them this was the last time, tears stole down their cheeks. Their tears affected my heart. God bless the dear children—

their sweet songs shall go with them through life. Many a cottage will be enlivened by the songs they learned in this Tent. Now, dear friends, shall we all meet in heaven? May God grant it for Jesus' sake!"

The speaker offered a fervent prayer. Then all the people sang—

"Say, brothers, shall I meet you  
On Canaan's happy shore?"

About twenty-five inquirers staid for prayer. Some two hundred remained another hour. Exhortations were given by Revs. Carnahan and Emery, and Mr. Fallis, Miller, Prof. Sayler, Shaw, Ritter and others. Several prayed—others sang. Thus ended the last meeting in the Tent.

## CHAPTER VI.

### CLERMONT ACADEMY.

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Clermont Academy, on the bank of the Ohio, two and a half miles above New Richmond, has been under the instruction of Prof. J. K. Parker for fifty years. He, with his devoted Christian wife, have given instruction, not only in the various branches of education, but have endeavored to persuade their students to become true Christians. In this they have been eminently successful. Many of their former students are preaching the gospel; others are merchants, teachers, lawyers, farmers, clerks and mechanics. A religious atmosphere pervades the whole school, and the influence of Mr. Parker and his family on the neighborhood has always been highly beneficial. They are friends of the poor. These excellent people have invited me to spend several days with them the last week in February, since 1860; and the time has always been spent happily and profitably. Four meetings have been held on Thursday. The evening meetings are generally full. Numbers of young men and women have been led to decide for Christ, at these annual meetings. On one occasion the young-

est daughter of Mr. Parker, only ten years old, gave herself to God's service. I baptized her with others. She has lived a happy, useful life for many years; is now the wife of Rev. Mr. R., both occupied teaching in the Academy.

My visits yearly, to the school, have been among the sunniest spots of missionary work. The many scores who have been led to devote themselves to the service of God, are scattered over the land. Some have gone to the eternal world; among others C. Parker, who died after a brief illness. One of the young ladies is the beloved wife of a Baptist minister in Central Ohio, and devoted to her work. Another is superintendent of a Sabbath-school in our city; the largest, except the Bethel, numbering over six hundred scholars. Another is a physician, having a wide practice. Time and space would fail me to notice many others from this large army of students, who are blessings to the world. Some of them enlisted in the army and died on the battlefield.

During the long, dark years of slavery, Professor Parker and wife were the friends of the oppressed, as were their parents before them. During the Women's Crusade against saloons, Mrs. Parker took an active part at New Richmond and vicinity. Their prayers and labors are both offered for the overthrow and extinction of this dire evil—the curse of curses, the fomenter of discord, robbery and murder. God hasten the day when this awful scourge shall be purged from our land!

Eternity alone will reveal all the good which has been accomplished by this Academy. God has been

honored, his word read and his praises sung every day; and the prayers of the teachers have been answered in the salvation of the students.

Rev. C. M. Currier, formerly a teacher, is now connected with Denison University, and is doing a good work.

## CHAPTER VII. VISITATIONS TO FAMILIES.

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### FREEZING AND STARVING—A DRUNKARD'S HOME.

It was on New Year's day, one of the coldest experienced in this latitude, in 1864, with the thermometer twenty degrees below zero, and a sharp, cutting wind blowing, I called on a family in deep distress. There was no fire nor food in the house. The husband had gone off to spend the last dime for liquor. The mother and three small children were in bed, trying to keep warm. The windows were broken, and the sharp wind was whistling through. The wonder was they were not frozen to death. Fuel was bought and food furnished, and their present necessities were met. Next morning the ambulance came and removed them all to the Hospital. Here, after a few weeks, the poor, broken-hearted woman died, leaving her children worse than orphans. Then the youngest child followed its mother to the grave, and the other little one was taken to the Infirmary.

The father of these poor children soon went to a drunkard's grave. What a fearful end! In his word

God has said: "No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God." One member of this family, a bright little girl of four years, was adopted by a Christian lady of the city, and took the family name. Having no children of her own, her adopted mother found in her a good companion, and did all that a mother could do. After a few years she died. A few more years and her husband died. Before his death he settled on this child \$10,000, the interest of which enabled her to secure a first-class education. Other years rolled on, and the young lady was settled in life by marriage, and for many years has been entirely lost to our view. But toward these foster parents she ever showed a loving, grateful spirit. In the case of this child, the words of David are true, "When my father and mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up." The workings of sin are mysterious, and the providence of God is equally mysterious. Are they not past finding out? "His way is in the sea, his path in the great waters, and his footsteps are not known."

#### ONLY A STEP, AND DEATH.

"As the Lord liveth, and as thy soul liveth,  
There is but a step between me and death."

These words of Scripture are often fulfilled. Every day some one, amidst health, business or pleasure, steps out of time into eternity. So we need the divine admonition: "Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth."

On December 30, 1857, while seated in the lecture-room of the First Church, listening to a discourse

from Dr. Colver, a messenger came in and informed me that my uncle, Thomas Emery, was killed, whilst inspecting the factory on Vine and Water Streets. In the upper story, the day being dark and misty, he made a misstep, fell through the hatchway, and was instantly killed. He was in his usual health on that day. The blow was a terrible one to his family. We endeavored to comfort them with the consolations of God's word. The best comfort of all was, that he was ready to die. He had lived a prayerful, Christian life, and that morning had read the Scriptures and prayed with his family. All sorts of expressions of sympathy were sent to the family. He had been successful in business, upright in his dealings, kind to his family, and benevolent in his charities. He was respected by a large circle of friends, and loved by his employés, who wept like children at his death. By his death my best and most liberal contributor was taken away. On his last New Year's day he called on us, and left a large sum to be distributed among the suffering poor under my visitation, saying: "I wish to begin the year well." Similar donations he often made, saying: "I wish to make money to do good with."

His funeral, January 3d, was largely attended. His workmen all marched to the house; a committee of merchants from 'Change came also. At the Ninth Street Church a large concourse of people gathered. The pastor, Rev. W. F. Hansell, read the fourteenth chapter of John, and offered a fervent prayer. The favorite hymn of the deceased was sung—

“What sinners value, I resign;  
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine;  
I shall behold thy blissful face,  
And stand complete in righteousness.”

The pastor delivered a very solemn discourse, which was listened to with deep seriousness. Dr. Colver prayed. The train of carriages then slowly moved to Spring Grove Cemetery, where he sleeps until the resurrection.

Nineteen years after, Mrs. Emery died suddenly of pneumonia. A son and daughter also lie near their parents. Oh, what havoc death makes in families! Oh, to be ready for the hour of departure!

#### OUT OF DARKNESS INTO LIGHT.

I was called to visit a hard-working, industrious servant girl, who was overtaken with sickness. She spoke in the highest terms of the Jewish family where she had lived. She had listened to the gospel occasionally, and sought the Lord in prayer. She was hungering and thirsting after righteousness, quite as much as desiring a return to health and strength. A friend waited upon her, and she hoped, by going into the country for a change, health would return. She believed with all her heart on Christ, and enjoyed peace with God. Whilst speaking of death, there played upon her face the sweetest smiles. She spoke of the mercy of God in bringing her out of darkness into light. Her joy seemed unspeakable and full of glory. A few days later, Mary was declining slowly; could scarcely speak, but was happy. Said she: “I'm quite ready, any moment, to depart

and be with Christ." Her feet rested on the Rock of Ages. Read several hymns and prayed. Her death occurred April 26th. She was perfectly happy, and died in the faith of Christ. Mr. B., in whose house she died, said: "She was cheerful and joyful in prospect of death." Her last words in answer to the question, "What is your hope?" were, "Jesus, only Jesus!" She loved singing, and asked us to sing—

"Oh, sing to me of heaven,  
When I am called to die;  
Sing songs of holy ecstasy,  
To waft my soul on high."

Of her salvation I have no doubt. "Is not this a brand plucked from the burning?" My heart rejoices over one such soul being saved from death.

#### DYING WITHOUT HOPE.

Contrasted with the foregoing case, was that of W. L., lying at the point of death. As I spoke to him of the Savior of sinners, he listened attentively, and seemed anxious for me to come again. The day we went to see him, he seemed reluctant to let me go. I prayed, then we sang: "Alas! and did my Savior bleed," etc. He repeated the words and joined in the singing. Then we sang four other hymns, the last: "Jesus, thou art the sinner's friend," etc. We spoke of the mercy of Jesus and his power to save. He desired more prayer. So Bro. Morgan prayed, and we sang and prayed again. He begged me to come back soon, "Don't make it long." I feared he would die before I could return, and so it came to

pass. He died the next morning. He became delirious soon after I left him. He prayed, confessed his sins, and raved, in turns, swearing at times quite fearfully. Oh, it was an awful death! His weeping wife was there, his mother, brothers and sisters. All sad and very much distressed. This man's soul passed away in a hurricane. We leave him with God.

*A Similar Case.*—The man was dying of consumption. A lady went in with me. He could scarcely speak. "Shall I read a few verses?" He said: "Be short." Read part of third chapter of John, about Moses lifting up the serpent in the wilderness. "Shall I pray?" He hesitated; I repeated. "If you like." I prayed for this dying sinner, that he might seek and find mercy of the Lord. A few days after this his soul was required of him.

#### VISIT TO AN IRON FOUNDRY.

Distributed tracts among the men in Niles' Foundry, all of whom treated me courteously in the pattern shop. Passing from here, a Scotch infidel began his sophistries by saying: "Mohammedanism would do just as well for this country as Christianity." I asked: "Would you like six wives to wait on you when you go home, or one?" He answered not a word. I pointed out Mormonism and its villainies. He then found fault with the teachings of Christ Jesus, and aroused me by saying: "Some of his teachings were good, others bad." "Where's the proof of one bad precept?" He said, "Love your enemies." I combated that by showing its benevolence. He was quite silenced, and trembled as I

spoke. He promised to read the tracts, and preach an answer to them next Sabbath afternoon; invited me to come. That would have been a sad waste of time, to have heard the name of the Son of God blasphemed. Such men work discontent and mischief wherever they are.

Whilst spending a half-hour with several children, singing and speaking, at the close a dear, little girl, whose mother leads an improper life, came to me. Her heart throbbed with grief. She wept that her mother was a sinner; we had been singing:

“Oh, mothers, will you meet us,  
On Canaan’s happy shore?”

I comforted the poor, little creature, and bade her look unto Jesus, and pray that he would receive her.

Edmund came in toward the close. He was under conviction of sin, and so was his sister, about eleven years of age. It was to me a real pleasure to speak of the Balm of Gilead, and the Great Physician—Christ Jesus. He never despises the poorest and humblest. “He will not break the bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax.”

## CHAPTER VIII.

## ORDINATION SERVICES.

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It seemed proper, by the Ninth Street Baptist Church and its pastor, Rev. W. F. Hansell, that I should be ordained, for the reasons that the ordinances of Christ and marriages could then be solemnized by me, as these duties might be presented. This was accordingly done, January 31, 1858, in the Ninth Street Church, which up to that time employed me as its missionary. The following ministers took part in the exercises: Rev. W. F. Hansell, Rev. Davis, Rev. H. L. Simpson, Rev. J. Stevens, Dr. Colver, Rev. E. A. Crawley and Prof. Turney, all of whom have been called from their labors to the rest remaining for the people of God.

It would be neither proper nor profitable here, to give any extended notice of this service, which was performed on Sabbath afternoon. Mr. Hansell gave a most suitable address, full of good advice, such as: "Be sure you look after the poor and the suffering; they need sympathy and help. Think on what your Master said, 'The poor have the gospel preached unto them.' May God bless you, as you minister to the poor and the sick, with his richest blessings."

## ORDINATION SERVICES.

Prof. Turney followed, saying: "My brother has just pointed out your duties to the poor and the sick; but do not forget the rich, they need the gospel just as much as the poor. Their temptations are different from those of the poor, and they need divine grace to overcome them. Remember, I pray you, while your mission is chiefly to the sons and daughters of poverty, you are still to remember the rich, and God shall bless your labors with great success."

These timely words of admonition, uttered in a Christian spirit, have been of use to me all these years. By the help of God, I continue to this day. It brings sadness to my heart to think that every one of the seven ministers who took part in these services, have been removed by death.

Prof. Turney wrote two hymns for the occasion, which were sung by the choir and congregation. The following expresses his thoughts exactly:

### "TO THE POOR THE GOSPEL IS PREACHED."

Luke vii. 22.

Go, brother, on thy work of love,  
Attended by the Spirit's power;  
Thou hast a mission from above  
To preach the gospel to the poor.

Go, on thy heavenly errand sent,  
To bear the gift from door to door;  
Go, as thy blessed Master went,  
And preach the gospel to the poor.

Go where the wretched sons of want  
Thy friendly sympathy implore,  
With blessings heaven alone can grant—  
Go preach the gospel to the poor.

E'en where the mind is steeped in sin,  
And sense of shame is felt no more,  
Thy words may touch some chord within ;  
There preach the gospel to the poor.

And when thy work of faith and zeal,  
Its toils and conflicts, all are o'er,  
'Twill be thy sweetest joy to feel  
Thou'st preached the gospel to the poor.

A few days after this I was called to spend a short time at Newtown, teaching and preaching the gospel. A sad scene occurred, in the death of two excellent people—Father Webb and his wife died on the same day. He died at 10 A. M., and his wife forty minutes afterward. "Lovely and pleasant in their lives, in death they were not divided." Both had lived long on earth; they died in the seventy-fifth year of their age. They were loved by the church and the whole community. Such a scene I never before beheld. We comforted the family with the consolations of the gospel. The entire community was impressed by this double bereavement. During many years they lived Christian lives.

## CHAPTER IX.

### VISITATIONS TO FAMILIES.

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#### SICK WITH PALSY TEN YEARS.

The aged widow Mulford was prostrated with this strange disease for ten years, waited on by her devoted daughter Mary, who, with undaunted spirit, watched over and ministered to her mother until death. Often they were reduced to great straits, but out of them all the good Lord delivered them. Every part of the sick woman's body was in constant tremor. How the sufferer slept I can not tell, and how she endured so long, who can explain? Why she was permitted to live ten years in utter helplessness, confined to her bed, none of us mortals can understand. She was visited by Bro. Bushnell and myself until her death. Her sufferings and privations were borne with patience and resignation. She never found fault with that God who had afflicted her. But for the constant care of her daughter, she could not have lasted so long. All entreaties to send her mother to the Infirmary were firmly but politely declined. Several ladies were interested in this sufferer, and were happy to minister to her wants. On

September 8th this aged, afflicted woman fell asleep in Jesus, leaving behind two daughters, who have since departed to their mother to that world of which the poet has written :

"Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,  
Are felt and feared no more."

God does bless children who honor their parents, and who care for and help them during long afflictions. "Honor thy father and mother," is the first commandment with promise.

#### POOR BUT HAPPY.

Living in a small frame house in a lumber yard, near the elbow of the Canal, was Mrs. Davis and her daughter, colored. By some accident the latter became blind with one eye. Both mother and daughter were true Christians. The great age and feebleness of the mother prevented her from doing much toward their living. She was always cheerful and full of gratitude to God for his goodness and mercy. Often when my feet were weary, I staid in this humble cottage, and found it a pleasant place. Miss Davis for many years was a faithful teacher in the Union Sabbath-school. The girls she taught loved her, and her instructions were to them a blessing. The weather never hindered her, nor any trivial matter. Up to her last sickness she was faithful in that useful occupation. Her end was peaceful. She died in the faith of that Jesus whom she had loved and taught to others.

After a brief sickness, her mother saluted me one day with the words: "Oh, my brother, I do want

you to read this precious hymn," pointing out the book with the leaf turned down. "Why this hymn above all others?" "I've been near to death. I thought I was going home to meet my blessed Jesus, and I felt so happy. I was disappointed when I found myself still on the sick-bed. As soon as I recovered I found the precious hymn of Doddridge's written after recovering from sickness. It exactly expresses my own experience. Do read it, it will do you good."

Following are three of the verses, so precious to this godly woman :

My God! thy service well demands  
The remnant of my days;  
Why was this fleeting breath renewed,  
But to renew thy praise ?

Thine arms of everlasting love  
Did this weak frame sustain,  
When life was hovering o'er the grave,  
And nature sunk with pain.

Back from the borders of the grave,  
At thy command I come;  
Nor will I ask a speedier flight  
To my eternal home !

Whilst reading this hymn, her face lit up with unusual joy, as she exclaimed: "There, my brother, isn't that beautiful? It just expresses what I felt a few days ago. Every verse seems written for me." "Then you are not afraid to die?" "Afraid! no, indeed; I often long for the time when I shall depart this life of sorrow and pain, and be forever with the Lord." "You are willing to wait a little longer?" "Oh, yes; I can say, 'Not my will, but thine be done.'" After a few more months rolled on, this

aged saint followed her daughter to the everlasting rest. Our happiness, our usefulness, and our title to mansions in the skies, do not depend on this world's goods or our earthly surroundings. Some of the happiest people on earth are found in very humble dwellings and poor circumstances. A peaceful mind and a blessed hope in Christ impart to their possessor a joy unspeakable and full of glory.

## CHAPTER X.

### PREJUDICE AGAINST COLORED PEOPLE.

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The origin of this prejudice is doubtless traceable to slavery. Ever since the arrival of the first cargo of slaves from Africa, nearly three hundred years ago, when these poor, helpless people were sold to the highest bidder, has this prejudice existed. To dislike a man because of the color of his skin, is alike foolish, unreasonable and unscriptural. Has not God made of one blood all the nations of the earth? Have we not all one Father? Are not all mankind brothers? Our Constitution declares "All men are free and equal." The result of the late war has done much to break down this hateful spirit of caste; and the adoption of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments has lifted the colored people to their rights before the law, and given them equality as citizens.

In the long years of the anti-slavery agitation, all white people identified with emancipation were subject to insults and sometimes violence, often having vile names heaped upon them; yet they kept on until the end of the war, when their work ended, and their prayers were answered in the freeing of

four million slaves. The rejoicing which followed will not be forgotten by those who participated in seeing the oppressed go free. The name of Abraham Lincoln will be remembered in future generations, as the President who signed the EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION.

This noble act of the Martyr President was performed on New Year's day, 1863. From that day onward, Providence favored the Union Army until the close of the war. The nation thanked God to see it close; for it cost millions of money and hundreds of thousands of precious lives. God grant there never may be again such a war in our country. The colored people were loyal both North and South, on the battlefield; they were equally brave with their white brothers when called into action.

As to why this prejudice against colored people should exist in a great city like Cincinnati, it is difficult to explain. Some say we are close to the border; others, that many of the earlier settlers were from the South; others, that Cincinnati's chief market for her wares and manufactures was in the South. But this we know, that anti-slavery men like Levi Coffin, Dr. Boynton, Edward Harwood, the Ernsts, Colemans, Prices and others, were charged with hurting the Southern trade and keeping up a useless agitation. This prejudice against our colored people had a sad and startling exhibition in our city at the first meeting of the

OHIO SABBATH-SCHOOL CONVENTION,  
Which was held in Smith & Nixon's Hall, May 11th

and 12th, 1859. It was both large and deeply interesting, embracing representatives from all parts of the State. Everything usually done at such gatherings passed off pleasantly. The speeches were excellent. Our late brother, Geo. F. Davis, was its President, and presided with his accustomed ability. A committee had been previously appointed to arrange for four large mass meetings for all the Sabbath-schools of the city, including the five colored schools. The committee was unanimous on this question.

The committee appointed the schools to four different churches and halls loaned for the occasion. They designated the five colored Sunday-schools to Wesley Chapel, that being the nearest place to them. I happened to be the superintendent of the Union Baptist Sabbath-school, then meeting on Baker Street. Children and teachers were all notified to be on hand May 12th, and march to Wesley Chapel. The day before the meeting there was much talk about the trustees refusing these children admission. We little thought any Christian men could do such a foolish and unjust thing. So we marched along the streets, about two hundred in all, in perfect order, to the Chapel. A goodly number of people walked along with us. On ascending the steps we found two of the doors closed, and men stood in the front door and denied us admission. I inquired by whose authority. They replied, "The trustees." "Which?" "All," was the reply. So we marched to the opposite side of the street and sang the hymn—

“Oh, do not be discouraged,  
For Jesus is your friend ;  
\* \* \* \* \* \* \*  
He will give you grace to conquer,  
And keep you to the end.”

After a few words of explanation as to why we were refused—simply because the children were colored—we marched back, in perfect order, to Baker Street Church, and there and then officers and teachers passed some decided resolutions on the injustice done by the said trustees. These were published next day in all the newspapers. All sorts of vials of wrath were poured on my head by friend and foe.

The newspaper war which followed waxed very hot, and it lasted nearly three weeks. All the papers which took part in the controversy, wrote bitterly against one solitary superintendent, who merely wished to carry out the program marked out by the committee; except the *Gazette*, which spoke nobly for the committee, for the colored people and the superintendent. Had the trustees had the wisdom to have kept quiet, after loaning their house of worship to the convention, everything would have been harmonious.

I thank God for giving me grace to go through that day, and for vindicating the cause of the oppressed and despised. I bless God that the trustees lived to see the great mistake they made on that day. Of this they have given ample proof in having the Fowell Buxton School, comprising all colored children, hold its anniversaries there; and the colored people are just as welcome there, as to any other

house of worship. Before the occurrence I was told, if I took our school there, I would lose every friend I had in the city. My reply was, "Then I will lose all but Christ." The sequel proved that not one true friend was lost by this day's work, and the society which sustained me added one hundred dollars to my salary. Meeting my old friend, William Crossman, a few days after, a broad smile played on his face, as he said: "Joseph, I did not think thee had so much courage." "The Lord helped us, or we never should have got through." "Thee was perfectly right." "Let posterity judge who was in the wrong in this transaction."

As I write, the slips from the daily papers are before me, containing the sharp criticisms of those who differed with me. I rejoice in the changes wrought by the war, and especially that the colored people enjoy the rights of citizenship, and that the last Legislature abolished all the black laws of Ohio. Every lover of justice and right rejoices in this reasonable act. In what I have done for the colored people and their children, I rejoice and thank God, and can say: "My rejoicing is this, the testimony of a good conscience. If God be for us, who can be against us?"

## CHAPTER XI.

### ROBERT RAIKES CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION.

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It is quite a pleasing task to turn from the Sabbath-school Convention, held May 12, 1859, to the one held in our city June 10, 1876. The great meeting was held in the old Exposition Building, to which all the Sabbath-schools were invited, and they were all present. The colored schools and the teachers were there, and received just as cordial a welcome as the rest, and took an equal interest in the songs and addresses of the day. G. F. Davis, Rev. B. W. Chidlaw and S. S. Fisher spoke. Abner L. Frazer took an active part and did all in his power, with others, to make the meeting a great success, and such it proved to be.

The object of the gathering was to let this generation know that one hundred years ago Robert Raikes, of Gloucester, England, formed the first Sabbath-school. He was grieved to behold on the day of rest such a multitude of children playing games and swearing, and committing other unlawful deeds, who ought to have been better employed. He was discouraged by almost every one in his efforts, and only obtained

teachers by giving them a shilling every Sabbath for teaching. Some of the clergy said he was violating the Sabbath by giving secular instruction. Yet the good man kept on, and lived to see hundreds of Sabbath-schools established, and now they nearly girdle the world. What hath God wrought? For his glory these schools are gathered, to teach the rising generation their obligations to the Most High, and how by his mercy to obtain eternal life through Christ. Thus they will become industrious, pious people, and be blessings to the Church and to the world. May God multiply their number more and more.

#### ANOTHER CELEBRATION

Was held on June 19, 1880, when all the Sabbath-schools were again united. It was a successful meeting, held as a sort of farewell union gathering, just before the building was taken down to make room for our Music Hall and other public buildings.

It has been the aim of the writer to help on every good work—everything which reminds men, women and children to fear God and keep his commandments; to follow the pure and beautiful life of Jesus, to look to him for salvation, and to seek his help in all the paths of life. To the poorest, weakest and most helpless of people, this advice has constantly been given, and hundreds have profited by it and are living useful lives. To the young especially this verse of a distinguished poet has often been repeated—

“Honor and shame from no condition rise;  
Act well thy part, there all the honor lies.”

## CHAPTER XII.

# OPEN-AIR PREACHING.

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### OPEN-AIR GOSPEL MEETINGS.

These religious meetings are in a line with the custom of the old prophets, who preached at the gates of the city, in its markets and streets. It is after the example of the Great Teacher, who delivered that matchless sermon on the mountain-side, other discourses in the fields, by the seashore, in a ship, by the well of Jacob, and many other places. Jesus preached not only in the synagogues and temple, but in private houses and by the wayside. His disciples followed their Master's example; Paul, especially, under the trees, by the river-side and on the seashore, on board of ship and in prison.

In all ages this practice has been more or less followed, and before the millennium shall dawn on this earth, there will be mighty efforts put forth in this direction. Is it not written, "Many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased? They shall not teach every man, his neighbor, Know ye the Lord? for all shall know me, from the least even unto the greatest." How shall this come to pass, when

there are in this city one hundred thousand people who never hear the gospel, who make no pretension to religion, and whose conduct says to the Most High: "Depart from us, for we desire not the knowledge of thy ways." Every Christian on earth believes, that "Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God." But "How shall they hear without a preacher?" Is not the harvest great? Are not the laborers few? Every Christian heart responds: "Yes, indeed!" What shall we do? Christ says: "Pray ye the Lord of the harvest, that he will send forth laborers into his harvest." That implies, go yourself if able, and persuade and help others to go. Are we not taught to pray "Thy kingdom done"? Then we are in duty bound to do all in our power to promote God's kingdom. When the farmer prays for a bountiful harvest, he plows deep, puts in the best seed, looks after fences, plows in the weeds, and leaves the result to Providence. Is not this reasonable? Just so in Christian work, common sense should be used in religious matters, just as in the common affairs of life. Let us never forget the promise: "He that soweth bountifully, shall reap bountifully. He that soweth sparingly, shall reap sparingly."

The gospel seed has been sown, assisted always by a faithful few, in seventeen different places in our city. The people generally have paid respectful attention to the word; hundreds have been saved, and thousands have been enlightened as to their obligations to God and man. In only three places have we found the sons of Zeruiah too strong for us, and

even there the services can be maintained with a sufficient force of Christian workers. Following are the places where these meetings were held: Public Landing, Marine Dock-yard, Washington Park, Lincoln Park, Esplanade, Court Street Market, Wade Street Market, Sixth Street Market, foot of Fifth Street, Plum Street near the river, opposite Exposition Building, steps of Music Hall, Pine Street, Sixth and Culvert, Findlay Market, near Lincoln Park and City Park.

The first meetings were held in 1857, on the Public Landing, in the afternoon and evenings of the Sabbath. A keg of nails, or a box, or a dray, formed the pulpit. A number of boatmen, mechanics and laborers, men, women and children formed the audience. In those days the late Mr. John Elstner, a useful member of Wesley Chapel, often came with words of cheer and helped distribute tracts. Not once were these meetings disturbed by drunken people.

The Marine Dock yard was used in that year and the following. Many women and children, as well as working people, attended these meetings, which were always peaceable and orderly. Mordecai, a man long since dead, helped in this meeting. People found seats on logs and piles of lumber, and listened closely to the word. Anthony Burns, of Boston notoriety, often assisted at these meetings.

During the excitement of the Civil War, these meetings were discontinued, inasmuch as every Christian worker was required to visit the Barracks and Hospitals containing sick and wounded soldiers. Gradually things ran in their usual channels.

In our annual report for 1867, is this brief record:

A series of meetings have been held in Washington Park and City Park (Ninth and Plum) on Sabbath afternoons. Some six or eight young persons of the Second Baptist Church greatly assisted in these services. People of all grades have paid respectful attention, and the Mayor gave instructions that no one should interrupt these meetings. Thousands have thus heard the gospel.

The meetings held in Washington Park were among the best and largest we have held. They continued for four years. From three to five hundred persons stood patiently under the trees to listen to the joyful sound of the gospel. Resident ministers would occasionally speak; Mr. Orten, Dr. How, Clauder, J. B. Wells, and members of the Young Men's Christian Association. We always had a respectful audience, and people thanked us, and many were persuaded to attend places of worship. One young man, a German by birth, became deeply interested, and seldom missed a meeting. Often tears filled his eyes during the preaching. He afterward joined the Ninth Street Church, and became a faithful member. A poor, laboring man, his wife and daughter, were also converted, and became quite interested in bringing others to the meetings. This series of meetings proved the most successful in many respects. Never once was the service interrupted by drunken, lawless men or rude boys.

These meetings were brought to a close by the Park Commissioners forbidding all preaching and outdoor meetings within the parks. Yet nothing

was harmed, the grass was not trampled on, not a tree or shrub injured. For their action they will render an account to the Judge of the quick and dead. They gave us no reason for their prohibition. God forbid we should do anything to hinder the gospel of Christ. Ought we not to sing with the poet—

“Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel,  
Win and conquer, never cease ;  
May thy lasting, wide dominion  
Multiply and still increase ;  
Sway thy sceptre,  
Savior, all the world around” ?

Our next position was opposite the old Exposition Building, where gathered large meetings, which proved a great blessing to many souls. At times we had so many workers that a company was sent to Wade Street, and another to Findlay Market. Meetings continued in this vicinity for fourteen years, every summer, and quite a variety of efficient speakers assisted. Here Miss Anna Walker made her first address in an outdoor meeting, enlisting close attention to the truths of the gospel. Shortly afterward she began a children’s meeting on Walker Mill Road under the trees; then the old factory, owned by Peter R. Neff, was used; then the neat little chapel was built, first known as the Walker Mill Road Chapel, now called Bethany Mission, on State Avenue, where about one hundred and fifty children gather each Sabbath, under the superintendence of Sydney Maxwell.

Another excellent lady, from England, here began her mission work. A splendid singer and a poet, her life was truly consecrated to God. Nearly every

Sabbath Miss Rouse would assist in singing and speaking. "The Gate Ajar," was sung with power. Her whole soul was filled with the love of Christ, and many hearts were touched by her earnest words. She married a gentleman from Long Island, and began outdoor meetings there, which were greatly blessed. After some years Mr. S. was accidentally drowned. The widow is now a missionary in Africa. Far reaching results have flowed from these meetings. To God be all the glory. I bless his holy name for the grace given and the good health enjoyed during these years.

Whilst Mrs. S. was enjoying all the happiness of her home on Long Island, in one of her letters the following lines, written by herself, were inclosed to me. God grant they may encourage other missionaries :

#### WORKING WITH CHRIST.

Go, man of God, bear precious seed,  
And cast it by the world's wayside ;  
And in due season thou shalt reap  
A glorious harvest far and wide.

Go, labor on in Jesus' strength,  
Thy earnest work is not in vain ;  
Soon shall your longing eyes behold  
The golden fields of ripening grain.

Oh, weary not, whate'er oppose,  
Although your progress seems but slow ;  
The full production of your toil,  
On earth, may be, thou'l never know.

But in the final harvest home,  
There may be some whom you will meet,  
Acknowledge you the instrument  
In leading them to Jesus' feet.

Then labor on, thou man of God,  
Thy heaven-sent mission to fulfill ;  
An object noble, grand indeed—  
To do thy Heavenly Master's will.

Oh, may you do his will on earth,  
And when removed to heaven's bright clime,  
All those whom here you lead to God,  
As jewels in your crown shall shine.

And when the Savior thou shalt see,  
And lowly bow before his throne,  
His words will fall in accents sweet,  
"Servant of God, well done, well done."

The third lady, whose work began here, is widely known, not only in the city, but throughout Ohio and Kentucky—Mrs. E. A. Whitridge, of the M. E. Church. Several summers this excellent woman rendered good service. Her whole heart was in the work of leading souls to Christ, and she was wonderfully successful. Visiting the poor and the sick in the Hospitals and Infirmaries, her heart and hands were fully occupied. The Children's Meeting at Loveland Camp-meeting has been under her charge for several years, and the chapel for the services was built by her exertions. Other camp-meetings claimed her services, which were cheerfully rendered. Her labors so multiplied, that she became a traveling missionary, laboring continuously until her health gave way in 1886, and a long sickness prostrated her. It is the earnest prayer of the writer, and many friends, that her life may be long spared to comfort the sorrowing and lead sinners to Christ, and Christians to a higher Christian life.

Meetings went on thus year after year. On the

steps of Music Hall might be seen scores of aged men and women. They loved to come to hear the word of God. Tracts and papers were freely distributed among them. Over a hundred children gathered as soon as the singing commenced; they were supplied with children's papers. Nurse-girls, with baby carriages, and stragglers of all kinds, were among the hearers. Some would stay ten and fifteen minutes, others a full hour, and some to the end of the exercises, which lasted from 4 to 6 P. M.

Several young men who assisted in these evangelistic meetings, are now preachers of the gospel, and are giving their lives to this noblest of all occupations. Among them may be mentioned Rev. John Rusk and Rev. S. Sharpless, both occupying pulpits in the Presbyterian Church. George Sharpless, Johnson, Brown, and many others, have rendered good service in this field.

#### ARRESTED FOR PREACHING.

Certain changes were made in our city government. Police Commissioners were appointed at the time Mr. Johnston was Mayor in 1874. For some weeks the temperance women had been praying in front of saloons, that God would stop these prolific sources of poverty and crime. Some of the best women in the city joined in this crusade. On Saturday, May 16, 1874, forty-three women were praying on the sidewalk, fronting the saloon on the northwest corner of Ninth and Baymiller. They were arrested and marched to Third Street Police Station. The wife of Rev. S. K. Leavitt, Baptist, and the wife of

Rev. I. Fee, Methodist, were among them. They were in no way disconcerted, but sang and prayed in the station-house, and were allowed to depart on their own recognizance. The whole city was in excitement at this outrage.

Next day, on leaving home, I remarked to my wife: "Perhaps I may be arrested to-day for preaching." She answered, "Very likely; but while you go and preach, I'll pray." The prediction proved true, but we had the peace of God in our hearts, and the presence of Christ.

The circumstances can best be told as recorded in our daily journal, as follows:

Sabbath, May 17, 1874.—This has been one of the most eventful days of my life. I was arrested with Bro. James Hervey, Miss Purleir, and old Sister Exlieben, while holding an outdoor meeting opposite the Exposition Building. Two policemen came up as I was reading the ninety-fourth Psalm, "O Lord God, to whom vengeance belongeth; O God, to whom vengeance belongeth, show thyself. Lord, how long shall the wicked, how long shall the wicked triumph?" etc. They said, "You can't preach here." I said, "I can." They said, "You shan't." "I will." "We'll arrest you." "Here I am, take me;" and the other three consented, and so we four marched in slow procession to Bremen Street Police Station. On the way we sang, "Rock of Ages, cleft for me;" "There is a fountain filled with blood;" "All hail the power of Jesus' name;" and "Shall we gather at the river?" Probably one thousand people followed us: We were all perfectly calm, and

enjoyed the peace of God and presence of Christ. He gave us words and songs. Our names were registered among the transgressors, and then we were told to appear at the Police Court on Monday, 9 A. M. We were permitted to leave on our parole of honor. We then sang, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow." The officers ordered us not to sing. We persisted. They then threatened to lock us up. We sang the verse and left. Of these men we can say, "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do."

My good friend, long tried and true, George Crawford, followed us to the station, saying, "I was determined to bail you out." No bail was required, but a friend in need is a friend indeed. We repaired to St. Paul M. E. Church, where a meeting was going on in behalf of temperance. It was crowded to its capacity. Addresses had been made by Dr. Payne and some of the women arrested for praying against saloons. I made a brief statement about our arrest. This increased the indignation of the audience. Prayer was offered for the Mayor and our city officials, and the meeting heartily sang, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow," and was quietly dismissed.

#### HONORABLY ACQUITTED.

The forty-three women met at Ninth Street Baptist Church at 8 A. M.; and we four followed them in procession to the Police Court. The crowd of people was immense, the street being lined all the way with eager multitudes. The court-room was filled almost to suffocation. Judge Marchant presided.

Our case was first called, and the serious charge made that we preached the gospel opposite the Exposition, obstructing the sidewalk. Prosecuting Attorney T. C. Campbell then addressed the Court, saying: "As there is no law in Ohio forbidding preaching outdoors, I move you that these four persons be discharged."

Judge Marchant then addressed us thus: "Mr. Emery, I've heard you preach outdoors a few times." "Yes, your honor, I've been doing so over twenty years!" "You are all discharged." There was an outburst of applause, which the officers vainly attempted to suppress. Returning to the church, we found it literally packed. "Praise God," was sung four times with amazing power; brief addresses were made and prayer offered.

The case of the temperance women was postponed until Wednesday, when they were all discharged, with the injunction to discontinue praying against saloons. They obeyed, and paid their lawyers and ceased their work. We resumed the next Sabbath, and by the help of God have continued unto this day.

A word or two about my companions in tribulation. Rev. James Hervey is connected with the Methodist Protestant Church, a good man, now preaching in Preble County, Ohio. Miss Purleir was missionary for many years among the poor with Miss S.; had a sewing-school for girls. Mrs. Exlieben, from Pennsylvania, a pious woman, member of Ninth Street Church, died of old age a few months since, and was buried in Spring Grove.

## THREATENED RIOT.

After the trial, the Police Commissioners issued an order forbidding *praying and singing* in the streets. On the next Sabbath we held our meetings as usual. The men of baser passions, inflamed with liquor, had determined to stop all preaching outdoors. They met near Washington Park to the number of about one thousand. Our meeting began as usual with songs; prayers and brief addresses were made by brethren Hervey, Forbes, a German, Mrs. Coleman and Whitridge. As we sang, the noisy crowd opposite hallooed, clapped hands, and shouted. After awhile they quarreled. Five of them were arrested, marched to the station-house, and next day fined fifty dollars and costs, the judge declaring he would send them to prison if they did the like again.

No interruption by the authorities has occurred since. Our meetings have been as quiet and orderly as those inside a place of worship. The result of these troublous times was an answer to the prayers of thousands of our fellow-citizens, who could not endure to see religious liberty trampled on by ungodly men.

Prior to this, there were three places where the mob element ruled: the foot of Plum Street, where reside many drinking people; on Sloo Street, having tenants of like character; and Findlay Market, where many skeptics and scoffers at religion always congregate. Each of these places had to be relinquished; more for the want of earnest, fearless men, than for the wickedness of the people—our Christian people

are so loath to grapple with evil. 'Lord have mercy on us, and give us a little of the spirit of Martin Luther, and of Elijah the prophet!'

During three summers, a large meeting was held at the junction of Freeman Avenue and Fifth Street. People crossing to and from Ludlow, by the hundred, staid to listen to the gospel. That service was held about seven in the evening. A large number of women and children attended, and always paid respectful attention. Never once were we interrupted whilst thus preaching Christ on the river-side. This, with other meetings, was given up for want of workers. Children of Belial weary themselves to work wickedness; but the children of God soon grow weary in well-doing.

#### A REMARKABLE CONVERSION.

One Sabbath afternoon, whilst the meeting was in progress, a young man was seen standing in the crowd smoking a cigar. He was attracted by the singing of that touching hymn of P. P. Bliss—

"Almost persuaded, now to believe;  
Almost persuaded, Christ to receive,  
Seems now some soul to say."

He requested us to sing it again. We did so, and brief addresses followed. He remained to the close, and inquired where he could hear more of the gospel that night. We directed him to the Y. M. C. A. He went, he heard the word, and was saved by Christ. Uniting with St. Paul's M. E. Church, he found in Dr. Payne a true friend. For some years he has been an evangelist, preaching the gospel to

thousands of people, winning many hundreds to Christ. His name is J. B. Webber. Of German parentage, brought up in the Catholic Church, he drifted away from all religious influences and became skeptical and dissipated. His last regular occupation before his conversion was that of a barkeeper. His life was far from being a happy one. The gospel was just what he needed, a balm for his weary soul. No sooner had he become a Christian than he sought after others, and urged sinners to repentance. He has preached to listening thousands, and turned hundreds to Christ. He has often told how he heard a missionary named Emery preach the gospel near the park, in Cincinnati, which led him to seek Christ. These facts, and many others, we learn from a book published by the Methodist Book Concern, of his life.

#### OPPOSITE MUSIC HALL.

Regular services were held here each summer for some years, until the autumn of 1885. That field we left for others, but no one is found to take it.

J. Q. Mulford, myself and wife, held services under the trees, north side of

#### LINCOLN PARK.

We began May 1, 1886, and continued without interruption until the end of October. Over one hundred children gathered, and some three hundred persons heard the gospel attentively. Members of Lincoln Park Church have assisted us, and in that same place we expect to hold forth the word of life,

so long as God gives us the ability. The opposition to this method of disseminating the gospel, is the best evidence of its usefulness. Had there been no other conversions than that of Evangelist Webber, it pays for a lifetime of service. It is written, "He that converteth the sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins."

## CHAPTER XIII. VISITATIONS TO FAMILIES.

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Visiting an immense barracks, I found all sorts of poor people. The building contained sixty families. Some were polite, and respectfully received tracts; others were rude and insulting, saying, "We're Catholics, and don't want anything to do with you." As to sending their children to Sabbath-school, they would not consent, on any terms; yet they permitted them to play in the street, swear and lie, and do other unseemly things.

On reaching the fourth story, I found one family from near Belfast, Ireland. The good woman seemed so glad to see and hear me. After reading the word and prayer, she promised to send three of her children to Sabbath-school. They came, and continued to attend until grown up. Some years after, her husband was stricken down with paralysis. The wife sent a hurried message for me to come immediately, her husband was dying. Reaching the house, mother and children were weeping bitterly. I prayed and consoled them, assuring her her husband was not near death. "Just be calm, follow the physician's

directions, and above all, pray to God to restore your husband."

She heeded the advice. Her husband gradually recovered, and was able to walk, but not to do hard work. The three boys were set to work, and brought home their earnings and supported their father to the end of his life. The oldest son married, built a house, and gave his parents a home. All these children turned out well; certainly, they requited their parents, and God has blessed them. May they all meet in the kingdom of God.

A poor, colored widow, living in a dark room, had an only son, very unlike his mother. He drank and quarreled with other men. On one of these occasions a man shot him dead. The poor widow was well-nigh heart-broken; what bitter tears she shed over his death! Often she said: "Oh, my dear brother, if his soul was but saved, I wouldn't feel half so bad; but I know he didn't love God, and he wasn't a Christian. I ironed him a clean shirt the day he was killed." On relieving her wants and offering prayer to the God of the widow, she wept much, and then said: "God bless you, my dear brother, for coming to see a poor creature like me!" For such as these Jesus died.

*A Criminal.*—The following incident of twenty-six years ago, shows the heart of man, wicked then as now. Will it ever be better? Blanche, who was shot in the breast by her husband, lay in a critical condition. The ball passed through to her back, which was most painful. She did not reproach, but pitied him. She did not appear to feel concerned

about death; was rather skeptical. Her parents were pious, and had been dead many years. She led an improper life; yet boasted of having done right by others. The physician came just as I was about to pray with her. Her husband asked me after his wife. I told him she was easier. "Tell her I've been praying for her ever since. May God forgive me!" He grasped my hand, saying, "God bless you, sir; visit her again! Oh, if I am spared, I'll lead a different life!" He was much agitated. The shot he aimed at his brain passed from his ear downward inside his cheek.

Forcibly does such a scene remind us of the words of Scripture: "The wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord."

The latter part of the verse was beautifully illustrated in the death of a young Christian woman:

Mrs. E. died in peace. She sweetly fell asleep in Jesus, exclaiming, just before her death: "Jesus has come! Jesus has come! Blessed Savior! Come, Lord Jesus, oh, come quickly!" Soon the conflict ended, and all was peace. At her husband's request, we sang her favorite hymn, "Thee we adore, eternal name." Read fifth chapter of Second Corinthians and prayed. Her remains were conveyed to Lebanon, where her mother resided.

#### A MISANTHROPE.

By request of the late Dr. Potter, I visited a patient of his, a widow, who was not particularly ill, but very unhappy. Found Mrs. K. surrounded with

the comforts of life. She had no peace ; believed in Fatalism, Universalism, and I know not what else. Told me that her troubles hardened her heart. Did not believe a pure and holy God would punish us for sin. Her mind was all confusion. "Many a time," said she, "have I envied the slaves on my brother's plantation." "And why?" "Because they were happy and I was wretched." "You may be as happy, only come as a little child to Jesus." "I don't believe it. I shall never be any different. I believe in fatality." "That is a miserable belief. Oh, believe on the Son of God, then you shall be happy." She affirmed she was better than many who made a loud profession. Poor creature! A few tears fell while I conversed with her. On proposing to pray with her, she refused. I promised to pray for her at home, that her eyes might be opened, that she might see herself a poor, lost sinner. I inquired, "Would you like your dear little girl to lead as unhappy a life as you do?" She answered, "I'd kill her first." I gave her a religious paper and departed with a saddened heart.

Some days afterward I called, requesting her to visit a poor, young man, a widow's son, dying with consumption. She went along with me, felt grieved at their destitute condition, and relieved their wants ; continued her visits six weeks daily, always taking some little delicacy. Helping others wrought a wonderful change in this lady, who lost all her misanthropic feelings, as she followed the example of Jesus, who went about doing good. This lady took pleasure in furnishing the money for the funeral of

this young man. Should any one, reading these sketches from life, feel discontented with his own lot, let him search out the poor, the sick and the dying, visit them in their uncomfortable homes, and he will find more to bless God for than to complain of. Try it! 'Tis even so!

#### A LADY SAVED FROM LUNACY.

A violent ring at our door-bell, led me to ask a middle-aged gentleman what was the matter. He was nearly out of breath, but said: "I want you to go immediately to see a lady whose husband was drowned the other day by a steamboat explosion on the Mississippi River." "I'm just getting ready to go to Clermont Academy." "You must go at once, for I fear she will lose her mind." As quickly as possible I went. On reaching the house, I found some six persons; two sisters trying to comfort the one just made a widow. Not a tear was in her eye. Her countenance was like one trying to penetrate some mystery. Her sisters told me about the accident, and that there was no hope of recovering his remains. To the bereaved one I said: "This is an awful calamity, but you must look to God for help in this great distress." She answered: "I can not pray; I'm not a Christian." "Yet you must pray, and ask for grace and mercy." I read the seventy-seventh Psalm: "I cried unto God with my voice, even unto God with my voice; and he gave ear unto me. In the day of my trouble I sought the Lord." I entreated her to do the same, and God would hear her and help her. As we bowed in prayer, her heart

was touched; tears fell, the first since she heard of her husband's death.

On leaving her, I besought her to ponder well that Psalm, and ask him who bore our afflictions and sins, to help her in this hour of need. She promised, and blessed be God! her prayers and ours were heard, and slowly she became accustomed to her bereavement. She thanked God for saving her from lunacy; and took special pains to tell all her acquaintances. The visit in that dark hour prevented the loss of her mind. My prayer was that she might know Jesus Christ and love him.

The best remedy for trouble is prayer. God has declared: "Call upon me in the day of trouble, I will deliver thee." "He is faithful who hath promised."

#### POOR BUT HAPPY.

June 2, 1859.—Mrs. Mason was eating her dinner of herbs and fat bacon, with a poor neighbor. "Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and contention therewith." They left off eating and requested me to read to them from the Bible. I read a portion of the thirty-fourth Psalm: "I will bless the Lord at all times," etc.; full of sweet, precious promises. How eagerly did these washer-women devour the spiritual food! After expressing their sympathy for me, under my trials, we sang: "Oh, do not be discouraged," etc. After prayer I left a Bible for Mrs. M., and promised one to her neighbor, which she received thankfully.

Widow Mc. was reduced to poverty, though she had enjoyed all the luxuries of life while her husband

lived. Her cough had worn her down considerably, and she appeared consumptive. Her three boys were all at work, their wages aggregating about seven dollars a week, on which they managed to subsist. She was, I doubt not, a pious Christian; a member of Morris Chapel. We had a pleasant season of reading and prayer.

Poor, old friend Henson, colored, lay dying in a room where the sun never shines. He was suffering great pain, but was joyful in all his tribulations. He said: "I bless God for my afflictions, they have done me good. They have led me to Christ." He was quite joyful while we sang, "On Jordan's stormy banks I stand." We were happy, and he clapped his hands for joy. Some of the neighbors came in, and we had a sweet season of prayer. The dark room was made light.

Old Daniel Parker died at three this morning, after a long sickness. His son came to me in distress, desiring I should come and help to bury him. Agreed with undertaker Soards to pay \$10 for this object. He was decently buried the next day. Such calls come frequently.

By request of the late Dr. Wade, I visited his wife during her long and tedious illness of consumption. These visits were always grateful to the afflicted lady, who was a sincere Christian, and a woman of many excellences. One visit, occurring shortly before her death, is thus recorded:

December 16, 1859.—Poor Mrs. Wade is very low; nearing the eternal world, and longing to depart to be with Christ, which is far better. Sweet submis-

sion and resignation to her Father's will sustain her. She said: "I'm a poor sinner, but can lay myself at the feet of Jesus. It is hard to die, such a long struggle." I read to her the fifteenth chapter of First Corinthians: "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" which greatly cheered her heart.

December 23, 1859.—Not until I reached the door and saw the emblem of death, did I know of the departure of our dear Christian sister. She died in the Lord, in the full triumph of faith. Before breathing her last, she stretched forth her hands and said: "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit. He has come for me. I feel he is with me." She conversed freely and earnestly with all around her, and then sank away on her pillow of death. She had her desire, and died peacefully.

In this same year (1859) died a most excellent lady and friend of this mission, Mrs. Niles, who for many years had been a member of the Ninth Street Baptist Church. She was one of the real Marthas of that body; with her sister Miss Whipple, and the Misses Trevor, Mrs. Jolliff, Mrs. Crawford and many others, ready for every good work. No church or society can prosper without such women. May God multiply their number. Living in her elegant home, surrounded with all the luxuries of life, this lady was still the humble, sincere Christian. My last visit is thus recorded:

"Called on Mrs. Niles and had with her a very precious interview. She is very feeble, but quite submissive to the will of God. Her language was: 'I

have no will of my own; I feel entirely reconciled to his will. Oh, how merciful he is to me. This blessed hope enables me to look on death with calmness.' She talked in this delightful strain for some time. Referring to her early years of devoted labor in the cause of Christ, she said: 'All that is nothing, I don't want to think about that; but I love to think of what Christ has done for me.' Whilst speaking of the conversion of her children, she was affected to tears. All but the youngest have given their hearts to Christ. She trusted she also would, and hoped her death might be the means of bringing her husband to Christ. I read, 'For we know that if this earthly house of our tabernacle were dissolved,' etc. A few days after, this child of God sweetly fell asleep in Jesus. Her prayers were graciously answered. Her life and example of active benevolence have been a great blessing to the church and the city "

## STATION-HOUSE LODGERS.

For a number of years, homeless, penniless wanderers have sought shelter for the night in our police Station-houses. Those who visit these places in the depth of winter, will find the greater part of the occupants have been drinking. The sight is sickening, the stench dreadful, and the language profane. What to do with these people is a difficult question to solve. In some cities they are compelled to work for their breakfast; in others, they are arrested, in other places, driven away. In our city they are permitted to sleep on the floor, and are sent off in the morning to get their bread where they can.

Many drunken men sleep here in winter, and occasionally sober, industrious people, in quest of work and out of money, are obliged to spend the night among this exceedingly disreputable class of men and women.

In my visits I have found both men and women, once in good circumstances, brought down to this degradation, entirely through strong drink; only a step more, and then the prison, penitentiary or death. In their sober moments they will weep over their miseries; but the appetite has such power, they seek again the very thing which is destroying them. Nothing but the grace of God can save such sinners; and some have been thus rescued, and have become again useful members of society. Divine power has done this. Any one having a heart for such work, would find it a field large enough to occupy him every winter.

In Glasgow, Scotland, no one is allowed to beg. They are arrested, locked up and made to work for their bed and board. As a result, they are rid of tramps. That is the best solution of this difficult question I have known.

#### A GLIMPSE INSIDE.

Under date of January 8, 1859—intensely cold weather—is this record of a visit to these homeless wanderers:

*Ninth Street Station.*—Here were gathered about seventy men of all ages, seated and lying on the floor. On nearing the place, two poor fellows stood by the gate. I asked if they wanted a night's lodg-

ing. They said, "Yes." We walked in, and the keepers opened the inner prison, and there what a scene! The odor from whisky, dirt and tobacco was appalling. Many were fast asleep, but on mentioning *bread* they waked up; and I went with two of them to the bakery and purchased a dollar's worth of bread. Before breaking it we had prayer; and giving thanks, I broke each loaf into four pieces, and how thankful these men were! how they did eat! It did me good to see them. Here was an old man of seventy; there a youth of seventeen; a man of forty, and so on. They were all respectful. One man said, "This is a new idea." Another, "Nobody ever did this before." "The Lord reward you, sir," said others. Messrs. Smith and Armstrong came in, and we bought more bread for the Sabbath.

This work of giving bread to these lodgers went on night after night until March. Benevolent men furnished money for the bread, and I found a ready worker in James Ransley (deceased), all the season. We were led to understand the words of Christ most thoroughly, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." This kind of benevolent work continued during nine winters. We found, whilst helping some few poor unfortunates, there was a larger number of men and women who loved liquor, and continued their evil habits without trying to reform and lead a better life.

## STRANGERS HOME.

Several members of the Young Men's Christian Association assisted in this work. Its President,

H. T. Miller, warmly recommended it as a good field for young Christians to expend their time and talents. This led to the opening of the Strangers' Home, on Central Avenue near Front. It was an old warehouse fitted up with bunks. Coarse blankets were furnished, with conveniences for washing. In 1868, I made thirty visits to the Home; in 1869, made forty-three; in 1870, thirty-one; and in 1871, this Home was abandoned. Sixteen years have passed away, and there has been no organized effort to help these people. Many persons scoff at the idea, and call them hard names; but that will never reclaim or redeem them.

A single glance inside this Home may interest the reader. Here is the record, January 30, 1868.

*Strangers' Home.*—About two hundred here, and a most distressing sight—worse than last winter. After singing, prayer, and a brief address, I gave them tickets for soup. All were glad to receive them. Here were old men and young; middle-aged, and some ten women. Wrote out a description for the *Gazette*, which was published.

January 31.—Messrs. Carle and Hopkins went with me. Mr. Carle said, "I would not spend a night here for five hundred dollars." Both assisted me in giving out the tickets. Poor creatures, they were dreadfully crowded.

February 1.—Nearly two hundred lodgers here to-night. All paid good attention. Many promised to go to Bible Class at the soup-house, to hear the word and prayer. They sang well, and listened better than usual. I pray God they may all seek his

mercy and grace. Their lot is hard; but it will be much harder in the world to come, if they live and die in sin, without hope in Christ Jesus.

The next winter was quite severe; thermometer down below zero a few days. Much suffering followed. Here are a few of the records:

December 8, 1868.—Spent much time in getting the lodging-house ready. Dr. Howe and myself ran hither and thither. We hired Mr. Criswell for one week to take care of it; it was in such a filthy condition. Called on Mr. Wood, who could give us no coal from the city. He advised us to meet the Committee on Prisons to-morrow. So I promised, and we met them.

December 9, 2 P. M.—Talked the matter over with directors, then with certain members of Council. Joseph Seifert, a large-hearted man, promised us a load of coal, and also to purchase a stove. We thanked him. Ordered a second stove from Bro. Bush; and a third one was given us by the Fire Department. So we thanked God for success. It does not seem that the Council or Committee on Prisons did much to furnish coal.

“But in some way or other  
The Lord did provide.”

December 15.—Visited the lodging-rooms and coffee-rooms. Over one hundred were sheltered in the former. Mr. Criswell seems to do very well with these poor fellows. Collected a little money and bought seven dollars' worth of soup tickets to give to the lodgers.

January 3, 1869.—Three young men assisted me in the work. There were present about one hundred men and boys. All paid good attention to the word and prayer. Sixty held up their hands while we prayed for them.

And so the work went on until the close. Several persons who had been sheltered, wrote letters of thankfulness. Many others thanked us as we met on the street.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### THE FLYING ARTILLERY.

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This company was organized in November, 1858, by our esteemed and devoted brother, H. T. Miller, then President of the Y. M. C. A. The name was bestowed by the reporters of newspapers at that time, who gave to the public full accounts of the meetings which were held in cities, towns, and villages within one hundred and thirty miles of us. Columbus, Dayton and Lebanon, in Ohio; Indianapolis, Madison and Lafayette, in Indiana; Louisville, Kentucky, and many smaller places were visited. Members of this energetic company were: H. T. Miller, O. N. Bush, Judge Storer, Milton Sayler, H. W. Brown, L. H. Sargeant, A. E. Chamberlain, W. Perkins, Professor Mitchell, G. F. Davis, myself, and a few others. This work was carried on for only two years. The excitement of the presidential campaign, when Abraham Lincoln was elected in 1860, and the war which followed next year, put an end to this organized effort for visiting the villages, towns and cities with the gospel. That much good was done, there was abundant proof. The uniting of various denominations in

spreading the gospel, was good; stirring up the Sabbath-school workers, was good; and urging church-members to more increased consecration to God, was good; and last, but not least, all who took part in these meetings were greatly blessed. Resident pastors of the places visited lent their influence, as did many prominent laymen. No collections were made at the meetings; our traveling expenses were met from other sources. Both railroads and steam-boats were very generous in this matter; and the hospitalities of the people were beyond praise. At Lafayette, Indiana, our host prepared such a quantity of roast quails and prairie chickens to refresh us, we had never before nor since seen so many on one table. Somehow these birds don't come to the homes of missionaries; but in olden times they flew all around the camp of the Israelites. Nevertheless, this is true of every one of Christ's servants, "My God shall supply all your need, according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus." A faithful promise.

Our first trip began November 24, and lasted ten days. Brother Miller and myself went through the entire circuit, holding two and three meetings each day. A few extracts of these visits will be read, we trust, with interest and profit.

Reached Hamilton about 9 A. M. Rev. H. M. Richardson met us, and escorted Bro. Bush and myself to the residence of Mr. Tanquary, where we were entertained in princely style. They are Baptists, and made us heartily welcome. By Dr. Falconer's request, I went to visit a poor, dying

man, an infidel and blasphemer. He was in the last stage of consumption. A very intelligent man, had traveled nearly all over the world; yet a stranger to the mercy of God, for which he was praying. He received my visit kindly, and listened to the word and prayer. He desired me to call again, if possible. Bro. Bush and I went to the High School, where we addressed the students, briefly, on the great salvation. We closed with the song, then very popular—

“Say, brothers, will you meet us  
On Canaan’s happy shore?”

*Mass-meeting* for Children, 3 P. M.—Methodist Church nearly full. A most interesting time. Meeting lasted two hours. *Evening*.—A crowded house. Judge Storer made an impressive speech.

November 25.—*Thanksgiving Day, Middletown*.—Children’s Meeting quite large. We had a precious time. *Evening*.—Baptist Church full, and a very interesting service.

November 26.—*Franklin*.—Charles Butler met us, and took us to Mr. Schenck’s, where we were entertained. We addressed the District Schools. Mass-meeting of children, who sang cheerfully and listened attentively. 6:30 P. M.—Church crowded. The meeting lasted three hours. Many persons sought our prayers. The meeting was very precious.

November 27.—*Dayton*.—Deep snow and heavy rain, which doubtless prevented any one meeting us. Thane and I found a warm reception in the house of Bro. Brown, after the meeting at our Brother Craw-

ford's. Children's Meeting held in Clegg's Hall. Nearly full. Bro. G. F. Davis spoke. *Evening*.—Brethren Beggs, Storer and others spoke.

November 28.—The Sabbath was spent in Dayton very pleasantly. Our force was divided, and we visited several schools. The mass-meeting was held in Raper Chapel. Evening meeting at the Baptist Church, which was well filled. Every member of the company took part in the service. Many wept and sought our prayers.

November 29.—Early morning prayer-meeting quite full. A solemn time. When the meeting had been held an hour, a brother arose and requested it should go on another half-hour. It did so. Our hearts were melted in Christian affection. Soon after we were all whirled away over the rails to

#### SPRINGFIELD.

Here a host of warm-hearted brothers met us, and carried our baggage and received us to their homes and hearts with great cordiality. Mr. Doty was the leader. Bro. Thane Miller and I went to one of the best houses. The proprietor was an elder in the Presbyterian Church. He gave us a sumptuous dinner. *Children's Meeting*.—Presbyterian Church was crowded, the largest meeting we have held. *Evening*.—Crowded. The services were solemnly impressive. I was the guest of Rev. Mr. Findlay, who, with his excellent wife, made our visit very pleasant. Next morning we started before breakfast by an early train to

## YELLOW SPRINGS,

Which we reached at 8:15 A. M. Bro. William Ewing and others met us, and took us home, where an excellent breakfast was provided. After family prayer, our kind friend took Bros. Miller, Bush and myself a drive to see the Presbyterian Church, which was being prepared for the meeting.

## ANTIOCH COLLEGE.

We called on President Horace Mann, who received us very courteously. We stated the object of our mission, which he approved. He invited us to dine and take tea with him. We invited him to the meeting and he came. Bro. Miller and I took tea with him. Children's Meeting was large, and all seemed much interested. Our friend Ewing drove us over his farm, down a deep valley, thickly wooded, and up the other side, a most romantic drive. Only a skillful hand could have guided our ponies through this thickly-wooded forest. We came to the log cabin where lives the Irishman. We found plenty of chickens, turkeys and pigs. Here also was the greenhouse, full of plants and many flowers in full bloom—a refreshing sight. He then drove to the top of a lofty ridge only about twenty feet wide. The view of the river was most enchanting. What it must be in the summer, when all the foliage is green and the air filled with songs of birds, we can only imagine. He showed us rude and rugged rocks, where springs of water were oozing out, and beds of water-cresses

were growing in wild luxuriance. They tasted much the same as those in England. We then visited the real Yellow Springs. All the gayety, fashion and folly had disappeared. A few children were at play. The water oozes from the rocks and stains everything yellow, yet it looks clear, and is soft to the taste. After wandering over the grounds, we visited the cascade, a small waterfall, wild and romantic.

*Children's Meeting.*—We held a meeting for children over two hours, yet none seemed weary. Prof. Mann was present. Children sang heartily. Bro. Miller and I took tea with Horace Mann, who was most polite and gentlemanly. He spoke of the students recently expelled. Bro. M. said: "We should like to know what you think of Jesus Christ." He told us with reluctance "he thought him the best man who ever trod the earth," but nothing more. He was evidently reluctant to speak the real principles he holds. We talked kindly with him over an hour. He was mild and pleasant. But oh! my heart was grieved to see one with such an intellect without a hope in Christ. We parted sorrowfully. I urged him to read the eighth chapter of Romans and pray for light. He promised. My prayers shall rise to God on his behalf. He invited us to visit the College and conduct the chapel services. We did so.

*Evening Meeting.*—Crowded. A very solemn time. We passed the night with Bro. B., Methodist, in the family of Mr. C., excellent people. One of the young ladies remarked she thought all the speakers at the meeting were Methodists. She was

surprised when told two were Baptists and two Presbyterians, and not a single Methodist. But we were all one in Christ Jesus. We had a precious time at family worship. Sweet memories are connected with these visits.

December 1.—Bros. Brewster, Ewing and others went with us to Antioch College. The President was sick and unable to be present. Bro. Miller read ten verses of the fifteenth chapter of Luke, and commented very forcibly on the words. There was great silence and solemnity among the two hundred students, who paid good attention. Lord, bless thy word. We passed through some of the recitation-rooms, spoke briefly and sang with the students. So we parted with these dear friends.

Our kind Bro. E. took us in a double carriage with his two fleet ponies all the way to Xenia. On our way we called at a country school-house. By permission of the teacher we addressed some twenty pupils, sang and prayed.

Three miles further brought us to Old Town, a small village, where the boys had just been dismissed from school and were eating dinner. Thane asked them if they would like to have some singing. They all replied "Yes." We all jumped out and found in the room twelve girls and their teacher. We started three boys out to bring in any others they could find. Over a dozen came in breathless. We talked, sang and prayed. Soon all were in tears except three. We shook hands with them and they sobbed aloud. We urged each one to "Seek the Lord while he may

be found; and call upon him while he is near." The teacher was deeply impressed. We had meat to eat which the world knew not of. Our hearts were greatly refreshed. We felt the power of the Holy Spirit.

## XENIA.

It was fifteen minutes past one when we reached this beautiful place. The children were flocking to the church. We had a hasty dinner and soon began the exercises with singing "I want to be like Jesus." It was a good meeting. *Evening Meeting*.—Quite full and of an interesting nature. The two Browns, who came from Dayton, spoke first in a solemn and impressive manner. They left in the midst of the meeting. We all stood and sang, "Say, brothers, will you meet me?" The effect was solemn and indescribable, as the deputation and President joined hands while singing. Each of the others spoke or prayed. The meeting lasted three hours. None were weary.

December 2.—Early prayer meeting in the Baptist Church. A precious time. We parted with these dear friends with loving mutual expressions. Soon we whirled away to

## DEERFIELD,

Where we staid an hour and twenty minutes at the school-house. Here we sang, talked and prayed with the children, who seemed greatly delighted. This interview was not on our programme, but we felt it was a good opportunity of preaching Christ to the young.

## LEBANON.

This was the last place visited during this trip. Bro. S. met the omnibus and gave us directions where to stay. Bro. B. and I went to Mr. B.'s, a splendid mansion on the hill. Others were equally well entertained. *Children's Meeting*.—Crowded, and one of the best of the series. Services lasted two and one-half hours. At first the children were backward in singing, but after a little they joined heartily. Parents and teachers seemed equally delighted. *Evening*.—Judge Storer, Professor Mitchell and all the others spoke. This meeting seemed more solemn than all the preceding. Bros. Bush, Brown, Dunton and I sang a new song:

"Depth of mercy! can there be  
Mercy still reserved for me?"

The effect was soul-moving. Bro. Miller then sang, "Oh, there will be mourning at the judgment-seat of Christ." The vast congregation sang, "Come to Jesus just now." The meeting lasted three and one-half hours, but few left the house. All felt it good to be there. Jesus was with us indeed.

Thus ended the ten days' missionary tour. The seed of the kingdom was sown in the hearts of thousands of people. Our families were glad to welcome us home again. We thanked God that not a single accident befell any of us. His blessing attended these meetings.

Our next trip was down the river to Madison and Louisville, which occupied the last six days of 1858. We started on Christmas Day on board the Tele-

graph, at noon. Our party consisted of H. T. Miller, Judge Storer, Messrs. Milton Sayler, Brown and Elstner. There were about sixty passengers on board. We were served with a sumptuous dinner, to which we all did justice, after which we held a meeting in the "Texas" among the waiters, who listened quite seriously, and declared, "This is something new; we should like it oftener." In the ladies' cabin we held another meeting for an hour. Most of the cabin passengers were present, and were interested. Many pleasant acquaintances were formed from this meeting. Most of us took part in speaking or prayer. From the captain down to the lowest officer, all treated us with great kindness. They took us all free of charge. We reached

## LOUISVILLE

About 9:30 P. M., and were met by Bro. Tyler and six others, who escorted us to their homes.

Sabbath, December 26.—Our company was divided. We visited several schools, I at the Jefferson Street. I addressed Isaac Russell's. There were not present thirty children. Usually they have 150; but it was Christmas, dark and very wet.

*Walnut Street Baptist Church* (Dr. Everts).—Only about sixty present. Dined with Dr. Everts and family. Went with two little girls to a colored Sunday-school. There was only one little boy present. Perhaps the others came late. Our experience was varied, you see.

*Mass-meeting*.—Very large attendance. A goodly number of unruly boys were present, who taxed our

greatest ingenuity to interest and instruct. In singing some of them fairly hollowed. I addressed Bro. Adams' Church (colored), and Milton Sayler followed in very pertinent remarks.

With the missionary at Butcher Town, held a good meeting. Prayer and conference meeting at 9 A. M. not very large. Bro. Brown went with me to the Epis- copal Orphan Asylum, where we held a precious meeting, sang, talked and prayed one hour.

*The Jacob Strader.*—We started on this splendid steamer for

#### MADISON, INDIANA.

We reached it about 5 P. M. On the way, by permission of the captain, we held a meeting for an hour in the ladies' cabin. Most of the passengers were present. All our hearts were refreshed by this service. A gentleman from Mansfield, Ohio, spoke. *Evening Meeting.*—Quite large and of an impressive character. I was the guest of my kind friend, Mr. Trow, who, with his excellent wife and family, were formerly residents of Cincinnati, and whose kind hospitality will be long remembered.

December 28.—Prayer-meeting from 9 to 10:30 A. M. well attended. An aged man said: "I've been praying that the Spirit of God might come with these brethren, and my prayer is answered." It was a precious season.

We visited the jail and held services with prisoners and then with the jailer's family. The services were appreciated.

*Children's Mass meeting.*—Wesley Chapel was filled

with an appreciative audience. I read of Joseph being sold by his brethren. The singing was excellent. Brethren Sargeant, Chamberlain and I addressed the meeting. *Evening Meeting*.—Court-house crowded. Judge Storer spoke for an hour words of solemn warning and entreaty. Others followed. A deep religious interest was manifested. Thus closed a series of precious meetings in Madison.

December 29.—Early in the morning we took the cars for

INDIANAPOLIS—110 MILES.

Reached the city by 11 A. M. Were met and welcomed by kind friends. Elstner, Perkins and I staid with J. M. Ray, banker, a most excellent, pious family, Presbyterians. They were the best behaved children we had seen in a long time. At family prayer, both morning and evening, every member read the Scriptures verse by verse, and all joined in singing while one of the ladies played the piano. These seasons of prayer we all enjoyed.

*Children's Mass-meeting*.—Only sixty present, and these scattered over the building among two hundred adults. We were sorely disappointed, and so expressed ourselves. *Evening*.—Rather better attendance. Judge Storer spoke fifty-five minutes. The rest of us occupied the remainder of the time.

With Bro. Perkins I went to the jail, where we sang and exhorted and prayed with twenty prisoners, six of them boys. All paid good attention to the word, and kneeled down while we prayed. May the Lord pity and save them.

December 30.—Early prayer-meeting well attended—basement full. I spoke of the constant suppers, church fairs and parties held through the season as undermining religion, turning the heart from Christ, and totally unfitting us to “Rescue the perishing, or care for the dying.” Others followed with earnest words and prayers.

*Blind Asylum.*—Rev. Mr. Simmons, Perkins and I went to this institution. The inmates all joined us in singing,

“Alas! and did my Savior bleed!  
And did my Sovereign die.”

I narrated the incident of the blind boy Copaul of Burmah, who found Christ and salvation, and died in a miserable hut in the presence of his heathen grandmother, uttering the words: “Tell the missionary the blind boy sees. Tell him I see Jesus. I glory in Christ! I glory in Christ! I glory!” Thus he died. Many of these blind people wept at this recital. They were all earnestly entreated to trust in that Jesus who saved the poor blind boy. Bro. P. followed. After prayer we closed this precious meeting with singing—

“Say, brothers, will you meet me  
On Canaan’s happy shore?”

Bro. Simmons said that that song was worth one thousand dollars to these blind people. We had an early dinner with our friends, and started by rail for Lafayette, sixty-five miles. Had a good time to converse with people on the cars, and to distribute tracts. Had some pleasant conversation with stran-

gers on the journey. "A certain man drew a bow at a venture." That arrow fulfilled its mission and the divine declaration.

LAFAYETTE, INDIANA.

December 30.—Reached this place amidst a drenching rain. Our friend Underwood met us at the station and conducted us to the hall, when lo! it was locked. The key was brought, and soon we were seated, but where, oh, where, were the children? We staid until 4:30 P. M., when some fifteen children and several adults assembled. Our brethren were sorely disheartened by this small gathering. Had we rung a bell outside the door, we might have secured a much larger audience than we found. Our host provided a sumptuous supper of quails and prairie chickens, and did all he could to make our visit pleasant, but somebody forgot to gather the children. *Evening.*—Judge Storer spoke an hour to a larger audience than we had in the afternoon. Others followed.

December 31.—After an early breakfast got on board the cars at 5:30 A. M. All the brethren were on time, and Bro. U. saw us safely on board, and bade us God-speed. We sang several hymns on board. One was: "We're homeward bound." And every one of us rejoiced that it was so. We were all longing for home. The iron horse glided o'er the rails beautifully. It was clear and cloudless, the only day we had seen the blue vault of heaven. It was a beautiful sight to behold the rising sun. Oh, may he arise on my soul with healing in his beams. The forest

looked dreary enough. Trees of all sizes were lying in all directions, rotting in the swamps. It is a real ague country, full of swamps, and as level as the wide ocean. We were mercifully preserved in journeying, and on reaching Indianapolis we met a Christian brother who gave us all passes to Cincinnati. Thus the Lord opened many hearts. Reached home at 2 P. M., to the joy of our families, and grateful to God for all blessings. Thus ended our visit to Indiana. The seed sown was not all lost. The time will come when sowers and reapers shall rejoice together.

NEW RICHMOND, OHIO.

Part of our company visited this place, January 14 and 15, 1859. Quite a band of Christian men met us at the landing and took us to the Methodist Church, which was nearly filled with children. We held a most delightful service. G. F. Davis and myself occupied the time in speaking. Children sang with great spirit. *Evening*.—Presbyterian Church crowded to its utmost. A very solemn feeling prevailed. May it prove a lasting blessing. Deacon Morris hospitably entertained us. He has long since gone to his heavenly home. He was a warm-hearted, pious man.

January 15.—Morning meeting well attended, and a blessed time. We parted with our friends in tears. All seemed affected. The Lord was there with his mighty Spirit. Our hearts seemed sweetly melted, while we clasped hands and sang, "Say, brothers, will you meet me?" These dear friends accom-

panied us to the ship. A free passage was given us on board the Lancaster, a fine boat. How good the Lord is to his children.

From a letter, by a brother in New Richmond, we learned great good had resulted from our visit there, in the quickening of Christians to greater consecration to the service of God.

PATRIOT, INDIANA,

Is about 150 miles from here, on the river bank. Brethren Davis, Brown, Fallis and I went to this town of about seven hundred souls, most of them renowned for their ungodliness. Universalism is rampant. Swearing, drinking and many abominations prevail here.

*Children's Meeting.*—Not large, but they were interested in G. F. Davis' discourse on "Sowing and Reaping." "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." *Evening.*—Tolerably full, and we believe God was glorified. Christ was preached as the power of God and wisdom of God. I spoke on prayer: "Do you pray?" A solemn meeting. Whilst waiting at the wharf-boat we sang many gospel hymns. Many friends thanked us for the visit, and hoped we would come again.

PIQUA, OHIO.

February 9.—With Judge Storer, O. N. Bush and J. W. Shipley, I went to Piqua by the 6 A. M. train. Did not reach our destination until 10:15 A. M. The iron horse gave out for want of steam. The wood was green and wet. No accident befell us, thanks to

God. Warm-hearted friends greeted us and took us to their homes. My host was Bro. Garvey, who, with his family, gave us a cordial welcome.

*Children's Meeting*.—The large hall at the High School was filled with about five hundred children and three hundred adults. A most blessed meeting it was. Their singing was delightful and their attention to speakers excellent. *Evening Meeting*.—Methodist Chapel full, both galleries and basement. Judge Storer led the exercises. A deep religious feeling pervaded this large assembly.

February 10.—By request of one of the teachers I addressed the students on "The necessity of giving their hearts to God in youth." Their attention was quite admirable.

New Richmond was again visited February 12 and April 24. Always attended by large audiences and a warm welcome to the delegates.

April 28.—A special meeting was held at Concord, O., at the request of our friend Schultz, a resident of Branch Hill. Some years later he was killed by a railway accident.

Newtown, ten miles east, was visited several times in this and other years, and with good results.

*Portsmouth*.—With Bro. Miller and others we held meetings here of a very pleasant character. Dr. Wyeth, pastor of the Baptist Church, met us. He is now one of the editorial staff of the *Journal and Messenger*. Rev. Ross, Presbyterian, and several others met us, and, though the Children's Meeting lasted two and one-half hours, none seemed wearied. The evening meeting was especially solemn. Many

persons wept under the word. All hearts seemed touched by the Spirit of God.

This chapter will be closed with a brief account of visits to Ironton, Hanging Rock and Pine Grove.

July 1, 1859.—G. F. Davis, H. T. Miller, O. N. Bush and I went on board the Boston at 6 p. m. We held a very delightful meeting on board, at which nearly all the cabin passengers attended.

July 2.—Slept only a few hours. The jarring, squeaking, ringing and screaming of a steamboat give lands men but little rest. Halted at Portsmouth twenty minutes. J. H. Kelly and lady came on board, and made themselves known to us. They pressed me to get off with them five miles from Ironton, and promised to be at the meeting on time.

After resting awhile at Bro. Kelly's, his daughter Mary went with me to visit several families. Found an aged man rather sick, with whom we sang and prayed. He and his wife were refreshed by the visit. Mrs. M. has a daughter in Cincinnati nearing death. None of the family are religious. Asking for a Bible, the lady brought me the five Books of Moses, with Commentary. Read the twenty-second chapter of Genesis—Abraham offering up Isaac. Called on a distressed-looking woman who had a cross child. It would cry, so I could neither read nor pray. Exhortated the mother to seek an interest in Christ. Lord, help and pity her. At another place, in the woods, the woman would keep on sewing while I spoke of Jesus and everlasting life. Her aged father came and sat on the doorstep during prayer. After dinner we drove to

## IRONTON,

Five miles, over a very rugged road; but, thanks to a gracious God, we reached our destination safely. Saw children and people wending their way to the plow factory, where were soon gathered two thousand people. All the school's in the vicinity were invited, even the colored, and they had a good place near the platform. It was a most excellent meeting. It surprised us to see where these people came from, but the coal and iron mining districts swarmed with people. We were as glad to speak as they were to listen.

At night the Presbyterian house was quite full. Each of us spoke solemn words of warning and entreaty. As we sang—

"Depth of mercy! can there be  
Mercy still reserved for me?  
Can my God his wrath forbear,  
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?"

It seemed as though the power of the Holy Spirit pervaded the entire assembly. Many sought our prayers.

## PINE GROVE.

July 4.—I slept in the basement of the Baptist Church, in Rev. G. Leonard's study. Awakened early by the ringing of bells and firing of cannon, announcing the day of the Nation's birth. After an early breakfast, took the train to Pine Grove. The road winds among hills of the wildest character. We passed through a tunnel cut out of solid rock. Several coal-mines are along this route. We took on

board a whole Sabbath-school. At our destination we were met by carriages which conveyed us to Pine Grove Furnace. Behind the residence of our host, Mr. Peebles, is a grove where the meeting was held. About sixteen hundred people were present. Each of the delegates spoke, after which a dinner-table three hundred feet in length was set, on which was laid an abundant supply of provisions, which disappeared with amazing rapidity. After dinner another meeting was held, which the miners and their children enjoyed greatly.

#### HANGING ROCK.

Three of us then went to this wonderful place, where we held a very solemn meeting. Several wept in the audience and sought our prayers, among them a number of boys, who were deeply impressed with the services. Staid the night at Mr. Hempstead's, a very hospitable family. After breakfast he took us to the real Hanging Rock, behind his house. It rises some three hundred feet above the river. From the top of it we had a most enchanting view, both up and down the river for miles, and of the fields and hills of Kentucky. We made a brief visit to a country school, and held a good meeting.

Pine Grove is five miles from Hanging Rock. The road, though rough, runs through a romantic region. Mr. Peebles showed us the entire process of making pig iron, which was quite interesting. The vast furnace in which the iron ore is melted, the molten iron, as it rushes through the opening, filling up every trench, the whizzing steam, were all new to us.

Thousands of tons of iron are here turned out every year. Is it not rightly called "the king of metals"?

Mr. Peebles treated us more like princes than messengers of the gospel. He had prepared a sumptuous dinner for our refreshment. After a brief religious service with the family, we bade them farewell, parting from these dear friends with prayers for God's blessing. At the Rock we called on a few friends at Mr. Rogers' pleasant home. There were several children here, with whom we sang and prayed. They had a picnic party in the woods. Soon after, the steamer Ohio No. 3 came along, and we bade all these dear friends good-by. On the boat, on our way home, we held a good meeting.

Thus ended this delightful trip. Perhaps the reader is weary of these recitals of this band of earnest workers. Be assured every one of us will remember these visits to the end of our lives, and probably in heaven above. Eternity alone will reveal all the good accomplished by this mission, which was undertaken, carried on and consummated for the glory of God, the salvation of souls, and for the stirring up of Christians to more entire consecration to Christ. Every member of the delegation loved the others with a pure heart fervently, and for our leader, H. T. Miller, every one had the profoundest esteem. Judge Storer and G. F. Davis have gone to their rest and reward some few years since. God grant that every one of us, with our beloved friends who helped us and entertained us, with the thousands of children and adults to whom we preached the gospel, may meet in the kingdom of heaven.

## CHAPTER XV. VISITATIONS TO FAMILIES.

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### A DYING MAN'S FAITH.

After a long and severe affliction, in which he was wonderfully sustained, Mr. C. died in the full hope of pardon through the blood of Christ. His bereaved wife expressed full confidence in his salvation. In describing the closing scene, she said: "I can not weep. God has been so merciful, I know he will provide for me and mine; I'm sure he will." Her prayers have been fully answered. He who promised to be the husband of the widow and father of the fatherless, has fulfilled his promises. Blessed be his name.

### A DYING MOTHER.

Mrs. L., after a long and trying illness, borne with great patience and fortitude, entered the rest remaining for the people of God. Her last hours were quite affecting. Her husband desired me to sing the verse—

"Oh, for an overcoming faith,  
To cheer my dying hours;  
To triumph o'er the monster, Death,  
With all his frightful powers."

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Prayer was then offered, whilst seven weeping children and their father kneeled by this dying bed. What a spectacle! Why does God take away a mother from her children? Who can answer this? Verily, "His way is in the sea, and his path in great waters, and his footsteps are not known." And our blessed Jesus says: "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter." Lord, help us to wait

#### SOME REMARKABLE WOMEN.

During years of suffering and feebleness resulting from old age, four of these Christian women, whom I loved to visit—and they were equally glad to hear the word and prayer—finished their earthly mission. All were in good circumstances, living with their children. Two of them resided in fine mansions on Fourth Street.

Mrs. Lee, at the advanced age of eighty-five, employed much of her time in knitting socks for our soldiers. While her needles were busy she would say: "I can't do much for our country, but I can knit socks for our poor soldiers." Dozens of pairs of warm socks were sent by her through the Christian Commission to the soldiers. Her sincere sorrow for the sick and wounded was often expressed in tears and prayers. A woman of strong faith, she had served God for over sixty years, and witnessed to his love and faithfulness. Her son, R. W., was a sincere friend of the mission, and contributed liberally to the tent-meeting expenses. This mother in Israel was gathered in "like a shock of corn in his

season." Many years later the son followed his beloved mother to the heavenly home.

Mrs. Worthington, mother of Lewis Worthington, suffered a long affliction, but was graciously sustained by the presence of Christ. Often she desired to depart and be with Christ, which is far better. In her son's elegant home she found all her temporal wants supplied. Her end was peace. She had passed her four-score years. Her son was also a liberal subscriber to the mission. He, too, has gone the way of all the earth. Oh, Death! what a destroyer thou art. Thou dost spare no age or condition.

Mrs. Crossman, another truly pious woman, mother of a large family, many of whom survive, was afflicted for over eight years; unable to visit the house of God, but a most diligent student of the Bible. She formed the habit of studying the Best of books before leaving England. Her afflictions were many, and, though often severe, were borne with patience and resignation. Often she quoted the words of the poet—

"How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,  
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word."

Most of the promises of God were experienced in her life, and were her constant comfort. Ministers of God often left her bedside instructed by this aged saint. Some months before her death she requested me to preach at her funeral, on 1 Cor. xv. 57: "Thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory," etc. Her last words when dying were: "Jesus is so precious." She was buried March 5, 1860. One of her favorite hymns was sung: "As when the weary traveler

gains." A large number of friends attended her funeral.

Mrs. C., also an octogenarian, was for many years an invalid, but found a pleasant home with her daughter, Mrs. B., whose devotion to her mother never flagged. Every visit, during many years, refreshed my spirit. The prayers and sympathies of these blessed women greatly cheered the missionary's heart. Bright was her hope, happy was her heart, in view of the promised rest, which she entered joyfully after suffering according to the will of God. This excellent woman died August 26, 1857.

#### SICK AND POOR.

In a dark room I found Mr. K. very sick, with pain in his chest—had spit blood. His wife, a fine-looking young woman, and her brother were in the room. The brother answered the door and reluctantly let me in; but I soon found the key to the sick man's heart, and theirs also. After some talk I proposed to read the word and pray. Read the fifth chapter of Romans, expounding and applying as I went along. The sick man was quite interested, and spoke out his convictions. In prayer the wife and brother kneeled with me. My soul yearned for their salvation. There was weeping; the Lord was there, indeed. The room was so dark at midday as to need a candle, but the Lord gave us light. They pressed me to call again. I did so eleven days later, and the wife stated that her husband had entirely quit drinking, and was studying the Bible daily. He was inclined to go to meeting, and hoped he would

yet become a good man and a sincere Christian. Urged her and her brother to seek the Lord while he may be found. They both promised.

## AN AFFLICTED FAMILY.

Here was a widow's child, his mother also sick, and her little girl sick with measles. With these I conversed and prayed. Poor and industrious, they strived to live honestly. Two of the boys worked. One had his leg broken while sled-riding, and was laid up seven weeks. This poor widow with five children has had a hard time to get along. These are the poor who *need help*, and should receive it. Of those who are able to help them, Job says: "I was a father to the poor, and the cause that I knew not, I searched it out." "Go thou and do likewise."

An aged Scotch woman, Mrs. Wilson, unable to leave her room through bodily infirmities, found her greatest comfort, when alone, reading her Bible. She and her husband resided in a single room in the third story of a tenement-house. Whilst we were talking one day, I said: "Suppose there should be a fire in this building, what would you try and save first?" "My Bible," was her instant reply, casting at it a loving glance. "You value it more than your clock, or bed, or trunk?" "Yes. More than all things in the house." These people were very poor, lived on a very slender income; but they thanked God, and had a blessed hope of a better life. Her bodily affliction, brought her to the grave. Before

death she often said: "I wonder what John will do when I'm gone?" Poor John! he grieved sincerely over her death, and, when past working, found refuge in the Infirmary, where he died. Shortly before the wife's death, as I entered the room, one hot day in July, I found her reading, by the light of a candle, the eleventh chapter of Hebrews. She said: "Ay, man! it's a fine chapter is that." Precious indeed! "And don't the Apostle speak real beautiful about the Christian's faith." We soon entered into a lively conversation about the blessed home beyond the grave.

#### KILLED BY A STREET-CAR.

Summoned to the bedside of a man who had been run over by a street-car. On reaching the spot I met the men from the hospital with the stretcher all blood-stained. The amputation had just been completed, but the physicians gave no hope of his recovery. Reaching the house I found the poor man, Charles C., an Englishman, was dying. Two men were fanning him. In half an hour he breathed his last. His distressed wife spoke not a word; they kept her from him. She leaned on my arm whilst I tried to comfort her and the family with the consolations of religion. Both sons and daughters wept piteously. It was truly a mournful scene. Several physicians were there, but none could save him. Crowds of curious people surrounded the house, who were kept back by the police. This was an awful day for that family. May God sustain them.

## A SAD CASE.

On a dark day in November, 1860, I called on Mrs. O'Connor, a widow, and found there a poor, heart-broken young woman, who had been betrayed and deserted. She had been wandering about the streets with her babe in her arms, vainly searching for a home, and could find neither work nor a place of shelter; so she came to the humble room of this poor widow. She wept as she told her sorrows. My heart was touched by the recital, and I promised to help her. Prayed with her and the widow who took in the stranger. Called on Dr. Aydelott, whose kind-hearted wife said they did not intend taking in any more women with children, and advised me to see others. As no one wanted this poor woman, I advised the widow to care for her one week, and I would pay for her. She agreed. A home was finally secured.

This is one instance of a large class found in our city. Their case is pitiable. The guilty man generally escapes punishment, and worse, goes on in his career of vice, and makes light of his guilt. Can nothing be done to check this wickedness? Can nothing be done to punish these men who are demoralizing society? Is not the Seventh Commandment as binding on men as "Thou shalt not steal"? The Bible declares that "Marriage is honorable in all, but adulterers and whoremongers God will judge." There will be no appeal from that judgment. Let both men and women watch and pray against this sin, which seems of late years to have fearfully increased.

## SICK, POOR, AND YET RESIGNED.

Such was the condition of Widow Jones. Her daughter left her place to wait on her mother. Will not God bless such a child? Her brother works faithfully, and his slender earnings form their main support. Her bed-clothing was insufficient for winter. "Be ye warmed and be ye clothed." I determined to help this family to food and clothing, and the blessing of the widow and fatherless was a sweet recompense.

A year before the war there died an excellent Christian woman, whose sympathies for the oppressed often found expression in deeds as well as words. Many an escaping slave found in her home both food, shelter and pity. Mr. B. died some years before. It was my lot to visit her in her last sickness. Listen to the record:

October 22, 1860.—My aged friend, Mrs. B., gently sinking into the dark valley. Her hands were cold, water pressing her brain; but at intervals spoke of the joy in her soul, which was unspeakable and full of glory. As I shook hands with her, she said: "It is a pity for any one to put off the concern of their souls till they come to die. Quite enough to bear the pains and weakness without the anxiety of seeking for mercy." She then sank into a quiet sleep, and waked not when I prayed and bade her good-by. On awaking her joy was very great. She wanted all the world to know of the preciousness of Jesus. Next morning this aged Christian fell asleep. Of her it may be said—

“Asleep in Jesus! Blessed sleep!  
From which none ever wake to weep;  
A calm and undisturbed repose,  
Unbroken by the last of foes.”

Some twenty years later her daughter S. followed her mother to that bourne from whence no traveler returns. Her brother Thomas was stricken with paralysis in 1875 while visiting his sisters, and was confined to his bed eleven years. During most of the time I visited him. His sight remained good, but how he endured his long confinement in utter helplessness, God only knows. His sufferings ended January 5, 1886. It was a merciful deliverance. His devoted wife waited on him with untiring devotion, and was broken down in health and died some few months before her husband. It was my lot to attend both funerals, and offer such consolations as the word of God supplies. May all their children and children’s children meet in the kingdom of God.

#### ANOTHER SAD CASE.

Baker Lyon, a young man of twenty-one, was very sick with typhoid fever, an affection of the lungs and deafness. He was very feeble. I could scarcely make him hear a word. So I wrote on a slate, “Do you love Jesus?” He answered, “Yes, I do.” “Shall I pray for you?” “Yes, if you will.” As I kneeled in prayer he burst into tears, and continued weeping until I left the room. After soothing him I wrote, “Look unto Jesus and all will be well.” In a few days death relieved him from all his sufferings.

## AN AGED COLORED WOMAN.

Aunt Elsie Nettles, though very poor, and afflicted, won the hearts of a few tried and true Christian friends. The Taylors and Shipleys were specially kind. H. H. S. said he often went in that dark alley to have his faith strengthened. Her simple, hearty trust in Christ, and thankfulness for her mercies, made us all feel ashamed of ourselves. When nearing death, January, 1862, she expressed unshaken confidence in Christ. Her feet were always planted on the "Rock of Ages." That blessed name above every name was still on her heart and tongue. Her exclamations were: "Oh, Jesus, take me! Take me home! Come, Jesus, take me!" Whilst we sang she was very happy. Prayed with her for the last time, expecting, by the grace of God, to meet her among the redeemed in glory. At her funeral her few faithful friends were present, and a dozen colored people. We sang, "On Jordan's stormy banks I stand," and, at the close of the services, "Heaven is my home." She was about one hundred years old, and left behind her a living testimony that she loved Christ. Our Lord has declared, "Many that are first shall be last, and there are last that shall be first." Many of God's children are poor in this world, yet they are rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom.

## CONSUMPTION.

Every year contains a long list of deaths from consumption. No class of society escapes this malady. While passing along the street one day a group of

boys were quietly talking about diseases and death. One of them remarked, "There is only one disease I'm afraid of; that is consumption." Most of the lads coincided with him. The Health Officer for this year (1887) reports deaths from consumption as heading the column of all other causes of death. The question has been asked for years, "Is there no cure? Is there no effective remedy?" And in every year some one advertises, "A certain cure for consumption." Men try it and it fails. Mankind may rest assured that if any one does find a cure a handsome fortune will result from the discovery.

A Doctor of Divinity once said: "Nearly every consumptive dies a peaceful, happy death." This is true of many; but there is still a vast number who die in their sins, and will not entertain the thought of death, neither will they permit others to speak of it in their presence. Infidels, scoffers at religion, immoral and ungodly people whose vices have brought on the disease, are of this class. Their deaths are terrible. Some have said: "I won't die; I can't die; don't let me die; it is all dark." Some of these have come under my visits. Let their names and lives sink into oblivion.

Let the reader ponder the cases of five young girls, all under eighteen years of age, who died of this much-dreaded disease in the years 1861 to 1863. Long confinement to the sick-room gave them good opportunity for repentance and salvation. Some of them sought Christ early in life.

After tea spent an hour with Martha Smith. Her countenance looked brighter, and her heart was much

lighter than on a previous visit. She enjoyed hearing of Jesus. His name to her seemed like ointment poured forth. So happy was she in him, that all fear of death was entirely removed. There was no ecstatic joy, but peace and calm pervaded her spirit. It must have been "the peace of God which passeth all understanding" which held her near the cross of Christ. It must have been that which Paul describes in the fifth chapter of Romans: "Therefore, being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." An English lady was here who talked to her very earnestly on these precious truths. We sang that precious hymn—

"Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone,  
He whom I fix my hopes upon ;  
His track I see, and I'll pursue  
The narrow way till him I view."

The dying girl said: "How sweet! That hymn was never so sweet as now." She expressed a longing desire that her father, mother and sister might be converted and become Christians. Her father was present and heard the expressed desire. This dear sufferer seemed happier than I had ever seen her. It was my last visit. Four days afterward her spirit took its flight to the realms of peace. By her request I preached her funeral discourse. There was present a large number of sympathizing people. Her parents were deeply affected. May God grant that they, with their friends, may live for Christ. Then to die will be eternal gain.

Emeline E. rather better. She spoke of the loving-kindness of God to her from childhood. She appears

to have passed from death unto life, and rejoices in Christ Jesus. She expressed the desire to live for Christ, and yet was submissive to his will. She desired singing and prayer. Her sister requested us to sing, "Heaven is my home!" The dying girl expressed her wish to see all the family converted, also her schoolmates in Baker Street Sabbath-school.

A month later the sufferer had a severe hemorrhage from the lungs; but was calm, trusting in Jesus only. This was my last visit. A few days after she entered the land of rest. Her father, after weary months of suffering, died in peace. The rest of the family removed to Colorado.

The mother of Alice died, and left her in charge of four small children. Her father was in California seeking gold, and sent home money enough to keep his children. Either through hard work or exposure, this young girl of sixteen was afflicted with consumption. Snow was on the ground at my first visit. She lingered until July, when her spirit departed to be with Christ. When I first visited her she was anxious about her soul. "If I die, where shall I go? If this disease brings me to death, am I ready?" were questions which troubled her. As the truths of the gospel were presented, she wept freely, and often expressed her desire for pardon through Christ. God was gracious to her and heard her prayers. She found peace in believing, and that peace continued until the day of her death.

Some two months before death she was removed from the hotel where she had boarded to a private house. My last visit will never be forgotten. Near-

ing the valley of death, she desired us to sing. Some five or six of her schoolmates were present. We sang many hymns amidst a fearful thunder storm. The singing gave great delight to the dying girl. After prayer she desired one more hymn to be sung; for, said she, "I shall soon be with Jesus, and I hope all of you will meet me there."

"Jesus, lover of my soul,  
Let me to thy bosom fly,"

was sung, and I bade her farewell on that Friday night. On the following Sabbath, as Rachel, her school-teacher, was watching, she said, "Please read me the fourteenth chapter of John." While the teacher was reading the verse, "I will come again and receive you to myself," she exclaimed: "Oh, Rachel, Jesus has come! Jesus has come! Lord Jesus, receive me." Her spirit took its flight in a moment to his presence, where there is fullness of joy and pleasures forevermore." What a blessed death! Many years later, after a life of Christian activity, the teacher followed the scholar to the realms of peace. What shall we say to these things? "He hath done all things well."

The following case of consumption was probably brought on by excessive toil and privations. Her mother was left a widow, and rather feeble; so the bread was earned chiefly by the daughter, who was skilled in washing and ironing. Their home was one of the most unpleasant you can imagine; near the river, between a lot of railroads, the noise of which was at times deafening. The house was a one-story

frame; not a sprig of grass, tree or flower to be seen anywhere. Here this faithful girl lived, toiled, prayed and died. The cold of winter was trying, and the heat of summer dreadful, especially on washing and ironing days.

Under the prayerful training of a pious mother, Julia gave her heart to God when but a child. Soon after uniting with the church she became a teacher in our Sabbath-school; always prompt, wet or fine, hot or cold, and the children loved her. She sought to bring every one of them to Christ. She also taught in a mission school. Disease at length overtook her. Some call it hasty consumption. Her illness did not last many weeks. Always calm and peaceful, and entirely resigned to the will of God, her chief concern was about her mother. "How will she get along when I am gone? Who will care for her? What will become of her?" were questions which often occurred, and were settled by such promises as, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee;" "The Lord will provide;" "Bread shall be given thee, and thy water sure."

My last visit, made in July, was very precious. Here was a faithful young teacher about to close her earthly mission. After reading and prayer, I bade her good-by. On reaching the door, she called me back, and said: "There is not a cloud between me and Jesus. Bless the Lord!" Her mother wept tears of joy. Shortly afterward the sufferer breathed out her life into the hands of Jesus. "Not a cloud between me and Jesus," the last expression of a faithful, earnest Sabbath-school teacher! Will not every

one thus employed pray, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like hers"?

Katie A., after two years' lingering sickness, died of consumption. No particular pain, but constant weariness, wore down this poor, frail child's life. Her sister, some years before, had died of the same malady, and then her father. Two brothers, of other diseases, had passed away soon after reaching manhood. So my visits to the family have been continued, more or less, over thirty years. From a very small child Katie attended Sabbath-school all along, until when about fifteen the strange disease kept her at home. The New Testament and Psalms were read through and through, and the Book was always near at hand. Conscious of her unworthiness, it was by long and prayerful efforts she was enabled to believe on Jesus. Then peace, which comes through pardoned sin, was hers, and, after some months, she fell asleep in Jesus. Two brothers still survive, and the aged mother is so afflicted as to be unable to attend the meetings of the Union Church, of which she has for many years been a faithful member. Her daily prayer is that both her sons may become Christians.

#### A REMARKABLE CONVERSION.

It was on the 1st of August, 1865, whilst visiting a lady. She told me of the serious illness of her husband's brother, J. T. On saying, "I will go and visit him," she answered: "It will be no use, for he is not religious, and makes light of it, and I'm afraid he won't let you see him." Straight from her door

I went, praying that I might speak some word of consolation to him. The afflicted man's wife answered the door, saying: "My husband is very ill, and there is not much hope of his recovering, but I'm afraid he won't let you see him." At my request she went upstairs and asked him. To her surprise, he said: "Yes, by all means, ask him upstairs." After telling me of his sufferings, and how the doctors said but few men of his age (nearly seventy) ever recovered from the dropsy, he said: "Not one of them gives me hope of recovering." Of religion, he said: "There are so many things in the Bible I can not reconcile or understand." "That is true; and so there are thousands of things on earth we can not understand. How does the food we eat become blood? How does the single grain of corn grow and yield one or two hundred just like the one you plant? We eat when hungry, and can not explain the operations of digestion, nor even how water quenches thirst; yet we all eat when hungry and drink when thirsty." "That is all true." "Yes; and so are the teachings of the Bible true. There are mysteries which the mightiest intellect can not explain; but all the essential truths for our good on earth, and our eternal welfare, are plainly written and easily understood. We are guilty. Christ is the only Savior. We must repent, and believe on him; then we shall have everlasting life."

On asking, "Do you ever pray?" he answered, "Yes, I've prayed thousands of times to my Maker." "Is there no answer?" "No, all is dark as midnight." "You do not pray aright." "Tell me

how, for I want to be right. I'm willing to take the lowest place in my Father's kingdom." "Did you ever pray to Jesus?" "No, never." "Then you can not be saved unless you do. The dying thief on the cross prayed to Jesus, and he was saved. You must take your stand by him and say, 'Lord Jesus, save me.' Will you do it?"

There was a struggle for a few moments. His dear wife was sitting by the bed listening. After a deep sigh he said, "I will!" I said, "Thank God, Jesus will save you." Mrs. T. burst into tears—tears of joy and gratitude—that her husband had promised to call on the name of the Lord. Whilst praying, his heart was melted down in contrition. He thanked me; asked me to call as often as possible. Again he promised to call on Jesus to save him.

A few days later he said: "I can see the light. I believe Christ has heard my prayer." On the third visit he said: "My crimes are all removed. I can see Jesus who died on the cross for my sins. I believe on him with all my heart. I thank you a thousand times for showing me the way." He continued talking in this happy frame of mind for some time. The word of God was indeed meat and drink to his soul. My visits continued until he died, September 2, 1865. On one occasion some one had brought him a splendid white lily. As I pointed to it admiringly, he exclaimed: "I am the rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valley." "That applies to Christ." "Yes, and his name is on my heart every hour and every day! I thank you a thousand thou-

sand times for telling me of him." This expression he often used. His faith in Jesus grew stronger day by day. He spoke of Christ to others, and had letters written to entreat his old friends to seek salvation.

After his conversion, some of his friends, who were skeptics, as he had been, called, and they said: "Uncle J. has gone crazy. He don't talk the same as he used to." If to confess sin and believe in Jesus is to go crazy, would to God thousands of such men would become as this man was. His end came. All was peace. He died firmly relying on that Jesus who saved the dying thief.

By his request, and that of the family, I preached his funeral sermon in Union Chapel, Seventh Street, from these words: "God be merciful to me a sinner." A large congregation assembled, among them many worldly men and skeptics. May God grant the mercy he sought and found, may be sought and found by all who knew this remarkable man.

"Is not this a brand plucked from the burning?" Dr. Watts long ago taught us to sing—

"Wonders of grace to God belong,  
Repeat his mercies in your song."

#### A TENEMENT HOUSE,

Inhabited by colored families, was often visited in these years. An aged widow, Mrs. W., endured affliction ten years, entirely dependent on others for her sustenance. The woman renting the house gave her a room in the garret, and oftentimes her daily meals. It was one of the few striking cases of the

poor helping one poorer, and this was done for several years. In the winter months it was to me a pleasant task to furnish coal and contribute otherwise to this sufferer, who thanked me in words like these: "God will bless you for being kind to a poor old woman like me." Her ejaculations were often accompanied with tears. At length the old building was sold, or rather the ground on which it stood. She was removed to the Infirmary, where she died in that blessed hope which lifts the soul above the billows of death. She has gone to dwell with Christ, which is far better.

#### DOES JESUS LIVE HERE?

Coming down from the garret one day, my attention was arrested by loud talking in a room on the ground floor. After a knock at the door, a woman answered by opening it. I inquired: "Does Jesus live here?" She smiled and said: "I think not; I'm afeared he never comes in here." "Well, I don't think I'll come in." "Oh, yes, do; perhaps he'll come in with you." So I went in. The room was all in disorder, children dirty; their father, stupefied with liquor, sitting on an old chair. After quoting many precious Bible texts, such as, "Seek ye the Lord while he may be found;" "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," etc., we had a season of prayer. The poor woman's eyes were suffused with tears as she said: "God bless you, come again; you've done us good." All were exceedingly quiet during these exercises.

Some years passed on. The oldest girl died of consumption, in the faith of Christ; then a brother of nineteen, of the same disease. Both these received my visits gratefully, and were blessed. One brother married and went to St. Louis. Another brother worked as message-boy in the City Hospital for some seven years, was afflicted, lost his mind, and died in Longview. The father kept on steadily drinking, and died in the Hospital without hope. He refused the consolations of the gospel, and died, I fear, in his sins.

Bereaved of all her children and her husband, this poor woman rented a small room in an obscure street, but could not earn her living. Feebleness and old age compelled her to give up, and, following my advice, she sold her furniture, and left ten dollars in my hands to bury her. Several times during her last years in the Infirmary, she said: "Your asking me that day, 'Does Jesus live here?' set me thinking, and I went to praying, and the Lord heard my prayers. I bless his name." She united with a Methodist church, and continued an upright Christian woman until her death. I bless God for being permitted to direct wandering sinners to Christ.

#### DISTRIBUTION OF CLOTHING.

It will be interesting to kind friends who have sent clothing for distribution, to know something of the recipients, especially the ladies of Springdale, who have sent forty or fifty newly-made garments every year for over twenty years. God does bless them for this. Only a few cases can be referred to.

Mrs. H. was left a widow with three small boys. The clothing made by the ladies just fitted them. They were sent to Sunday-school, and in due time went to work. All are industrious young men. One is married. They take care of their mother, who toiled for them in their younger days. She has great comfort in her children, who thus honor their mother.

Mrs. U. became a widow. Having five hungry boys to feed, they were helped, and worked on Saturdays, whilst scholars in the day-school. These boys (now young men) are all industrious. Some are married, and their mother is taken good care of in her old age. God be praised.

Mrs. McK. became a widow thirty-two years ago. Of feeble health. Sustained a mother of eighty for a few years. Her four boys and girls went to work when quite young. All worked faithfully and managed to get a bare living. Their earnings were small. The oldest boy got tired of work, and went with bad boys, and kept away from home some few years. He was taken sick, and, mother-like, she took him home to die.

Her children take care of their mother, who is now quite old and feeble. Many a time has she blessed us for what we did in the time of her trouble.

Mrs. H., blessed with five children, had a husband with but little energy, and no ambition to provide for his family. After long sickness he died of dropsy. He always received my visits thankfully. Food, clothing and coals have been given many past winters, and we were glad to help them. Now, after

many years, the children are able, and do take care of their mother. Her crippled boy sold newspapers for some seven years, then was taken sick from exposure, and died.

Many other like cases receive help, but we need not refer to them or write of them now. May God bless them all. A little help in the time of need does prove a great blessing.

Among the middle class of people, who, by their honest industry, always provide for themselves and families, I have found many warm friends. They neither ask for nor receive pecuniary aid, but they do love Christian sympathy in times of sickness and death. Let me here refer to one such case.

More than twenty-five years ago I was called to visit a lady, Miss D., who was the main support of her mother. Though brought nigh to death, God was pleased to answer prayer in her behalf. Soon after recovering she united with a Baptist church, and continued her industrious habits, maintaining herself and mother quite comfortably. She introduced me to a married sister, whose children were sometimes sick. After awhile her husband, an industrious mechanic, died. The widow, by the aid of her children, has lived all these years in a comfortably furnished home. They all work.

After awhile the aged mother was taken ill, and, through many weeks, received my visits thankfully, saying: "I'm quite sure the Lord will reward you for being so kind to us in the time of trouble." She died in Christ, resting on the promise: "I will never

leave thee, nor forsake thee." In early life she had been a member of a Dunkard church. I preached her funeral sermon; also that of her husband, who died a few years later. The unmarried daughter still lives in comfortable circumstances. An occasional call leads her to express in words and deeds her gratitude for past ministrations in the times of trouble.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### THE BIBLE EXCLUDED FROM OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

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One of the darkest days in the history of Cincinnati was November 1, 1869, when the Bible was cast out of our public schools by the School Board, and was forbidden to be read to the children. This dreadful act was performed by infidels and Catholics. An infidel introduced a resolution in July, which aroused the Protestant community. Ministers preached against the measure. Public meetings were held denouncing the scheme in unmistakable terms. Petitions were numerously signed by the best citizens; prayers were offered against the measure; yet, in spite of all these demonstrations, this terrible deed was accomplished eighteen years ago. "Yes," said a Christian lady, "and they have been years of sin and darkness. We are now reaping the bitter fruits of this wicked deed." This is a common sentiment expressed by thoughtful people.

Yet the Bible had been read in our public schools for over sixty years, and its teachings were made known to the rising generation with good results. Is there a living man or woman on earth who was made

worse by reading the Scriptures? Has it not been the means of blessing millions of people? Let the enemies of God's word name any book which has blessed the world as the Bible has done! "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." How can we know his will except through his word? "If they speak not according to this word, there is no light in them." "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." How can a child be trained aright without the Bible? Reject the ten commands, and what then? Reject Christ Jesus, the Son of God, with all his blessed, holy instructions, and what then? Is it not a long step toward barbarism? Reject the foundation of all knowledge, the only authentic history of man, the book of purest morals, and the only one teaching us the way of salvation, and we lose the book which throws light on the grave and beyond it. And this was done to please men awfully mistaken about public morality.

Men like Mr. Abner L. Frazer, Mr. Ferry and Dr. Lilienthal, and others, stood up nobly for the book of God; but all their efforts were overcome by the enemies of God and man. Even in the Superior Court, a majority of one decided the case, and so the Bible has been a proscribed book ever since, so far as our city is concerned. All good people rejoice to know that the Bible is read daily in most of the schools in Ohio. Some school boards have the fear of God in their hearts.

The efforts of ministers and laymen, while the matter was pending in the School Board, were un-

stinted and praiseworthy; but when the deed was done all their efforts ceased, and not a single movement has been made to restore the Bible back again. We are worse than the Israelites who let the ark remain in the hands of the Philistines. They mourned after the ark of God. Do we mourn and pray that the children among us may listen to its holy teachings? This is one of the saddest features of the affair. Twice has the matter been brought before the Cincinnati Evangelical Alliance; but no one has seconded it, and so the matter dropped. During the sitting of the Church Congress, in our city, in 1885, the subject of the Bible in our schools was spoken of; but no action was taken. The indifference of Christian people to this infamy is a sad proof of a low state of piety. People are perishing for lack of knowledge, and the knowledge of God and of Jesus Christ is to be obtained through the Bible. The law of Ohio *permits* the Bible to be read in public schools. Our School Board *forbids* it!

There is now no standard of morals among all the books in our schools, because the only *perfect standard* is cast out and ignored. Can a just God look on this dreadful act with indifference? Impossible! God is jealous of his word. Does he not say, "Is not my word fire?" Saints of old said: "Thy word is a lamp to my feet, and a light unto my path; sweeter than honey, or the honeycomb. Man doth not live by bread alone, but by every word of God shall he live." And yet the bread of life is taken away from the children.

Mark the results which have followed the expulsion of the Bible from our schools. Very soon after all the city laws regulating the observance of the Sabbath were *repealed* by the City Council. This was done with a fiendish kind of delight. Men who did this, "gloried in their shame." Then the saloons opened wide their doors on the Sabbath. Many of them kept open *all night*, thus tending to a fearful increase of crime. Sunday newspapers were multiplied. Theaters were all opened on the Sabbath, both afternoon and evening. Hill-tops were opened in full blast, dealing out to people what Dr. Robert Hall declared of liquors, "Liquid fire! and distilled damnation!" The fearful murders which followed led to the rioting and burning of the Court-house, and the slaughter of some two hundred innocent men. They who have broken down these barriers of society, "have sown the wind, and reaped the whirlwind." Theirs will be a fearful account to render in the day of judgment. May the Lord have mercy upon them.

What is the condition of our city to-day? Infirmaries overcrowded; lunatic asylum so full that new buildings are needed; the jail full of criminals, and the city work-house crowded, with over seven hundred prisoners! In view of this sad state of affairs, it is asked, "What ought to be done?" By all means, restore the Bible back again to our schools. Let the School Board be requested to *rescind the resolution passed* eighteen years ago, and *permit or require* each teacher to read at least one chapter from the Bible daily to the children.

But who shall move in this matter? Will it be successful? It seems to the writer that the Evangelical ministers of the city should press the matter on the School Board, as a duty we owe to the next generation; as a preventive of crime; as an elevator to the morals of society; as a step toward the better observance of the Sabbath. Have men forgotten what Christ declared? "The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath." The thousands of people employed on the Sabbath surely need a day of rest, as much as the hod-carrier, the brick-layer, or carpenter. Yes; the Sabbath *was made for man*, for his best good, for his present and eternal welfare. God threatened Israel with desolation because they kept not the Sabbath. He said: "Then shall the land enjoy her Sabbaths." He still declares to us: "Ye shall keep my Sabbaths. Ye shall reverence my sanctuary. I am Jehovah."

A. L. Frazer, in a recent letter to the writer, says: "One of the duties of Christians at this time is to uphold the *Bible* and the *Sabbath*. Too much can not be done in this direction." Let us use every effort to spread abroad the truth of God—to circulate his blessed word—to read it, especially among those who neither read it nor hear it preached; above all, let us seek to have it read in our public schools, for the support of which we are all taxed. May we not sing with Dr. Watts—

"The Word is everlasting truth,  
How pure is every page;  
This holy Book shall guide our youth,  
And well support our age."

May God grant the day may soon come when his word shall be read in every school in the land. Is it not written, "Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is the reproach of any people. The nation which will not serve thee shall perish. The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God"? Awfully true are these words, which all history confirms. Let us be wise, and seek and serve the living God.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### CHURCHES AND SABBATH-SCHOOLS.

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During the past thirty-five years it has been my lot to aid feeble churches, in the times of their difficulties, by giving them the gospel and words of cheer. Such labors God has signally blessed; to him be all the glory. Also in Sabbath-schools it has been, and still is, and will be so long as life lasts, the joy of my heart to impart Bible truths to the rising generation. This book would be incomplete without some reference to these very necessary institutions. My connection with Sabbath schools began over fifty years ago. The work is now as precious as ever. It is written, "The entrance of thy word giveth light; it giveth understanding to the simple." Surely, it is our duty to give the word to the children—to instill it into their hearts. An eminent saint has said, "Thy word have I hid in my heart, that I might not sin against thee."

Christ Jesus commands us thus: "Search the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life; and they are they which testify of me." He has also declared, "The Scripture can not be broken."

“Thy word is true from the beginning.” “Heaven and earth may pass away, but my word shall not pass away.” It becomes the duty of every parent to teach his children the word of God; yet this profitable exercise is ignored and neglected by thousands of people, to the demoralizing of the young. God commands it (Deut. vi.), “When thou sittest in thy house,” etc.; Christ requires it, and the apostles enjoin it.

To a small extent, the Sabbath school supplies this lack of parental duty; but the teacher has the scholars only one single hour in the week; while the day-school teacher has them thirty hours a week. As one is to thirty, so is the Bible teacher’s opportunity to the secular teacher’s. It is marvelous that the children learn so much as they do, with such a brief opportunity. Hence the importance of the teachers in our public schools being Christians; and also reading some Scripture lesson every day.

Is it not written by one of the wisest and best of men: “All Scripture is given by inspiration of God; and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness”? Do not the children need this instruction? Listen to the profanity of boys on the street; read of their depredations, their drinking and Sabbath-breaking. Go on the Sabbath near the lowest and most debased of theaters, and see droves of boys, and girls, too, crowding in to witness most demoralizing and debasing performances. It is the shame and dishonor of our public officials to allow these things, all in entire violation of the laws of the land. When shall

these things cease? When shall we enjoy a quiet Sabbath? Will it ever come? God hasten the day!

*High Street Church.*—This was the first one to which I was called to minister. It had become demoralized, ruined by an unfaithful pastor. The house was built; it stands to day, a solid, stone building; but the debt unpaid, it was sold. For nearly five years I supplied the congregation, and received several members. A few young men, members of the Ninth Street Baptist Church, took charge of the Sabbath-school, and then expected to do a greater and better work by a change of ministers; so I quietly withdrew. The minister who followed, preached less than a year, and the whole work was abandoned; and this in the time of the war. The house was sold to the German Lutherans. May God bless them!

*Freeman Street Baptist Church*, in those war-times, suffered by its young men enlisting in the army; one of whom, by privation and exposure, lost his mind, and is in Longview Asylum. His wife and both parents are dead. Soon after supplying this church, the officials were deliberating on disbanding. Against this I uttered my solemn protest. They argued, "We are in debt; our house is leaking; the former minister and others are gone to the war; we had better disband." That was on February 17, 1863.

They agreed to my proposal to pay off the debts, and subscribed \$200; and the rest, about \$600, was raised outside of the church; and the house was renovated and roofed. The congregation increased. Many converts were baptized in the river, sometimes

when the ice was floating, with no serious results. A soldier from the war, and his wife, were among the number; also several young men and women, who are fulfilling their mission in other places.

Young men came down from other churches, when all was in good working order. A change was made in calling Rev. J. S. Gillespie, who preached a year. Then the church, after a time, with Rev. S. A. Collins, built the neat brick church on Pine Street. The pastor soon afterward died. Now, with a devoted pastor, Rev. A. S. Carman, they meet in Lincoln Park Church. They have been greatly prospered under his labors, and have added nearly two hundred to their numbers in two years. In all this I do rejoice, yea, and will rejoice. God bless them!

*Walker Mill Road Chapel.*—Now called Bethany Mission, State Avenue. The congregation was composed of Baptists, Presbyterians, Methodists, and others of no church connection. Alternate Sabbath evenings I preached for nearly five years. A debt of some \$200 rested on the Chapel, which was liquidated before my leaving. From fifty to seventy persons generally attended these services. Mr. Copeland pressed me into this service. His family, the Howards, Worths, Dyers, Dodsons, and many others, were faithful attendants and workers in their Sabbath-school, now more than doubled under the superintendance of Col. Sidney Maxwell. Duties to another church led me to resign reluctantly. I rejoice to know the gospel is still preached there, after three years of suspension. People living along

that hillside need and should have the gospel. Peter R. Neff has done a good part in the past, by giving the ground for the Chapel; and soon a large and commodious house of worship will probably be erected.

*Union Baptist Church*, the oldest of the colored churches, dating its origin from 1831, formerly known as Baker Street Church, celebrated its jubilee in 1881. At that time I was serving them as pastor. For nearly five years this service was rendered. A debt on the church had accumulated, through a series of disasters, amounting to about \$1,200. This was all liquidated, and the house of worship renovated, painted and carpeted at a cost of over \$600, and all paid for before I left. When the last dollar was paid, and the house put in good order, there was another jubilee of rejoicing. Over one hundred members had been added, and the church was in good working order to receive its pastor, Rev. A. Allensworth, in April, 1885, who staid over a year. His successor, Rev. W. H. Burch, is an able, faithful pastor, and has received many members within two years. They greatly need a new house of worship. During the past winter, on baptismal and other occasions, hundreds of people have been turned away, unable to gain admission. A fund has been started with the purpose of building a larger house on their present location, Mound and Richmond Streets. They should receive all the funds needed from our citizens for so desirable an object.

*Union Baptist Sabbath-school*, formerly known as Baker Street, has been under my superintendence

since September, 1850. It may be, I have been longer over one school than any other man in Ohio. Thirty seven years is a long time; nearly four generations of children have passed through in that period. Fine-looking men and matronly women, and a few preachers of the gospel, occasionally meet and remind us of the Sabbath-school days in the past. I was urged to visit this school by my esteemed brother, G. F. Davis. He was then superintending the Ninth Street Baptist Sabbath-school, and said, "I can easily get a teacher for your Bible Class; but no one except you will go down to Baker Street School."

So I obeyed orders and went, reluctantly leaving a class of bright young men. The room was rather dark and dingy. About thirty scholars and three teachers were present. Our old friend, William Corbin, introduced me, and after religious exercises, they conferred on me the honor of superintendent. This honor has been repeated every year since. Very soon the school doubled and trebled its numbers, and God was pleased to bless the work of our hands and hearts.

After conducting the school for two years, teachers and friends presented me a handsome and costly Bible, as indicative of their gratitude. Rev. Mr. Adams was then pastor, and he presided at the service of presentation. The house was crowded in every part, and the occasion lingers still in the memory of those present. Of the four girls who presented the book, with a suitable address, two became teachers in the public schools; one went to Africa,

and soon after died; and the fourth has also gone to her reward.

Many tokens of their kindness have since been presented, thus uniting hearts in Christian love. On such occasions all sing with much heartiness—

“Blest be the tie that binds  
Our hearts in Christian love;  
The fellowship of kindred minds  
Is like to that above.”

During the dark days of slavery, many a fleeing fugitive found a welcome here. On one occasion, Rev. Mr. Mathews, an English Baptist minister from Kentucky, came in and related his narrow escape from death at the hands of an infuriated mob, who threw him into a deep pond nine times; at last they let him go, on the promise that he would “leave Kentucky, never to return.” His offense was in saying, “Slavery is a sin against God, and a crime against man; that it ought to be abolished.” For saying this he was ostracised and nearly drowned. He received our sympathy and help, and returned to England with a sad experience of American slavery.

The four hundredth anniversary of Martin Luther's birth was celebrated on Sabbath, November 11, 1883. Three interesting meetings were held. Rev. P. Meredith, of Xenia, preached at 11 A. M., on Luther's favorite doctrine, “Justification by Faith.” In the afternoon, with appropriate singing, three addresses were given by R. S. Fulton, Abner L. Frazer and W. C. Peale. These speeches were highly instructive and appropriate. In the evening,

the pastor spoke of a few leading events in each of the four centuries connected with the Reformation. The meetings were largely attended, and many declared they never had heard so much of Martin Luther before.

The jubilee of the school was celebrated on May 11, 1884. A paper on the origin and history of the school was read by the superintendent. Many of the old scholars, Rev. T. Webb, Rev. R. W. Scott, with others, took part in the exercises. In the afternoon meeting, W. H. Doane, Musical Doctor, led the music, and H. T. Miller, T. Colston, Mrs. Jones, Miss White and Fountain Lewis made brief addresses. In the evening, speeches were made by Dr. W. H. Taylor, G. W. Hays, Mrs. Jennie Watson and others. The prayers and wishes on this interesting day were, that the school might accomplish greater results in the next fifty years, than it had done in the past. So far, we bless God that the prayers and hopes then expressed have been partly realized. Our school has doubled its numbers, and fifty-two scholars have been baptized into the church this year. Our brother, Fountain Lewis, has been a faithful teacher thirty-five years, and has a larger class now than ever. May God's rich blessing attend all who are engaged in this work of faith and labor of love. A missionary society has been organized to aid the African and Home Missions. Its meetings, held monthly on Sabbath afternoons, are always interesting. God grant that the school may long continue to be a blessing to the youth of our city.

*Cutter Street School* was organized in 1852, and held its first meetings at the corner of Clinton, then removed to the hall over the engine-house near Betts. There were about two hundred children gathered in. My pleasant task was canvassing the neighborhood for scholars, who were taught by members of Ninth Street Church. The engine-house was remodeled for a fire-engine, and the school was disbanded for want of a suitable building.

*Wade Street School*, corner of Central Avenue, was organized and had a successful career for a few years. Several teachers became weary in well doing and it was eventually given up. Both these were afternoon schools. It was with sincere regret we saw them abandoned.

*Under the Trees*.—Another school was organized on Mt. Auburn, in 1853, in the summer-time. Quite a number of boys and girls met in the rear of R. A. Holden's home, to play and sing on Sabbath afternoon. Bro. H., with H. T. Miller, G. F. Davis and Isaac Russell, thought it would be well to gather them together and sing and discourse to them on Bible truths. Bro. Russell and myself went up there many Sabbaths during the summer. Other friends assisted. Over one hundred children gathered, and they loved to come. When the cold weather came, H. T. Miller opened his dining room. There the children, at times one hundred and sixty, were packed in; whilst exercises were led by G. F. Davis, who for many years following was their faithful superintendent.

Then the chapel was built; then the Mt. Auburn

Church was organized; and it has grown and prospered with the Sabbath-school, now numbering over four hundred children, under the superintendence of W. H. Doane. Both school and church meet in one of the handsomest church-buildings in our suburbs. Let no man despise the day of small things. At the thirty fourth anniversary of the church every member might well have exclaimed, "What hath God wrought?" May this church and school become a blessing to thousands.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### PLUM STREET MISSION—1867.

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One of the most degraded portions of our city is the foot of Plum Street. In this vicinity reside in the cheap rooms and tenement-houses hundreds of people. The Irish and colored people probably predominate. A number of beer saloons and whisky shops abound, and are sustained by these poor, hard-working people, besides many idlers. The profanity, fighting, shooting, and murders, which have often occurred there, all the result of the accursed, intoxicating drink, have given that section a bad name. It has been known to the police and others as "Hell's half-acre."

Into this terrible place the gospel was carried by a few Christian men and myself, by holding outdoor meetings in the summer. At times, people being filled with liquor, the Irish especially, were so turbulent that these gatherings had to be given up. Visiting some colored families, we found a pious old lady, Mrs. Harris, and daughter, living among these wicked people. We read the Scriptures and prayed. Thomas Webb was enlisted in the service. He took

hold with all his heart, and has labored successfully among these people for twenty years. After our first meeting, Mrs. Harris offered her room for a prayer-meeting. It was accepted. Chairs were borrowed not a few, and many had to stand. The meetings were precious.

Another room was rented. Rough boards and chairs were placed in order, and that room was crowded. On one of my occasional visits, people were packed, and even sat on each other's knees. T. Webb cried out, "What shall we do? This place is too small for us." "Pray for a larger room, and God will give it you," I replied. They did pray, and looked around, and looked up. At this time drunken men threatened the zealous preacher; but God suffered not a hair of his head to perish. People were converted, reformed, saved, and the meetings went on without cessation. Now and then the police were called on for protection. Thus God protected and preserved this infant church from destruction.

The low dance-house and whisky shop, fronting the river, kept by a colored man, was a prolific source of wickedness, and a great hindrance to the success of the mission. So the landlord was applied to for its use as a Sabbath-school room and preaching place. He consented, with this condition: "You must get possession as best you can." They refused to yield to Bro. Webb; so he said: "Bro. E., you go down there and see what you can do; we can have the place at a nominal rent." I consented. It was a hot day in July; but I girded up my loins and went down to fight for the mission in "Hell's half-acre."



NINTH STREET BAPTIST CHURCH.



Entering the saloon I found three men stupid with liquor. One stepped out as I entered. The bar-keeper was behind the counter. I said, "We want this place for a Sabbath-school, and the landlord has given his consent." "You can't have it." "But we must." "Who are you, anyhow?" "Never mind; we want this place for preaching, and the sooner you get out the better it will be for your souls." Whereupon he uttered oaths which must not be printed. At this juncture the renter of the whisky shop came in. Excitedly he inquired, "What's up?" "Nothing much, only we want this dance house for preaching." He replied with an oath: "You can't have it; that's all about it. I rent this place." "The owner of these buildings has rented it to us, and the sooner you go the better. We don't want to use force." A few more angry words and oaths, and I quietly left, saying, "The sooner you leave quietly the better."

It may seem strange—it is nevertheless true—this man cleared out in about three weeks, and gave up the place for the mission. There had been much praying by the poor people and ourselves that God would so change these wicked men that we might have the place. With willing hands and happy hearts the beer shop was swept, scoured, walls whitened, and the dance house was turned into a house of prayer. To God be all the glory for such a termination of hostilities. "He maketh the wrath of man to praise him, and the residue he restrains."

On the day of opening there was great rejoicing. Much prayer in the morning. In the afternoon the singing went on with great earnestness for about an

hour. "Blow ye the trumpet, blow," and "Glory, glory, hallelujah!" were among the favorites. The Sabbath-school was organized under its superintendent, Mr. Joseph Corbin. Preaching was continued; numbers were converted, and baptized in the river by Pastor Webb. The strangest part of this history is that the man who kept the dance house was converted, and some time afterward he died in the triumphs of faith.

For nine and one-half years the work continued. The neighborhood was quite changed for the better. Policemen acknowledged the reformation, and quiet settled upon the vicinity. This place becoming too small, the school and church removed to a rented store, on Third Street near Elm, where they still meet; but the room is too strait. They need and ought to have a good, commodious house of worship. Our citizens would do a noble act by helping these brethren, known as the "Calvary Baptist Church," to a new house of worship. It is said, "God helps those who help themselves," and ought not we to do the same? How are the colored people to be reformed and enlightened except through the gospel?

Hitherto this church has paid its way; contracting no debts, paying only a small salary to its pastor, who has labored all these years for the love of Christ and the love of souls. May God bless him and the church.

During his pastorate of twenty years, Bro. Webb has baptized two hundred and fifty persons. Their present membership is two hundred and ten. Their Sabbath-school numbers seventy-five. Their Sabbath

evening congregations are too large for the house. One evening a week a meeting of prayer is held for a better house of worship. Who will help to answer this prayer? Our city needs fifty more men like Pastor Webb—men not afraid of difficulties.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### VISITATIONS TO FAMILIES.

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#### DYING OF CONSUMPTION.

Mr. Morgan, a hard-working Welshman, living in a tenement-house with his family, fell a victim to this disease. On my first visit, March 16, 1864, I found a very happy man, though quite poor. Early in life he gave his heart to God, and, with his pious wife, had brought up their children in the way they should go. He had long been sick; but not a murmur escaped his lips. He was waiting for his call to the better land. The oldest daughter, R., was waiting on her father. Her mother had gone to the Cotton factory to work, earning \$4.50 a week. Poor, yet rich in faith, reluctantly he received the dollar I put into his hand. Many precious visits were made to this sick man until November 13, when his happy spirit was released from a body of pain and weakness.

On one of these visits, made on Monday morning, I inquired: "What was the subject of your thoughts yesterday?" With a face beaming with the peace of God, he answered: "My mind was dwelling most of

the day on these words: 'Who of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, sanctification and redemption.' " "What did you make of that precious truth?" "Why, I feel all I need for time and eternity is found in Christ Jesus. He is all my trust, my hope, my joy and my everlasting portion. I often long to be with him." His joy that day was unspeakable, and full of glory. His funeral took place in the Welsh Methodist Church, of which body he had been an honored member and class-leader. By request of his wife and Pastor Powell, I spoke of his last months of suffering and the blessed hope which sustained him. The house was packed with people, and there was much weeping among them. Services and singing were peculiarly solemn. At the close men said: "He was one of our best members. We all loved him." "Godliness with contentment is great gain." His faithful wife still survives, and some of her children. The usefulness and honor of a man's life do not consist in the abundance of things which he posseseth.

On June 2 the superintendent of the Hospital sent an urgent request for me to visit three little girls, sisters, all suffering with measles—Frances, Lizzie and Isabella G. The latter, who was very sick, was eating ice. Their father was drowned seven years before. They and their mother were driven out of home by guerrillas. Three brothers were in the Union Army. Their mother died at Nashville. Officers in the army sent them to our city. A brother of these sufferers was working in a bakery. They were very well-behaved children. When near

death, the mother charged all her children to meet her in heaven. They promised. I inquired what hymn their mother liked best. They replied: "There is a fountain filled with blood." So we sang it, and gave some good words of Christ's, and commended these little ones to God in prayer.

Next day Isabella was bright, and talked about her mother and heaven. She felt sure, if she died, Jesus would take her to heaven. This was my last visit. On the next day she died peacefully, calling on Jesus to take her, and she would then see her mother. After a few weeks the two other little girls recovered. Where they went I know not. May God's blessing attend them to the end of their lives. Many families in the South suffered far more than these for their devotion to the Union.

#### HAPPY IN POVERTY.

Widow W. lived in a small room in the third story of an old building, all alone, but very happy. She had been very sick and poor; but was very glad of her trials. Whilst working in a tent factory, giddy girls sang—

"There'll be no sorrow there,  
In heaven above,  
Where all is love,  
There'll be no sorrow there."

She said: "How it bound up my bleeding heart; they little knew what they were doing." She spoke of having sweet communion with God daily. Verily, God hath chosen the poor of this world, rich in faith. "He hath done all things well."

## A DAUGHTER'S DEATH.

Only those who have been called to lose an only daughter can sympathize really with those thus severely tried. The affliction is heavier when the widow has been leaning on her for support. Then it is the iron enters the soul, which sometimes cries out, "Show me why thou dost afflict me!" Such cases often occur, and sometimes the aged, afflicted mother is glad to go either to the Widows' Home or City Infirmary.

Alice G. was drawing near to death. Conscious of her situation, and that there was no cure for the consumption, she said: "I want to fly to the arms of Jesus. He is so near to me, I think the time long before I get to him." Her joy seemed inexpressible. She told how she had warned others, and entreated them to meet her in heaven. We sang, "On Jordan's stormy banks I stand." She requested me to read of the New Jerusalem. I did so. Her dear mother wept all the time. Five days after this she sweetly fell asleep in Jesus.

## A SOLDIER'S MOTHER.

Though advanced in years and sickly, and a widow, she gave up her son to the army. Her prayers from the first day of his enlistment were offered to God for his protection from all dangers, and that God would keep him from all sin, and that he might return in peace. She had an abiding trust in God that her prayers would be heard. They were graciously answered. Her son Frederic came home unharmed, to the joy of his mother. She felt like good old

Simeon, when he said: "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace." Some few years after, this Christian mother ended her days peacefully.

#### PUBLIC OFFICIALS.

Some of those who have passed away, requested my ministrations in their last sickness. This has been always cheerfully rendered. Among these may be mentioned Mr. Stedman and wife, who had charge of the Woman's Prison on Front and Parson Streets. The office they faithfully filled. A few years after, both of them died in the faith of Christ. They were grateful for my visits and ministrations.

Col. Abijah Watson, superintendent of the Commercial Hospital, and afterward of City Infirmary, and his wife, a thoroughly good matron, served the public many years in these institutions. After leaving the Infirmary both died, one very soon after the other. I was called to officiate at their funerals. Both had the testimony of a good conscience, and expressed a firm reliance on Him who is mighty to save.

Our well-known citizen, Joseph Draper, after serving in the City Infirmary Board some years, died after a protracted sickness, November 15, 1864. He loved the work of helping the poor; and they loved to hear his voice and look into his face. At my last interview, a few hours before he died, he expressed a good hope in Christ, and a desire to depart and be with him. His desire was soon realized.

Another director of the Infirmary, Mr. Wyman, after passing his four-score years, died. He had

been a zealous Methodist nearly all his life, and a warm, sympathizing friend of the poor and needy. He died peacefully in Christ.

N. W. Thomas, formerly Mayor of Cincinnati, died of a very painful internal malady. He always received my visits gladly. He was often reading the Book of Job. I inquired why he liked it. He said: "It suits my case better than any other part of the Bible." In his days, also in Mayor Bishop's, all theaters and drinking saloons were closed on the Sabbath. May God grant such times may again return.

#### SINFUL WOMEN REPENTANT.

"This man, if he were a prophet, would have known who and what manner of woman this is that toucheth him, for she is a sinner." This was said by Simon the Pharisee concerning Christ Jesus, whose feet were washed with tears by a sinful woman, and Jesus said unto her: "Thy sins be forgiven thee; thy faith hath saved thee, go in peace." We have, alas! many sinful women in our city; and there are probably as many sinful men. Let those who feel disposed to cast stones at the sinful women, read carefully John viii. 1-11; also Luke vii. 36-50. They will then see how the Master treated such; when they repented and believed, they were freely pardoned.

In the course of these years I have been occasionally called to visit such in their last sickness, and dying moments. A reporter of a newspaper came one day in a great hurry, saying, "I've been to see four ministers, to visit a dying woman, and they all

refuse." I said, "Give the name and number, and I'll go to-day." I found the lady hopelessly sick, lying on a bed in a room gorgeously furnished, with several frail ones ministering to her, and colored women to do her bidding. No Bible being in the house, I repeated the above passages; also, "The Prodigal Son," during which she shed many tears, saying, "Oh, that Jesus would forgive and save me!" I told of his willingness to save the worst of sinners. After prayer, I urged her to cry to him for mercy. She promised. A few more visits, and she died; I think, a weeping penitent, clinging to the cross of Christ. After my first visit, two other ministers called and prayed with her. To the credit of these lost women, let it be said, they always treat the missionary with great respect and decorum. When they die they call on him to perform the last rites of burial. May God have mercy upon this large class of public offenders!

One very cold day in winter, when the earth was covered with snow, a lady requested me to visit Mrs. M., who was sick with consumption. She requested me not to tell who sent me; but to do her good, if possible. Reaching a fine residence, I was ushered in, and introduced myself. The first question was, "Who sent you?" "Never mind, I only called to cheer you and do you good." Frankly she told me her physicians had said she was consumptive. Quite unprepared to appear before God, there was evident emotion on hearing words of Scripture. I read the fifth chapter of Romans, and asked, "Have you peace with God, through our Lord Jesus

Christ?" She answered, "No, indeed! if I had, it would be easy to die." I assured her of Christ's ability and willingness to save every repentant sinner. During prayer she was deeply affected and asked me to call again. Nearly every week I called. Her heart was opened to receive Christ, and she was saved. Her peace then flowed like a river, and her happiness was expressed to all who visited her. Many letters she wrote to relatives at a distance, urging them not to follow the world and its vanities; but to "Seek the Lord while he may be found." Of her conversion there was no doubt. She was welcomed into a Presbyterian church, the pastor of which made frequent visits until her death. Like the preceding case, she had received religious instruction in youth; but like thousands more

"She had chosen the world  
And its paltry crowd;  
She had chosen the world  
And its misnamed treasures."

But, blessed be God! her eyes were opened to see her folly and sinfulness. All the glory of her salvation is His who came into the world to save sinners; who has declared, "Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out;" "The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost."

Mrs. T. was another of this class, whose sufferings for a whole year, caused by a cancer, were very severe. During the last six months of her life she sought the consolations of pure religion. In early life she had enjoyed its blessings; but, led away by the ungodly, she drifted, until all her former friends

shunned her. From the first visit made to her until the day of her death, her soul seemed hungering and thirsting for salvation. Sometimes whilst in prayer, she cried out, "Lord, have mercy! Lord, Jesus, save me! Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow!" Deeply penitent over a misspent life, she would say, "Oh, if I had a few more years, they should be spent to serve God and do good." After much weeping and praying, she was enabled to trust in Christ.

"Fools make a mock at sin," but no wise man will do this. Sin, in its consequences, is most terrible. Like the deadly upas-tree, it blights everything in its shadow. It brings the youth to an untimely end; it blasts the brightest prospects in life; whole families have been ruined by it; it follows a man like his shadow; and it brings all who live in it and die in it to everlasting misery. It is written: "The wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord." Thrice blessed are all they who prefer and choose the service of God as their portion. There is truth as well as poetry in the words:—

"Twill save us from a thousand snares,  
To mind religion young;  
Grace will preserve our following years,  
And make our virtues strong."

Whilst holding gospel meetings in Washington Park, in 1868, several Sabbath-school girls assisted in singing. Among them, Anna Dean, eleven years old, who was a constant attendant, and deeply interested. She brought her father and mother to the

meetings. In the spring she was brought nigh to death with typhoid fever. We made many visits and every time she desired us to sing her favorite hymns; such as "Waiting by the river," and "We're traveling home to heaven above."

God was pleased to answer prayer, and she was raised up, and was able to spend some weeks in the country. Following is an extract of a letter, dated July 31, 1868: "I have enjoyed myself a great deal since I have been out in the country. I have not forgotten God, who has raised me up from my sick, bed, that I may be out here enjoying his blessings. He has raised me up a great many times from my sick-bed, for which I am thankful. If it is his will for me to lie in bed with sickness, and never get up again, I feel willing to do so; and feel ready any time when Christ calls me, to leave this world and dwell with him in heaven with the holy angels. I think we all ought to feel willing to suffer for Him, who suffered so much for us. We ought to feel ready to say: 'Not my will, but thine be done.'" Precious words!

A few months' respite was given, which was well improved; and when scarcely able to walk, she went to her Sabbath-school, and to the outdoor meetings. The last sickness came, in which her happiness and peace were very marked. A number of scholars visited her and sang, while she spoke to them of Christ and heaven. Her conversation and knowledge of God were far beyond her years. Called early by the Divine Spirit, she went to that Jesus whom she loved.

## SOUTHERN PLANTERS.

The war made much confusion, and led many to leave their homes in the South, both rich and poor. Among the former were Mr. S., his brother, and their wives and children. They owned a large sugar plantation in Louisiana. The troubles of the war led them to locate in our city. Near neighbors, and being pious women, our visits were frequent. All their slaves were emancipated; and the plantation was worked by free labor. Sickness visited the family; one daughter died, then the mother, and, after some years, the other mother died. Both planters died on their plantations. All are swept away by death, except one son and a daughter. It was my sad lot to attend to some of their funerals. My visits, and those of my wife to these families, were always welcomed. No one appreciated the reading of the Scriptures and prayers more than they. The late Dr. N. Colver baptized into the First Baptist Church, the mothers and some of their children. The fathers continued in the Catholic Church to their death.

## A SOLDIER'S DEATH.

Early in the morning of July 7, Mr. O. called on me to visit a dear brother dying of smallpox in the Roh's Hill Hospital. Reaching the place, what a spectacle met our eyes! He was a most dreadful object from head to foot, and was unable to converse. He knew Mr. O., and consented for me to speak of Jesus and to pray. The physicians pronounced his case hopeless. He had been in the army three

years, and had suffered many hardships; and had come home to die. We left soon after the religious services were over, and next day he died. He escaped from battle-fields unhurt; had endured cold and heat, the gnawings of hunger, and the pangs of thirst; had gone long and wearisome marches; was overtaken with sickness, and came home to die, I fear, without God, and without hope. A sad death indeed.

#### TWO EXCELLENT WOMEN.

Mrs. E., the wife of one of our prominent and useful public men, was ever ready to respond to the cry of distress among the poor. Her husband was also liberal. At the time of the coal famine, this benevolent lady told the poor women to bring their baskets and fill them from her cellar. It seems one poor woman told another, and there was *a run on the cellar*, much like the run on a bank when it is about to collapse. Very soon the cellar was empty, and the good wife said: "Husband, we must have more coal." "What, gone already?" "Yes, there's been such a number of poor people, and they were shivering with cold. I could not refuse them, and told them to fill their baskets." "Yes, they filled their baskets, and emptied our cellar. But it's all right; somebody's house has been made warm." He never reproved his wife for helping the poor.

Sickness overtook this excellent lady some few years later. Our visits continued once a week until her death. The last visit is thus recorded: Found Mrs. E. nearing the valley of the shadow of death. She desired us to sing—

“Jesus, lover of my soul,  
Let me to thy bosom fly.”

She much enjoyed the singing, and waved her hand in response. Then her husband requested us to sing “Rock of Ages.” We did so, and all kneeled in prayer around her bed. How she responded to every petition for herself, her husband and children, and the church. We felt sure her end was near. She bade us all good-by, expressing the hope that she would meet us in heaven. My wife staid all night. The suffering one fell asleep at half-past one next morning. Her last words were: “Jesus, come quickly! Yes, Jesus, take a poor, guilty sinner! Jesus, take me!” Thus she fell asleep.

The funeral services were largely attended, and conducted by Dr. Lynd, Dr. Elder (now of New York) and myself.

An excellent English widow was Mrs. T., who found a pleasant home with her married daughter. Her religion was not one of sentiment, but deeply lodged in the heart. It was her joy and delight to instill the same principles into the hearts of her children and children’s children. Her death was a severe loss to this family; yet she lived long enough to impress, by her godly life, their hearts with God’s truth. Sickness of a painful nature overtook her, which she bore with great resignation. The last visit is thus recorded:

September 6.—Our dear sister T. suffers excruciating pain, yet bears it with wonderful resignation. Often she desires to depart and be with Christ. Her hope in Christ is steadfast. Her daughters and another lady sang with me—

“Awake, my soul, in joyful lays,  
And sing the great Redeemer’s praise,”

which greatly cheercd the sufferer. She loved the songs of the sanctuary. Five days afterward her spirit took its flight to the realms of peace. On the day before, her doctor said: “You can not live more than twenty-four hours.” She instantly joyfully exclaimed: “Thank God! then I shall soon be with Jesus.” For her death had no terrors. Like thousands of God’s dear people who have died, she could exclaim: “O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?”

Mrs. J., the daughter, and the rest of the family requested me to preach the funeral sermon of this dear Christian mother. The words chosen were, “They who sleep in Jesus will God bring with him.” Quite a full house and a solemn time. Such lives are a blessing to this sin-cursed earth. They live on in future years in the lives of their children and others. Some one has aptly said, “She who rocks the cradle, rules the world.” God give us thousands more of such pious women.

#### RESPITE.

June 25, 1866.—From some cause, not known to us mortals, I was afflicted with rheumatism for ten days; quite laid up with the pain, which only they know who have endured it. During these days I read “Livingston’s Travels in Africa,” “Spurgeon’s Sermons,” and other books; but the most precious of all was the Bible. Many dear friends called—Dr. Aydelott, Holden, Crawford, Scott, and dear Father Powell, and others. By the kind attentions of Dr.

Potter and Dr. Lynd, I was restored, and, thanks be to the God of all our mercies, there has never been a return of the disease since. I magnify the grace of God, who has given me good health and strength these many years.

#### A SAD DEATH.

Miss L. had long been sick of that fatal disease, consumption, and, like many young people, refused to believe it would end her life, yet it certainly did. Owing to the distance from my house (five miles), only a few visits were made, and each visit seemed more distressing than the last. Her soul refused to be comforted. Her life had been exemplary; loved by a large circle of friends. Perhaps this melancholy arose from the body more than the mind. The last visit is thus recorded: Went over and visited poor Miss L., who was evidently nearing the valley of death. Past speaking, she was mourning fearfully—so reluctant to die. Poor girl! We sang the hymn, "Guide me, O thou great Jehovah" After speaking of Christ's willingness to receive and save all who come to him, we commended her to God in prayer. She uttered not a word, but seemed to be dying in great distress. Soon after I left the house she died. One of the most gloomy deaths of consumption I have ever found.

One other similar case, not quite so sad, occurred on Mt. Adams. Miss F. while young in years became an earnest Christian. During her last illness, at times she expressed hope in Jesus; but then she mourned over her sinfulness. Physical causes probably led to this despondency of mind.

## CHAPTER XX.

### EXECUTION OF THREE MURDERERS.

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For the murder of Mr. Hughes, a highly-respected business man of the city, three men were executed April 30, 1867. This unprovoked crime was committed some months before, on this wise: After business hours Mr. Hughes was returning to his home, in the suburbs, up the Lick Run road. At that time there were not many houses on the route. As he passed a lonesome spot, three men dashed out from their hiding-place. One seized the lines, holding the horse. He resisted. The other two shot him dead in the buggy. They did not secure much money by this foul murder. They fled to the hills, and crossed the river to Kentucky. For several days they eluded the police, when one of them was discovered, and he and his accomplices were soon in jail. After a tedious trial, all three were found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged by the neck until dead.

During their incarceration, I paid regular visits to these and others in the prison. Their names were Olgus, Goetz and Samuel Case, the latter a good-

looking, sweet-faced American youth of eighteen years of age. The others were Germans, and much older. They received my visits respectfully; but I fear not one of them repented of their sins, or of the fearful crime for which they were to die. The Germans were attended by a Catholic priest. A few notes, written at the time, concerning these condemned men, may interest the reader:

April 13, 1867.—Mr. Baldwin and H. T. Miller went with me to visit the three men. Case seemed more broken down than when I last saw him. Gave him the Testament and Psalms, and marked several for him to read. He promised to read them, and to pray for mercy. We sang—

“Depth of mercy ! can there be  
Mercy still reserved for me ?  
Can my God his wrath forbear ?  
Me, the chief of sinners, spare ?”

After singing, we all three prayed God to have mercy upon these wretched men. These were solemn moments to us all. Goetz realized his condition, and said he was not afraid to die; said he prayed for mercy daily, and believed in Jesus. We then sang—

“Just as I am, without one plea,  
But that thy blood was shed for me.”

He joined us in singing. Bro. M. and I prayed. Olgus seemed much broken down; spends much of his time in reading, meditation and prayer. Poor fellow! Bro. Miller prayed with him. He has no relations.

On Sabbath, April 14, the two Ball brothers went with me to the jail. Held a half-hour's service in

each of the three departments. The condemned men said but little. Most of the prisoners paid excellent attention to the services.

On April 17 held a brief interview with Olgus, Goetz and Case at the jail. All seemed to realize their condition; but I failed to see in any one of them true penitence. Case is hoping for a new trial, or mitigation of sentence. Goetz and Olgus have both determined to die Catholics.

On April 20, Messrs. Parker and Williams went with me to the jail. We visited the three prisoners under condemnation, and sang "Depth of mercy," "Rock of Ages," and "Show pity, Lord; O Lord, forgive." They listened attentively, and we then prayed for them.

On April 27, Bro. Miller went with me again. We sang and prayed with each of the condemned. We thought Case the hardest. What a sorrowful sight, to see three young men whose hands have shed innocent blood, and they about to expiate their crime on the gallows! We could not refrain from exclaiming, "Lord, have mercy on their guilty souls!"

On April 28, their last Sabbath, Bro. Payne met me at the jail, and assisted in the religious services. Preached in two of the departments to attentive listeners. Conversed with Case, and prayed. He appears about the same—can not discern in him any godly sorrow, or faith in Christ.

On April 29, at the request of young Case, I went over to Ludlow, Ky., to visit and comfort his distressed mother. She was overwhelmed with sorrow

at the impending doom of her son Samuel. She entreated me to do all I could to lead him to Christ and to repentance. She sent this message by me: "Tell him to repent of his sins and trust in Christ. Tell him I hope he will meet me in heaven." This was spoken with tears, from a breaking heart. She was prostrated with sickness from the sad calamity. Her daughter seemed to be greatly distressed; had been to Columbus to see the Governor on his behalf; but her journey was fruitless.

Two sisters were with Olgus when I reached the jail, so I could not say much; and Father Driscoll was with Goetz. With Case I conversed and prayed. He wept as I delivered his mother's last messages. He seemed affected, and while I prayed he kneeled down. May God pity and save him.

#### THE LAST INTERVIEW.

On April 30, Rev. J. F. Reinmund, of Lancaster, Ohio, called, and went with me to visit the condemned. He was permitted to stay about one hour. Father Driscoll was with Goetz; so I spent the morning with Case. His sisters were deeply affected, and wept bitterly. The fifty-first Psalm was read; also the fourth chapter of Second Timothy. Bro. L. and I prayed. While I was out the cell, Bro. L. administered the sacrament to him, which, to my mind, was shocking, as he manifested neither penitence nor faith. The parting with his sisters and brother was very painful. They wept, and he wept, too—we all wept together. After they were gone, he prepared for the execution. He was surprisingly

light and trifling, and laughed frequently. He stepped up the gallows very lightly—almost danced; threw a kiss to a man among the spectators, and said: "Hurry up, I want to make the express train!" This shocked every one who witnessed the execution.

Goetz spoke aloud, and named some man who hired him and the others to commit the murder. He asked forgiveness of Mrs. Hughes and the children. Felt ready to die.

Olgus spoke not a word.

#### THE EXECUTION.

All the city bells were slowly tolling during the execution. Here stood three men on the gallows, guilty of the most dreadful crime known to mortals, about to be ushered into eternity. Rev. L. and I offered prayer. The two priests also prayed. The bolt was drawn at 1:20 P. M., and soon their souls were in eternity. It was a fearful sight. May we not say of this, and similar executions, what Oliver Cromwell said, when viewing the headless body of Charles I.: "Cruel necessity! Cruel necessity!"?

The laws of God require that, "Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed. Thou shalt take no satisfaction for the life of a murderer. He shall surely be put to death." Read the ninth chapter of Genesis and the thirty-fifth chapter of Numbers.

And the law of man, in most countries, is based on the law of God. There is not a verse in the Bible to authorize the imprisonment of a murderer

for life; such a law is made by those who ignore the Scriptures. And men ask, "Why this sympathy for murderers? Why should industrious people be taxed to support those who have suddenly, and without cause, taken away the lives of innocent people?" It is contrary alike to reason and revelation.

Other executions have followed. This was the last at which I ministered, and the last I wish to witness. This part of mission work is now carried on by others. The two colored men, Johnson and Ingalls, who murdered the Taylor family in 1884, are both gone into eternity. One hung himself in prison, and the other was executed. I made but one visit. They were so hardened I could do them no good.

Every observant man who has lived thirty years in our city, will admit that crime has fearfully increased, much more than the population. So far as I can estimate, the population has increased fivefold, and crime sevenfold, in thirty-five years. This is an awful state of affairs, brought about mainly by drunkenness, and the non-enforcement of our laws. Let the laws be faithfully enforced, and abolish the saloon business, if possible, for it is the fosterer of all crimes.

This subject ought to enlist the attention of all Christian and philanthropic people; and it should be seriously considered by all our judges, governors, members of council, and all well-wishers of the commonwealth. It has been said over and over again, and indisputable facts have confirmed the assertion, that "Nine-tenths of the crime committed

is the result of strong drink." Men perform dreadful acts of cruelty, and perpetrate all forms of murder, when under its influence. Were it entirely banished from our State, and none used except for mechanical or medicinal purposes, our jails would be nearly empty; our infirmaries decimated; our lunatic asylums and penitentiary would not then be overcrowded. The Dow Law is the best enactment we have had within thirty-five years. Let it be fully tried and faithfully enforced, and be made stronger than it now is.

Many years ago, George Cruikshank offered five hundred dollars to any one who would prove that a total abstainer from all intoxicants was guilty of crime. That money has never been claimed. Read the records of crime in our daily papers; and of suicides, of cruelty to wives and children; and you will find in nearly every case it is connected with the use of strong drink. Men work better, enjoy more of life, can do more good, have more money to help the needy, who never buy, sell, or use intoxicating liquor of any kind. Their motto is: "Touch not! taste not! handle not!"

In one city of ten thousand people on this continent, where not a single saloon is allowed, people are happy and prosperous. There is no jail or policeman. Their poor-rate one year was only \$7.50. Such facts speak volumes. Ponder them!

Contrast this with a beautiful suburb of our city, within twenty miles of us. When drinking-saloons were allowed, then robbery and murder began. A jail had to be built, and murders most foul have

been committed. One young man, returning home late at night, was brutally murdered and robbed; and the criminals have never been discovered.

The heart grows sick pondering over the dreadful crimes committed among us daily, as the result of liquor-drinking. Let parents be watchful over their children; and by example and precept, instill into their hearts the principles of total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors. The writer has faithfully kept this pledge by the help of God for nearly fifty years; and can testify to its benefits, both for soul and body, and for all seasons of the year.

The blessed Bible gives us many solemn warnings, such as, "Look not upon the wine when it is red, when it moveth itself in the cup; it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder. " "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging: whoso is deceived thereby is not wise." "Cursed be he that putteth the bottle to his neighbor's mouth and maketh him drunk." "No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God." "Woe unto the drunkards of Ephraim!"

## CHAPTER XXI.

### A NEEDED VACATION.

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Quite unexpectedly and unsolicited on my part, through the kindness of the late Dr. Mendenhall, I was permitted to share the hospitality of Jay Cooke, of Philadelphia, at his pleasant and beautiful mansion at

GIBRALTAR,

Built on an island of six acres not far from Sandusky, washed by the waters of Lake Erie. Here I spent eight days on a lovely island. It is a beautiful home with all modern improvements, a fine library, fishing-tackle and boats, with first-class fare, all free of expense. The house and guests were looked after by an excellent lady, Mrs. M., a relative of the generous banker, who visits the island twice a year, and is quite a successful angler. This home is designed to invigorate and recruit the health of such ministers who seldom take vacations, and whose limited incomes would forbid, if they were so disposed.

I received a written invitation from Jay Cooke to spend eight days from July 6, 1870. Not only was the entertainment without money and without price,

but the traveling expenses to and from Gibraltar were paid. Our guests were very agreeable gentlemen: Rev. E. Lounsberry, of Davenport, Iowa, an Episcopalian; Dr. L. D. McCabe, of Delaware, Ohio, Methodist; Rev. N. W. Brennan, of Lincoln, Delaware; Rev. B. T. Noakes, Elyria, Ohio; Rev. H. S. Snodgrass, Delaware. Though of different denominations, we were all one in Christ, and each took turn in morning and evening devotions.

Like the disciples of old, some went fishing, and like them, on one occasion, they toiled whole hours and caught nothing; others were more successful, and brought of their fish for a pleasant supper; others went boating; and when tired of these occupations, the library was ransacked, and some favorite book was selected; and beneath the lovely shade-trees, the hours flew quickly. One special series attracted my attention, "The Life of Napoleon Bonaparte." It was too voluminous to be read in six days; so I was content with reading his birth and early training, his disastrous campaign in Russia, harrowing in the extreme; his defeat and overthrow at Waterloo; his narrow escape in disguise; his capture and banishment to St. Helena; his death and burial on that rocky island. The book is written in a popular, readable style.

On Saturday, July 9, the war steamer Michigan arrived, and anchored just off the island. We boarded her and had a pleasant interview with the captain and officers, and arranged for two preaching services on the Sabbath, in which we all took part. Dr. McCabe preached in the morning, Mr. Loun-

berry in the evening. Among the villagers on the mainland, Put-in-Bay, are a church and Sabbath-school.

July 12.—The Michigan weighed anchor and departed, and a revenue cutter arrived next day. Captain Knapp invited us all on board. We accepted, and were well pleased with the neatness, cleanliness, and good order of everything. Soon after, she weighed anchor and left. Six of us took a sailboat and visited Rattlesnake Island. After bathing, on our return we were becalmed, and did not reach home till 8:30 o'clock in the evening. All well, thank God!

Two days more and our time expired. We had a very delightful season of prayer and singing. On parting, that ever precious hymn, "Blessed be the tie that binds," never sounded sweeter. We were soon on board the steamer Jay Cooke, and in two hours were at Sandusky, the birthplace of our benevolent friend.

About forty weary and jaded ministers were thus entertained in princely style by this excellent man every season. Many were the prayers offered for him, that God would bless him spiritually, temporally and eternally. When financial disaster overtook him, in common with all good men we felt interested in his recovering from these crushing trials. We rejoice to know this excellent retreat is still owned by its founder. May it long be an asylum for missionaries and ministers; and may the richest blessings descend on him and his family, who conceived of and carried out such a praiseworthy object.

Whilst enjoying our island home we felt like the disciples on the Mount, "Master, it is good for us to be here;" but, like them, we had to come down and see sin and sorrow, poverty and distress, in all their varied forms. Never mind, so as the Master is with us, if we obey him and do, to some extent, what he did, we shall have his approval at the last day. This brief visit to Gibraltar was one of the pleasant resting-places in the missionary's life. I bless God, who put it into the hearts of these friends to show this kindness.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### VISITATIONS TO FAMILIES.

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A faithful servant-girl, from the Widows' Home, was overtaken by that widespread disease, consumption. Her savings were soon exhausted, trying various physicians. She took refuge in the Elm Street Hospital. Everything was done for her recovery; but it was in vain. Perfectly calm in view of closing her earthly career, she died in peace.

A poor, afflicted mother, Mrs. C., died of the same disease, leaving four small children to mourn her death. In former years she had been a member of a Methodist church; she died in the faith of Christ. By my suggestion the children were taken to the Children's Home, from whence they have been placed in good families.

Father Carroll, one of the early settlers of our city, was paralyzed for many years. During the last seven years he gladly received an occasional visit. His daughter was true to her father, and worked hard for his support. His hope was bright for heaven. Often he expressed a desire to depart and be with Christ. His death was a joyful entrance into glory, at the advanced age of eighty-four years.

It was my sad privilege to visit a dear friend of the mission, in his dying hours—Mr. B., whose heart ever sympathized with poverty and suffering, and whose hand was ever ready to help every good cause. It was painful to see such a one cut off in the midst of his usefulness, leaving behind a stricken wife and children.

Another old friend, Rev. George Cole, formerly editor of the *Journal and Messenger*, died this same year. He was afflicted for two years with paralysis; but kept on his work as long as possible. His prayer was that “he might not lie long on his sick-bed and become a burden to his family.” In this it was answered. He was only a short time confined to his bed. My good brother Crawford went with me the last time. His end was peace.

#### A WHOLE FAMILY CUT OFF.

Harriet C. was the last of nine children, every one of whom died of consumption. She had lived in the capacity of domestic in a family. On taking a severe cold, it settled on her lungs, and for over six months she was confined at home in a single room, watched over by a loving mother. Can the reader imagine the anxiety of this mother? Can he imagine the suffering, pain and privations of this dying girl? Oh, how much of sorrow there is in this world unknown and unsympathized with by the thousands enjoying health and prosperity. While it is true that “every heart knoweth its own bitterness, and a stranger intermeddleth not therewith,” it is equally true that these solitary sufferers appreciate human sympathy,

and bless the feet of those who bring good tidings of peace. This last child of her mother enjoyed a blessed hope in Christ—her skies were bright. It was a real pleasure to visit her, and repeat the precious words of Holy Writ, and minister to her necessities. For her, death had no terror; to die was gain. Her end was peace.

#### DEATH FROM AN ACCIDENT.

An aged widow, Mrs. K., when coming downstairs, made a misstep, and fell to the bottom, breaking both arms, twisting her spine, and suffering internal injuries. On her sick-bed she lingered ten long, weary months. By this sad fall her mind and memory were affected, and never recovered their tone. But there was one name written on her heart, which could not be effaced. On hearing the name of Jesus, she would burst into tears, saying: "I do love Jesus; I know I do; I want to love him more. Pray for me that I may be patient until he calls me home." Every attention was shown by her loving daughter and grandchildren, and the end came very quietly. Seldom has death seemed more desirable than in the case of this afflicted woman.

#### A TRIUMPHANT DEATH.

One of the most happy deaths my eyes ever beheld, was that of Mrs. D. S., who had suffered much bodily anguish for more than a year. All her pains she bore with great patience and resignation. God had taken to himself her babe, only a few weeks before she died. The consolations of Christ she found sufficient to bear her up under many trials. That

precious hope in Christ, which she had enjoyed for some years, was the anchor of her soul, sure and steadfast, and entered within the vail. One hot day in August, as I entered the sick-room, it was evident she was passing through the valley of the shadow of death; but she feared no evil, for her Lord and Redeemer was with her. Her eyes were half-closed, hands were cold, her breathing short. I repeated the words—

"Jesus can make a dying bed  
    Feel soft as downy pillows are;  
While on his breast I lean my head,  
    And breathe my life out sweetly there."

Opening her eyes, she said: "I can sing that verse." "You are too weak; I will sing it." As I sang, she joined me in the last line, "And breathe my life out sweetly there." The last prayer was offered, and, as I bade her farewell, she said: "We shall meet on the other side." A few hours later she breathed out her soul into the hands of her dear Redeemer. It may be truly said of such a one: "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

Scores of other cases might be cited; some painful, others pleasant, and some, like the above, triumphant. These are written that all men may know that there is a preciousness in the religion of Christ which nothing else can supply. Thrice blessed are they who seek him early in life, and give their best years to his service. They find how true are the words: "No good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly. The joy of the Lord is their strength."

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### SWEARERS REPROVED.

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“By reason of swearing the land mourneth.”

The great mass of men forget, if they ever heard, the Third Commandment of the Decalogue: “Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain: for the Lord will not hold him guiltless who taketh his name in vain.” The ears of all good men and women are shocked at the awful profanity of the people among whom we dwell. “Gentlemen never swear,” is a maxim almost forgotten by a large class of men; and the vice is fearfully practiced by boys in their teens; and few, indeed, are the men who reprove swearers, of whom it has been truly said: “The swearer bites the naked hook.” Certainly, every guilty one proclaims to others who hear, that he is destitute of the fear of God; that he tramples upon and defies his law.

The substance of the following incident has been written out in the form of a tract, and published by the New York Tract Society. It occurred when the writer was journeying across the State of Michigan, on a visit to his brother James, at Spring Lake, in March, 1871.

Weary with much traveling, about 9 P. M. two  
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men entered the car—probably lumbermen. No sooner were they seated than their loud talking and awful profanity awakened every one in the car. They were in the next seat to me. They were not quarreling, and did not seem drunk; but every sentence was coupled with some fearful oath. A gentle voice said: “Reprove these men.” After the next volley of oaths, I looked at them, and said in a loud voice: “Why don’t you pray?” They stopped swearing, and, on repeating the request, one of them laughingly said: “Stranger, that wouldn’t suit.” “Yes, it would; everybody in this car would rather hear you pray than swear.” At this conversation, most of the passengers—some ladies among them—drew nigh to listen.

Looking into the face of one of these hard men, I asked: “Did your mother teach you to swear?” The idea was abhorrent to him, as he said: “No, indeed! my mother was a good Methodist, and if any one’s gone to heaven, she has.” “Do you expect to meet her there?” “I can’t tell; I’m afeared not.” “I know you will not, if you keep on swearing.” Both men listened, and their eyes were moistened at the mention of their mothers. “Did you ever read what William Cowper said about swearing?” “No, stranger, I never did. What did he say?” “He wrote this:

“It chills my blood, to hear the blest Supreme  
Rudely appealed to on each trifling theme.  
Maintain your rank! Vulgarity despise;  
To swear is neither *brave*, *polite*, nor *wise*.  
You would not swear upon the bed of death  
Reflect! thy Maker now may stop thy breath.”

A deep sigh was heaved by these men as they listened to Cowper's words. The passengers, especially the ladies, were delighted at this turn of affairs. Our conversation continued for several miles, when they said they must get off at the next station. Both thanked me, and I urged them so to live in the service of God, and they would be greatly blessed, and by and by, through Christ, would meet their loved ones in heaven. We shook hands heartily. Their grip was wonderful, as they sprang from their seats, saying: "God bless you, we're thankful." Both promised they would quit this dreadful habit. May God help them to do it. Several passengers came up and shook hands, among them a Cincinnati lady, and our journey to the end of the road was pleasant. These men said what others have said—they did not know they were swearing. That seems unaccountable; but there is One above who knows and keeps a faithful record. What an account that will be in the Judgment Day!

This widespread vice seems to be on the increase, though we have penal enactments against it, and now and then a man is fined for his profanity and blasphemy. Yet the evil continues. Two English gentlemen, traveling through the country, staid three days in our city. Wishing to see the suburbs, they invited me to a seat in the carriage. Spring Grove Cemetery was much admired, and the beautiful residences of Clifton, and especially G. K. Shoenberger's palatial home, who received the strangers cordially, and led them into his picture gallery. After riding through Clifton and Mt. Auburn, we

returned to the city. They did not utter a word of slang, much less an oath. I asked what struck them most in their social intercourse with men. Both instantly answered, "*The profane swearing.*" Reluctantly, I said: "That is a grievous and widespread evil, and a deep disgrace to our boasted civilization." They were astonished to hear well dressed men at the hotels using profane language in common conversation. They admired the energy of the American people.

A devoted Christian lady, recently gone to her heavenly home, remarked on her death-bed: "I have always felt it a duty I owe to God to reprove men for profanity and blasphemy. Occasionally they abused me; more often they apologized; sometimes begged my pardon; but, in all cases, they quit swearing for the time being." While spending a few days in Philadelphia at the Centennial, I was struck with the absence of profane swearing, both on the streets, in the hotels and in the cars. The latter were always crowded, going to and coming from the Exposition, yet I did not hear a single oath from drivers or passengers. Whilst here, on the streets you may hear both men and boys cursing God and one another. Ought not this subject to claim the attention of Christian men and all lovers of good morals in society? Shall nothing be done to lessen this great evil?

A Christian gentleman, walking along one of our thoroughfares, was overtaken by two nicely-dressed young men. They were talking calmly, and not quarreling. Reaching the street corner, one said to

the other, as they parted: "You go to hell!" The gentleman turned instantly on the swearer and said: "That is a dreadful place. How can you wish your friend to go there?" He took the reproof quietly, and walked away as fast as possible. Were all Christian men and women to reprove and rebuke men for this sin, shame, if not the fear of God, would lead them to abandon the practice.

Merchants and manufacturers might do much in this matter if they were fully determined, and these reproofs are more telling and effective than sermons. Let the following be remembered and adopted. A business man, who employs many men, asks before employing a man: "Do you drink liquor during the hours of work? Do you use profane language?" If the man answers "Yes" to either or both questions, he says: "I don't want to employ you." Many times have I gone through this work-shop, but never heard a man swear. And this is in Cincinnati among thousands of swearers.

"All unrighteousness is sin;" and surely, drunkenness and swearing are terrible evils. All right-minded men, whether religious or not, should set their faces like a flint against these evils. Is it not true that when men curse each other, they often shed blood and commit murders most foul? Do they not provoke to anger by their oaths and curses? And, "God is angry with the wicked every day." The Son of God has declared: "Swear not at all; neither by heaven, for it is God's throne; nor by the earth, for it is his footstool. For every idle word that men speak, they shall give account in the day of judgment."

## CHAPTER XXIV.

### ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.—1871.

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By the kindness of a dear cousin, who now sleeps beside his parents in Spring Grove Cemetery, I was enabled to visit the land of my birth, in the summer of 1871; a kindness which I shall never forget. The sea voyages, change of climate, and rest from the continual labors in Cincinnati, proved to be of great physical advantage; and my spiritual nature was also greatly quickened. On leaving home, May 24, as I bade good-by to my wife, she asked, "When may I expect you home again?" "In three months, if the Lord wills." It was just three months and three days. A merciful Providence watched over our home and loved ones, and over me all the way; and on my arrival home we could each one say with David, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name."

The good steamship, Australia of the Anchor Line, under Captain Hederwick, left her dock in New York at noon, May 27, 1871. After leaving the Bay, many of the passengers became seasick, from which unpleasantness I was entirely exempt, both going and returning, thanks to our kind

Heavenly Father. There were a goodly number of cabin passengers, agreeable people; and about thirty or more in the steerage, most of them old people, who were going home to England, Scotland, or Ireland, to spend their last days. With these, I held a religious service on deck at 4 P. M. each day. We generally surrounded the huge smoke-stack to keep warm. Our fellow-travelers appreciated these services. Another service was held at 8 P. M. among the cabin passengers, a few of whom preferred wine, cards and cigars to hearing the gospel; but most of them, including the captain and officers, attended the meetings. Two other ministers on board assisted in these services.

#### BURIAL AT SEA.

This very sad and impressive service was performed on our voyage out. Two men, both invalids when they went on board, who were going home to their friends in Ireland, died the same night, June 4. Abraham Nevin, a young man too feeble to walk without crutches, hardly left his room until he died. With him I often sang and prayed. He expressed hope in Christ Jesus. Mr. Barney, a middle-aged man, very quiet, was present when we held the afternoon meetings on deck. He died of heart-disease that same night. Both were buried at sea on Monday, June 5, when we were seven hundred and thirty miles from Ireland. Both bodies were sewed up in sail-cloth and laid on a board in a small room, with port-hole to the ocean. Only about twenty persons could get inside. The great engines

of the steamer were stopped just at noon. A brief prayer was offered by a minister, then the captain gave the signal, and both bodies were launched into the great deep; and the huge vessel was sent on her way. The effect of these deaths, and of this burial, produced a marked impression on the passengers. Our evening prayer-meeting was overcrowded. It is hoped good was done.

Several of us were much interested in young Nevin. He gave me the address of his relatives near Londonderry, and I wrote a letter and sent it by a passenger, describing his last hours, his trust in Christ, and his burial at sea. A very kind letter from them found me in London, in which many thanks were conveyed for what I had done for the sufferer on the voyage.

On June 7, we saw the gray rocks of the Irish Coast. The broad waves of the Atlantic were dashing on them with relentless fury, reminding us of the angry billows ever dashing against the Church of God. Like these grand old rocks, she withstands their fury because she is founded on the "Rock of Ages!"

#### GLASGOW, SCOTLAND.

Many of our passengers landed at Moville, then our steamer pursued her way up the Frith of Clyde. The beautiful mountains of Scotland were very refreshing to our eyes. Reached Glasgow at 8:30 P. M., and the twilight lasted until 11 P. M. It was something new and beautiful to be able to read by twilight. After a good night's rest at the Clarendon, we strolled over this great and enterprising

city. What I saw and heard will be best told in a letter sent to the *Times and Chronicle*, which published several letters.

GLASGOW, June 9, 1871.

*The Frith of Clyde.*—A great resort during the summer months, is this beautiful watering-place. Hundreds of families have left the city to pass the hot weather in the various towns and villages upon its banks. Coming up the Frith from the ocean, the mountains are seen in all sorts of forms. Sometimes the base is washed by the waves; then there is in others a margin of a mile, more or less, affording good building sites. All the houses are built of stone, more substantial than showy. The light-houses are really cosy, solid buildings; generally a garden is attached, with its green ivy clinging to the walls.

Greenock is twenty-two miles below Glasgow, on the south side of the Frith, and has a number of ship-yards, every one of which seemed busy. All are made of iron. A few miles below Greenock, on the opposite side, is a large and beautiful house, erected by Denny the ship-builder, for Isabella, Queen of Spain, some four years ago. At that time she had a notion of making Scotland her home, but things changed with her, so the owner occupies it himself.

The Sailors' Home, on the Clyde, is built a little above the water, on an elevation. Its surroundings are delightful.

Dumbarton Rock, of historic memory, stands quite in the Frith, and looks like an impregnable fortress. William Wallace was confined here. Its sides are huge walls of solid rock, nearly perpendicular, four hundred feet high. On this rock are built four houses, inhabited by soldiers. On its top we saw a solitary soldier promenading. Attached to the side, about half way up, is a garden, with rows of potatoes and vegetables. A wall of solid masonry is built to keep in the soil. Near the water's edge this grand old rock is covered with ivy and wild flowers.

Long before reaching Glasgow are seen the numerous and extensive ship-yards, on both sides of the Clyde. The canal-boats are made of iron. All sorts and sizes of vessels, from the little tug-boat to the man-of-war, and ocean steamers for other lands besides Britain, are here constructed. Many are built for Americans. This branch of business stretches for miles along the river.

As you near Glasgow the splendid Frith becomes a narrow stream, not wider than the Licking River. Its waters are muddy, or rather like water mixed with rusty iron. No one can drink it; the fish can not live in it. It is the regular sewer of this great city. Walled in on both sides, the stream has been narrowed to suit navigation, and the reclaimed lands afford fine pasturage for cattle. It is astonishing to see such a vast amount of shipping on so small a river. What the Thames is to London, so the Clyde is to Glasgow.

The city of Glasgow is one of the cleanest in the world. All the busiest streets are swept in the night, and the sweepings are sold to gardeners and farmers. The pavements are all of smooth stone, and the streets are remarkably even and solid, the blocks fitting each other so that they must stay; and they wear for years.

*Talks with the People.*—To the porter, a sharp Scotchman, “How large is Glasgow?” “Next to London,” was the quick reply. We yielded the point, and afterward learned it contains 560,000 people. It may be Liverpool, or Manchester, may claim to be next to London. A man with a very small donkey and cart, selling his wares, was asked, “What church is this?” “I dinna ken what that is, neither.” “Don’t you go to church?” “Very seldom.” “Why not?” “Weel, my clothes is not good enough.” “Go as you are.” “That would na do - a body likes to be nice.” “Don’t you know what Christ says, ‘What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world—?’” “And,” said he, “lose his own soul?”—adding, in an earnest voice: “I go to prayer-meeting sometimes, and always say my prayers.”

Quite a number of barefooted women are seen on the streets, and children without number, barefooted and bareheaded, as lively and frisky and full of sport as any children on the earth. A barefooted woman, leading a fine cow by the horns to the cattle market, was asked, “How much for the cow?” “Fifteen pounds” (\$75), was her quick reply, and onward she trudged.

The sheep are fine and large. They have all kinds. Some had been shorn, others had immense fleeces. The prices asked by the sheep-master were fourteen, sixteen and eighteen shillings apiece.

They say that the cost of living here is less than in any other city. Certainly the bread, meat and butter are of superior quality. The Australia brought from New York seven thousand barrels of

flour, and these Scotch bakers turn out bread and biscuits of the finest quality. A good solid dinner can be had at the "Great Western Cooking Houses" for fifteen cents, consisting of beef, bread, butter and tea. These houses are largely patronized. Everything is scrupulously clean, and well cooked. A good house with twelve rooms, in a genteel neighborhood, rents for one hundred dollars a year. There are few beggars. A blind man is occasionally seen on the street corner, reading aloud his New Testament with his fingers. Many a penny is dropped into his hand. There is a home provided for the blind. Another large establishment is called the Glasgow Night Asylum for the Houseless. This is sustained by voluntary contributions, and costs about £2,700 a year, or \$13,500. Men, women and children are here lodged and fed. About twenty women I found here, and the matron requested me to speak to them, introducing me as "a gentleman from America." We sang "Rock of Ages," and they joined; read the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah and prayed. A kind invitation was given by the officials to call again. Last year thirty-one thousand seven hundred and eighty persons found food and shelter within these walls, averaging nightly eighty-seven inmates, exclusive of the women who go there for a temporary home. Everything is faultlessly clean. There is a Magdalen House a little way from the city.

*The City Poorhouse and Lunatic Asylum.*—This is an immense building; occupies perhaps twelve acres of ground, within five minutes' walk of St. George's Square, where are the post-office and a dozen of the best hotels. Through the courtesy of its chaplain, Rev. Mr. Proudfoot, I was shown over the buildings, and conducted the chapel service at 6 p.m. About six hundred inmates are here. In the winter there are twice the number. Over one hundred and twenty children here receive shelter and instruction. Like most other Scottish services, they sing nothing but the Psalms, forgetting the text, "Singing with psalms, hymns and spiritual songs." The Scotch are wonderfully conservative in this matter of psalm-singing.

The Young Men's Christian Association of Glasgow has a good reading-room, with library, magazines and papers. The rooms are on St. George's Square—a central location. Mr. Scott, one of its members, conducted me to several places, and introduced me to Rev. Mr. Proudfoot, who humorously replied to me, "The

pride is only in the foot." There is a weekly prayer-meeting held at the rooms in the winter months, and also lectures are given for the Association in winter. Most of the city mission work is done by the individual churches, of which there are some three hundred, and as many ordained ministers. Each church sustains its own missionary. Their pay ranges from £75 to £100 a year (\$375 to \$500). Expressing my surprise at the small amount paid, my friend Scott remarked, they can live genteelly on £60 a year; their house rent is but nominal.

*Low Pay and Small Expenses.*—Just think of paying forty, fifty, or sixty dollars a year rent. Fine white sugar is sold for seven cents a pound; bread and meat are equally cheap; but fruits of all kinds are dearer than with us in Cincinnati, and so are vegetables. Labor is cheap, also. The common wages of a laborer are three shillings, or seventy-five cents a day. A strong, hearty woman will work all day at washing or ironing for thirty-seven cents. Letter-carriers get twenty shillings a week; mechanics get twice and thrice as much as a laborer, according to their skill and the work done.

A good school system exists in Scotland, but none has yet been adopted in England. Placards were on the walls of Glasgow headed "The Bible in Public Schools." On inquiry what it meant, my friend Scott informed me that a bill was before Parliament to establish public schools in England, and the infidel and Catholic members, as with us in Ohio, opposed the establishment of schools for this reason: "That the blessed Book of God should be read in them daily." Enemies of God are the same all the world over. "The carnal mind is enmity against God," and they hate his word, yet they will not admit it.

*Pulpit of John Knox.*—In the poorhouse they have the veritable pulpit formerly used in the Cathedral, where John Knox poured forth his vehement discourses; whose watchword of prayer is world-wide: "Give me Scotland or I die!" The desk is rather antique in form, but is in a very good state of preservation. The chaplain told me of this fact at the close of the services. What is it makes Scotland great, good and prosperous? Her free Bible; her free schools; her love for the Sabbath; her love for the gospel. These give life and energy to her sons and daughters. God will bless such a people.

*From Glasgow to London.*—The distance, by Edinburgh, is four

hundred miles—fare, second-class (good enough, too,) is \$12.50 in gold. No paper money is used in Britain, except Bank of England notes—the smallest is \$25. It is gold, silver and copper. We started at 9 A. M., and reached the station, King's Cross, London, at 9:20 P. M., the same day. They did not run a minute from their time-table. Forty miles an hour is the usual rate expected of express trains—some go much faster. I had a compartment to myself nearly all the way; room enough in it for two men to lie down at full length, or for eight men to sit comfortably. It was difficult to get a drink of water on the way, none being offered to passengers. Beer, ale and wine are sold at every station. These your correspondent never uses.

Edinburgh is a fine city. Its mighty castle looks down disdainfully on the city at its feet. We staid here two minutes.

Dunbar is a fine, busy town, beautifully situated.

Berwick, on the line, is a busy, prosperous, clean place. Newcastle is more like Pittsburg than any place I have yet seen. The tall chimneys and immense columns of smoke are seen all over the city. It is a great place for shipping coal. The railroad is far above the houses, and in crossing the river it looks almost frightful. York is a fine city. It has one of the finest cathedrals in the country. The stone wall is a favorite place for pedestrians; it encircles the oldest part of the city. Doncaster, famous for its races, is a great railroad center. Here is a church built for the railroad men, and public schools for their children. Peterboro was the last stopping-place, seventy miles from London. Passed near St. Neots, within two miles of my birthplace. The same old four-spired churches stand as they did forty years ago. We reached the metropolis in due time, rather hungry, not very tired. Reached my brother's home in Brompton at 10 P. M. This afternoon he goes with me to Westminster Abbey.

For the present, adieu.

J. EMERY.

#### LETTER FROM LONDON.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY, June 13, 1871.

This ancient pile of buildings, of most elaborate workmanship, impresses every beholder with awe and admiration. For twelve hundred years this has been the burial-place of kings, queens, princes and nobles of the land. The work of ages, the skill of thousands

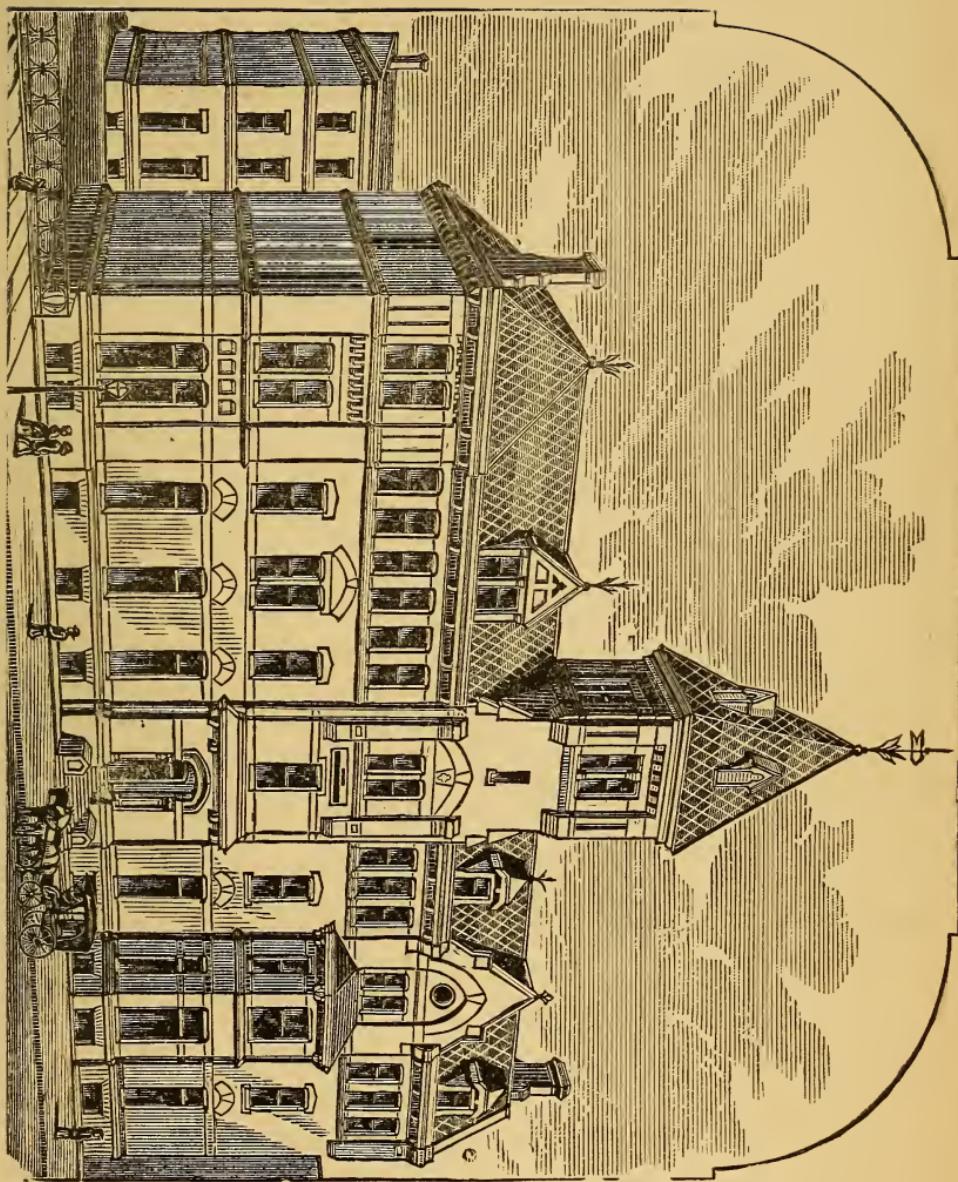
and millions of gold have been spent on this venerable place. Entering the door, a chilliness and sombre gloom come over one which impress the thought that you are in the presence of the mighty dead; among the tombs of men, some of whom ruled with a rod of iron, or who swayed the world with their mighty words—of heroes who won in famous battles—of statesmen, poets, philosophers, men of genius, who have blessed mankind with their inventions, and of others, alas! who have cursed men by their wicked lives. To set down a few things which struck the eye and impressed the mind of your correspondent in such a place is all that can be attempted.

Sebert, King of East Saxony, founded this Abbey in 616. His tomb bears this date. The great Queen Elizabeth lies here in common dust. The marble figure above her remains is beautifully executed, and the laces around her neck and sleeves are perfectly carved. That famous frill she always wore has been speaking mutely to the beholder these three hundred years.

The Chapel of Henry VII. is perhaps the most beautiful part of the Abbey, at the east end. Here is the dust of one who died in 1537—Mary Queen of Scots—and of Lady Walpole, 1737, and General Monk, Duke of Albemarle. In front of these is the royal vault, containing the remains of Charles II., William III., George of Denmark and Queen Anne (the warrior queen). The most beautiful object, perhaps, is the tomb of Henry VII. and Elizabeth, his queen. Every lover of the Bible looks with peculiar interest on the tomb of one of the best of England's kings—Edward VI. Here sleeps the youthful king of sixteen among these ancient and aged monarchs. Sweet memories will ever cluster around this youthful prince, whose piety and virtues might well be imitated in these latter days.

Joseph Addison sleeps not far from Queens Elizabeth and Mary. A white slab of marble inlaid with solid brass covers his remains.

The Chapel of St. Paul contains the remains of Colonel Macleod, Lord Chancellor Bromley, and many other notables, not the least of whom is James Watt, inventor of the steam-engine. On a high pedestal of marble he stands, in life-like form, with compass in hand. His useful life has been a blessing to the whole world. Born in Greenock, Scotland, in 1736, he died at Heathfield, England, in 1810. In a single hour's visit, it is impossible to take



CHILDREN'S HOME.



into the mind a twentieth part of the various tombs of the departed ones. The two princes who were murdered in the Tower, and their horrid assassins, lie here. A figure of Death, issuing from the tomb with deadly sword, about to strike a lovely female, whose husband stretched forth his arm to protect her, impresses the mind with awe. "Strike, King of Terrors! we fear not thy blow."

Iconoclasts have been busy here. Their ruthless hands have marred many of the tombs; knocked off the heads of many of the children; taken away the entire head of one of the kings (in silver); peeled the gold from many places where it was inlaid with precious stones of curious workmanship. Here is the famous oak chair which has been used at the coronation of all England's monarchs, from the time of Edward I. It is a large, clumsy-looking affair, and has been hacked with knives, and has many initials cut on its back. Under it is fixed the famous Scotch stone, supposed by some to possess a certain charm. When used, this chair is covered with velvet and cushions. The dust of ages settles on all these beautifully-carved monuments. It is never removed. The doors and windows are all closed, except the entrance door, to admit visitors.

*The Chanting and Choral Service.*—Exactly at 3 p. m. the officiating ministers and choristers all marched into the nave of the Abbey. Visitors took their seats—about four hundred at first; but the number reached one thousand before the exercises closed. The prayers and reading of the Scriptures were uttered in a clear, distinct voice. The singing of the forty choristers was most melodious. In chanting that beautiful Psalm (the forty-second), "As the hart panteth," etc., the voice of a youth who rendered the solos was something sweeter and more beautiful than mortals often hear. Twice every day are these services held, free to all. They last about an hour.

*Westminster Hall.*—This large and spacious hall, paved with stone, has been used for ages to try criminals of note. Here Charles I. was tried and sentenced, and not far from the spot he was beheaded. It is a plain, oblong building, with two raised platforms, one above the other, with stone steps their entire breadth. Within this hall might stand fifteen hundred people. There are no seats of any kind within its walls.

"The Pilgrim Fathers Embarking for America" is the picture,

above all others, on which American eyes love to rest. These worthy men are kneeling by the seashore, lifting up their eyes to Him who rules the storms, who "holds the winds in His fist and the waters in the hollow of His hand." Strong men, young men and women, and mothers, who clasp their babes fondly to their breasts, are here. Many passers-by stop to admire this beautiful relic of history, so interwoven with American history. Would that all who come to the United States had such piety and love of God in their hearts as had these Pilgrim Fathers. Precious germs of truth and righteous principles were implanted by these noble sires. Can we not all say with a joyful heart—

"Long may our land be bright  
With Freedom's holy light;  
Protect us by Thy might,  
O God, our King!"?

The weather has been miserably cold for the past week. The sun has looked on us only three times; then he was buried in dark clouds again. Londoners say this is unusually cold for the time of year.

#### LONDON.

A world in itself; objects of interest all around. Every day was fully occupied, and nearly every day it rained. Only a few things can here be briefly noticed. The chanting in Westminster Abbey was sublime, and impresses one with thoughts of heavenly music. But the music in

#### SPURGEON'S TABERNACLE,

Entirely congregational, without instrumental music, was the grandest and most impressive I ever heard. Just think of six thousand voices all blended in sacred song! I was favored to hear this wonderful man (Spurgeon) July 2. He had just come out of the furnace of affliction, of some eight weeks' duration, and he came out refined and purified. During

the first prayer the vast audience was melted to tears. He seemed like a loving father pleading with God for his sinful and ungrateful children. That precious hymn of Addison's—

"When all thy mercies, O my God,  
My rising soul surveys,  
Transported with the view I'm lost,  
In wonder, love and praise,"

was sung with great power. There were nine verses. About one hundred boys, from the Orphans' Home, sat on a platform under the pulpit. They, with every one else, joined in the singing. Every one stands to sing. The text of this greatest of preachers was, "I will yet praise thee more and more." Every seat was occupied, and hundreds stood during the entire service; yet no one seemed weary. All were interested.

#### HANDEL'S "MESSIAH."

Through the kindness of my brother Thomas, I was permitted to enjoy this wonderful concert, given in the Crystal Palace, with choir and orchestra of three thousand, and an audience of twenty thousand persons. Sims Reeves sang several solos. This rendering of the "Messiah" is the most wonderful known among men. The original music, as written by Handel, the property of Victoria, is placed under glass cases for inspection by the people. The concert is held at 10 A. M., and never lacks an immense audience. My cousin, Miss J. J. Emery, went with me to Mildmay Hall and several reformatories.

*Ragged Schools* have existed some forty years, and owe their origin to that remarkable man, John Pounds, a cripple, and a shoemaker, who took these street Arabs into his shop, taught them reading and the gospel, and gave them cakes for coming. Large institutions, well managed, are in operation, especially in East London, where multitudes of poor people eke out an existence. The teachers asked me to address the boys and girls, and all relished anything from America. Much is being done to educate and Christianize these lost and neglected children. At one of these institutions I stepped in at 6 p. m. The boys were at supper. Each had a large slice of bread buttered, a large raw onion and a cup of weak tea. They ate with wonderful appetites. After the meal was finished, we held a blessed meeting in the school-room. Before I was through nearly every one raised his hand, saying: "I'd like to go to America."

*Magdalenes*.—Here fallen women are confined for their good. They do splendid washing and ironing and sewing. No one is permitted to go in without a permit. Furnished with this, the matron requested me to speak to them. The occasion was one of deep interest. The word of truth reached many hearts. When reformed, they are sent to homes, generally in the country.

*Midnight Mission*.—The late Dr. Brock, a Baptist minister, if not the founder, took a deep interest in this work till he was removed to his heavenly home. Men of undoubted piety—ministers chiefly—are employed to seek the lost. After an hour of prayer,

at 10 P. M., and a generous supper, furnished by the Society, they go forth like their Master. My district was in Hyde Park, where are always found a number of night wanderers—women who are lost; and yet hundreds of such have been reclaimed. Those willing to leave a life of shame and sin, are furnished with a card to the place of meeting. Some twenty-two women were brought in. Christian ladies furnished them with tea, biscuits and cakes. Religious exercises followed till about 1 A. M. Some are sent home; others to reformatories; some go back to sin.

*The Alms-houses* are quite a feature of London. There are hundreds of them in various parts of the metropolis. Whittington's forms a great square near High Gate. Every occupant lives rent free, and has so much money furnished every week by the corporation. The Goldsmiths' Company has a great many houses on the south side of the Thames; all neat and cosy. Flowers, trees and shrubs of various kinds adorn these pleasant homes, occupied for the most part by aged people. All must prove a good character. These alms-houses are an unspeakable blessing to the aged poor.

*Bunhill Fields*, only a few minutes' walk from the Bank of England, in the very heart of London, contains probably ten thousand dead. They don't sell their graveyards there as we do—they are kept sacred. Is not this right? Why should mammon disturb our dead fathers and mothers? The practice is revolting to our nature. Dr. Watts sings "The graves of all his saints he blessed," and yet the bones of the dead are dug up to make room for

streets and buildings. This practice ought to be abolished. None are buried here now, but asphalt walks run all through the cemetery. Flowers of all kinds adorn the graves. It was on July 4 I visited this burial-place of Nonconformists, near the center of which rests the immortal dreamer, John Bunyan. An iron fence keeps off relic-hunters. Near the entrance lie John Wesley, Charles Wesley, and that remarkable woman, their mother. Isaac Watts, the great hymn-writer, and hosts of other great men and distinguished women, all sleep in common dust. Every visitor to London should take an hour and stroll through Bunhill Fields. An American poet has well said:

“The paths of glory lead but to the grave—  
Lo! from the grave fresh paths of glory rise;  
Reviving thence, the “flower” shall breathe and wave,  
With purer sweetness and with lovelier dyes;  
Adorn, with sun-like ray, its kindred skies.”

#### BRISTOL.

The chief attraction of this city, next to a visit to my only sister, was the world-wide and famous Orphan Houses of George Müller. There are five, built on high ground, at Clifton. Each house is separate, and contains over two hundred children. More than one thousand children are fed, clothed and educated at a great expense, and yet neither the distinguished founder nor any of his assistants make any appeal for money, food or clothing, except to the God of heaven. He who fed Elijah the prophet during a sore famine, has fed these orphan children for over forty years. This immense work

is a standing proof that God hears and answers prayer. A religious, cheerful and industrious spirit pervades the entire establishment.

The great philanthropist is just as thankful for a single shilling as for five hundred pounds, and gives a receipt for such. My nephew handed him a check for a large amount, and every mail brings letters containing checks, drafts and money. It is a marvelous work of faith, and labor of love. All through the buildings there were order and cleanliness; but everything was plain—not made for show. Every child has three suits of clothing. All are polite, cheerful and respectful.

The city of Bristol reminds us of Cincinnati more than any other place. The river Severn runs in the midst, the lofty hills looking down on the city and the crowded, narrow streets, not so dirty as those of our Queen City.

G. L. Mason, of this city, accompanied me on this visit, and our interview with George Müller was very pleasant. On asking him to pray for us, that we might have a safe and prosperous journey home, he did so. His prayers gave us wonderful strength, and they were answered. My nephew took us a delightful ride to the mouth of the Severn, where we were refreshed with dinner at a country inn. It was a delightful day.

Made a brief visit to an aged aunt at Stroud, Gloucestershire.

#### HULL, YORKSHIRE.

Yielding to a pressing invitation from my old

friend, Bevan Harris, formerly a dry goods merchant of Cincinnati, I spent a few days under his hospitable roof. We had known each other from boyhood. He was carrying on a large dry goods business in this busy city. One of his sons rode daily to a neighboring town, seven miles, on his bicycle, over a smooth road. Mr. H. took me around the suburbs; visited his summer residence and the cemetery. Made a brief visit to my brother John, at Watford.

EATON, BEDFORDSHIRE,

Where I first saw the light of day, is the same old village it was sixty years ago, when, with other boys, I played on the village green. The same venerable, old church still stands, and is likely to stand hundreds of years to come. Near the church is the old school-house. The schoolmaster, Elliott, had long since gone to the better land. A long, stout cane he freely used on refractory boys, sometimes on the back, but more frequently on the palm of the hand. Mrs. Elliott was still living, healthy and active, at fourscore. I introduced myself. She was very affable, and asked me to take a glass of wine. This I politely declined, as I had done on other occasions. By her permission, I visited the school-room, which was the same as sixty years before. Other rooms were added. Where were the boys with whom I studied? Many of them are in the eternal world; only a few in the vicinity; others scattered over "the wide, wide world." Such is life.

## ST. ALBANS

Derives its name from Alban, the first British martyr, who was beheaded for Christ's sake, June 22, 287. A church was built on the spot, which was afterward destroyed. A venerable abbey has been standing there for over one thousand years, built of stone, its rafters oak, its roof covered with sheet lead. Men of note are buried within its walls and under its shadow. The gospel is preached there every Sabbath, and a choral service is held daily. Hundreds of children are there instructed in the Scriptures.

The Baptist Church with which I united in 1835 still exists. The building has been enlarged twice, and two years ago a handsome, larger house of worship was erected, and occupies the site of the old chapel. Rev. Wm. Upton was its pastor forty-four years. It was his first and last pastorate. He was beloved by a large circle of friends, and was a lover of children and young people. The aged loved to hear him declare the gospel. I was called to speak twice during a brief visit. This historic city was the place of my spiritual birth, and of my first experience in Sabbath-school work. Looking over the audience, my heart inquired: "The fathers, where are they? And the prophets, do they live forever?" The sad answer comes: "Your life is but a vapor which vanisheth away." The faithful pastor who baptized both myself and wife, and, six years after, united us in marriage, had gone to his rest over twenty years ago. Yet I found here many true and

kind hearts. I bade them all farewell, never expecting to meet them again on earth, and returned to London, my headquarters, to take leave of my dear brother Thomas, whose health indicated he was not long for this world. He died the following December. Often he inquired why I looked so well, and was so hearty, never using wine, ale or porter. Total abstinence from all these, to me had been a great blessing, and I blessed God for good health amid all labors, and regretted his failing health. A brief stay of two days at Sawston, near Cambridge, at my brother Charles', was all too short, yet very pleasant, and the last on earth. A run back to London, and then farewell to brother Thomas. We parted with tears, expressing the hope that we should meet in the better land. Took the rail for Glasgow, and left Scotland August 13, on an Anchor Line vessel, for New York. No storms either going or returning

#### RETURN VOYAGE.

The vessel was much crowded; a full complement of cabin passengers, and hundreds of emigrants of various nationalities. Among these we held religious meetings; but Captain Campbell positively refused the use of the cabin for such purposes. There was noise, drinking, card-playing, and other foolish things; but no singing or prayer. We found him just the opposite kind of a man from Captain Hederwick. We were all thankful to reach New York Harbor, and landed at noon on Saturday. I spent a

The noise of men, drinking and swearing all night close to the hotel, drove sleep from my eyes. Visited Van Meter's Five Points Mission, where a great reformation had taken place among these ungodly children. Visiting one of the large churches in the evening, where Dr. Cone preached, I listened to a very dull sermon by Dr. Hodge. There was no choir and no deacons, and only thirty five people scattered over a room capable of holding fifteen hundred. Perhaps that made the preacher dull and the sermon lifeless. Whilst sitting there, I fancied if the preacher had rung a bell on the front steps, and had sung a few lively songs, he could have secured an audience of two hundred people, and they would have been cooler than in a stifled-up church-building, very poorly ventilated, with sixty gas-jets burning. Do we not need common sense in religion as much as in politics? Are not the children of this world wiser in their generation than the children of light? Is it always to be so?

Starting from the metropolis by the Erie Road, I reached home safely on Tuesday evening. Whilst eating dinner at Binghamton, N. Y., I sat beside Dr. Jeffrey, pastor of the Ninth Street Church. Had no time for talking until our hunger was appeased. I found him an excellent traveling companion. Wife and family gave me a hearty welcome home. We blessed God for all his loving-kindness and tender care since we were separated.

## CHAPTER XXV. VISITATIONS TO FAMILIES.

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The people at the City Infirmary and Widows' Home had continued their prayers for my return; and a large number of poor people, sick and aged, besides many Christian friends whose hearts sympathized with city mission work. With renewed strength and a thankful heart to God for all his mercies, I went the usual rounds among the people.

### DEATH FROM SUNSTROKE.

My good friend, Mr. Synder, died of sunstroke September 7. Smitten down by the sun's rays in July, he lingered under great suffering until he died in the faith of Christ. His wife died some months later. She might well be called a "mother in Israel." In her home we held prayer-meetings for a few years; always good and attended with good results. When the Bible was threatened to be expelled from the public schools, earnest and fervent were her prayers and those of others that God would prevent it. For years she had been active in Sabbath-school work and in helping the outdoor meetings. One of her sons was burned to death at

the Chicago fire in 1871, trying to save his horses. A son and daughter still survive these excellent people.

#### DRUNKARDS' DEATHS.

R. had been a drunken man for thirty-three years. It is a marvel that God permits such men to stay so long on earth to curse others, and spread desolation and death around them. Think of a wife and children suffering through all these years! Is it wonderful they long for death? Let no one say of a drunkard, "He is no one's enemy but his own." He is the enemy of all decent people, and the scourge of his family; and is doomed to endless punishment.

R. was an excellent mechanic earning sixteen and twenty dollars a week, when sober, lost his position through drinking. Leaving an excellent Christian wife to support herself and four children, his last drunken spree ended his life. After being missed some days he was found dead in a cellar, where he had crawled when drunk. Strong drink killed him. Many visits were made to this family. Neither the mother nor one of the children will taste strong drink. All are doing well. Some people imagine drinking is hereditary. My experience proves the contrary. In many cases it may be so; but in others there is a deep and determined abhorrence against strong drink.

#### A GRAVE-ROBBER.

Old Mr. C. had followed this wretched occupation for many years; a profane, wicked man. He had

been shot at and been imprisoned, yet he kept up the horrid traffic. Sickness came; he took refuge in the City Hospital, where he died, November 2, 1871. He had sold his body to the medical college before his death. A few times I prayed, but he swore on the bed of death. An awful end of a wicked life!

#### AN INFIDEL'S DEATH.

Only two visits were made to G. W., who boasted of his infidelity. Looking on his wife, he said, "She's the same as I am." Neither would bow even their heads in prayer. He departed without being desired.

Mr. Cox, dying of smallpox. On reaching the house his wife refused to let me see him, lest, said she, "it would frighten him to death," so we prayed downstairs. A second visit he was past speaking; soon after he died. Prayed with a little boy in the same house, afflicted with this dreadful disease.

#### THREE CHILDREN KILLED.

It was on March 18, 1872, an explosion took place in a factory on Central Avenue. The boiler flew high in the air some six squares distant, and fell in Baymiller Street, among a group of small children who were playing. Three of them were killed. The result of the sad accident is thus recorded:

March 19.—Visited the three mothers whose children were crushed by the boiler explosion yesterday. Two of them were dead, one was dying. Mr. Thornton's little girl was crushed beyond recognition. Both parents are Christians, and are sustained

by the grace of God. I read the twelfth chapter of Hebrews and prayed. Mrs. Kohl's daughter was killed on the spot. Her husband was traveling on business in Iowa. The mother sat in silence, weeping over her sorrow. I urged her to look to Jesus. Mrs. Forbes was weeping and greatly excited over a dying child. Prayed and commended her to Jesus. There was great excitement in the vicinity at this strange and unaccountable calamity.

#### BURNED TO DEATH.

By the explosion of a kerosene lamp Mrs. B. was fearfully burned. She was groaning and trying to pray. As I repeated verses of Scripture she said, "Let me get out of bed! Let me pray just now, just as I am!" She was too weak and too far gone. Death came to her relief an hour after I left. She had neglected religion.

#### A TEACHER'S DEATH.

Miss Carrie Breux had been a faithful Sabbath-school teacher in our school more than twenty-one years. She sought to bring every scholar to the knowledge of Christ. In her sickness she was always cheered by the hymn, "Nearer, my God, to thee! nearer to thee!" On one of these visits she said, "Every one of the ten girls in my class has given her heart to Christ." Expressed her unworthiness, yet was thankful she had been useful in teaching the young the way of everlasting life. She fell asleep in Jesus, April 3, 1872. Such lives are truly a blessing to the church and to the world.

## DEATH OF A YOUNG MOTHER.

Mrs. G. was tenderly brought up by loving parents. Early in life she gave her heart to God, and delighted in his service. Married happily to a business man. Her home was neat and cozy. A few years passed, and God had blessed them with three sweet children. Sickness came to this mother; it was soon pronounced by physicians, consumption. The disease was slow in its work; but gradually strength failed, and the invalid mother was glad to remain on her couch. Just at this time a Christian lady urged me to visit her, and these visits continued about once a week, until God called her home. Her devoted husband furnished everything money could buy or kindness suggest.

Quite happy in the blessed hope, she was always calm when speaking of her departure, rather enjoyed the thought of soon being with Christ, which is far better. Whilst speaking of these things one day, her dear little girl of three years pattered into the room and placed her hands on the bed, claiming a sweet kiss from her dying mother, all unconscious that soon that mother would be in the grave. When the child left the room, I asked, "Don't you feel it very deeply to leave these dear children?" With a look of indescribable resignation, she said: "All that is past. When but a child I committed my soul to Christ. He has been with me ever since; and when the physicians gave me no hope of recovering, I was enabled to say, 'The cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?' 'Not

as I will, but as thou wilt.''" These words, and others which followed, were spoken with great calmness. It is needless to say her end was peaceful—just a letting down of the tabernacle, a breathing out of the life into the hands of our blessed Redeemer. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from henceforth."

Some thirty years ago, a mother, Mrs. P., and four daughters emigrated from Georgia to this city. They spoke French as fluently as English, and were excellent, industrious and pious people. The mother was remarkable for her strong common sense. Sickness invaded this family, and on these occasions they invariably called me to visit them. Seldom have I found people more grateful for such visits. Each of the daughters worked faithfully and supported their mother comfortably. Once during the war, I said to the mother, "Don't you feel afraid of the Southern army, living so near the river?" "No, indeed! the eternal God is my refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms. Afraid! oh, no, my dear brother; I am sure the Lord will take care of me and my children." A calm trust in the living God sustained her. After a brief illness this Christian mother died in the faith of Christ. There were no fears or pangs in her death. To her he was the angel of peace. Her youngest daughter married and returned to Georgia; another went to St. Louis; one, whose husband drank, died after many sorrows. Her only boy was drowned in the river when bathing. The fourth daughter still lives. In all their

trying afflictions, the consolations of the gospel sustained them.

#### DYING IN DARKNESS.

One bright morning in May, 1872, a messenger came entreating me to visit Mrs. W., who was nearing her end. Quite sick, the lady had lost her first love for Christ; confessed she could not say, "My Jesus, I love thee! I know thou art mine!" But took up the plaintive language of Job, "Oh that I knew where I could find him." I urged her at once, without delay, to trust Christ and ask him to forgive. Read the fifth chapter of Romans and prayed. Then sang, "Jesus, lover of my soul!" She seemed comforted. I promised to call next day; but before I reached her home, death had removed her to the eternal world. We trust she was saved.

#### INFIDELITY COWARDLY.

Whilst administering consolation to a very sick man, who much enjoyed it, there was present an infidel, who looked very defiantly at me as I recited the twenty-third Psalm. He became very restless, and left the room. I tried to persuade him to remain, but he would not. His wife and sister remained, and were ashamed of the conduct of this brother and husband. Most infidels quail before the sword of the Spirit.

Another infidel, well known in this community, never could be persuaded to hear a gospel sermon; and when he attended the funerals of relatives and near friends, would invariably stay outside where he

could not hear God's warnings through his ministers. Death came at last for this despiser of God's word.

A young man, whose mother was afflicted, and had requested my visits, sat in the parlor with his hat on, smoking a cigar, looking very nonchalant and defiant. His mother reproved him, but he paid her no regard. As I read the fifth chapter of Second Corinthians, he tried to escape from the room. His mother placed her chair at the door. On reading the words, "For we must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ," he cried out, "I don't believe in a day of judgment." "But it will come, and you and I will be there" Again he sought to escape, but his mother prevented him. Whilst I was praying, he raised the window and leaped out, and I saw him no more. His mother apologized. We next heard of his being imprisoned for stabbing a man in New Orleans. For aught we know he may be now lifting up his eyes in torment. Is not infidelity cowardly? What makes them so restless? Why tremble at God's word? We have daily proofs that such men are cowards. "The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God." "Verily, there is a God, who judgeth in the earth."

#### IMAGINARY WEALTH.

Some fifteen years ago there died in our city Mrs. P., who claimed that her father was one of the heirs to the vast Anneke Jans estate, of New York. No reasoning of others could dissuade her from trying to make good her claim. Letters were written, law-

yers consulted; but no wealth ever came to this poor family. Her father was totally blind. I visited him often, and even to the last he spoke of his wealth as much as his hope of heaven. Some years after his daughter died, and on her death-bed had her will drawn, leaving the city missionary one thousand dollars a year; but it was a delusion! Never a dollar came to the family, and before she died I told her this wealth might be imaginary, and nothing more. What strange delusions of the mind do some people entertain!

The wife of the late Judge Fox, for many years an invalid, afflicted with asthma, received an occasional visit gratefully. Of a cheerful turn of mind, it was really pleasant to spend fifteen minutes in her sick-room. Her hope was built on the sure foundation; not very demonstrative, but quite practical, in her religion. Seldom was her voice heard in the meetings. Once, when Dr. Lynd was her pastor, he had pronounced the benediction, when Mrs. Fox, in a clear and impressive manner, said:

“What sinners value, I resign;  
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine;  
I shall behold thy blissful face,  
And stand complete in righteousness.”

After much suffering, she fell asleep in Jesus.

Her esteemed husband, Judge Fox, died some years after, the result of an accident. He was knocked down by a passing buggy on the street. He had passed his fourscore years. He was a friend of the mission, and much esteemed by a large circle of our fellow-citizens.

## A SURPRISE.

One evening a gentleman brought a note to our house containing fifty dollars, with these written words:

CINCINNATI, March 7, 1873.

*Dear Brother:—Please accept the inclosed fifty dollars for personal use, or the Master's cause, as the case may demand.*

ONE WHO SAW YOUR LOVE FOR THE LORD ON THE OCEAN.

There was no name given. God bless the donor, whoever he may be. Part of the money was expended in publishing hand bills in large print, with words of Scripture, which were stuck on the walls of the city. Our German Baptists made a translation of the same in German, and used them in the northern part of the city. The rest of the money was for personal use. Often have I desired some one would appropriate one hundred dollars a year for placarding the city with hand-bills, with such words as, "Thou shalt not steal;" "Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy;" "Thou shalt not kill;" "Swear not at all;" "After death the judgment." The subject has often been named to men having wealth; but no one seems willing to do it. Why not?

## POLICEMAN SHOT.

A day or two after the opening of our Fifth Exposition, September, 1874, one of our faithful policemen, while discharging his duty, was shot dead by a deaf-mute. As I entered the house, his wife, Mrs. Bird, was weeping bitterly with her children. It was truly a heart-rending scene—the sobbing of the mother, and wailing of the children and

friends. Prayed with and comforted them. O Lord, how long shall these fearful outrages continue? Shall there be no end of such dreadful murders? When will men learn to respect and love each other? Is not the public conscience rendered callous by these continual outrages? And a morbid taste is created by publishing details of such horrid crimes, and newspaper men know that such sensational articles will be read.

#### DEATH OF A SUICIDE.

I was called to attend the funeral of Laura N., who poisoned herself with morphine. Her mother and sister were here, and a few other relatives. Her brother came in in his working-clothes. Some thirty frail women were present. I read the ninetieth Psalm and the fifty-fifth chapter of Isaiah, emphasizing the words, "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him turn to the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him." I warned them against living a life of sin and shame. Many of them wept while I was speaking. May the Lord save them.

#### A DEATH-BED SCENE.

Ella R. looked wretched—a picture of despair. She cried out: "It is so dark! I can't see Jesus." I prayed and urged her to trust him, and call on him who is able to save. She did so, clasping her hands in a supplicating manner. Soon the cloud passed away, and the peace and joy came through believing. She then blessed him who heard her cry and saved

her. I sang, "Safe in the arms of Jesus," and she sang with me every word of this precious hymn. Her mother and friends wept for joy; but could not sing. Her joy continued for some four hours, when she fell asleep in the arms of Jesus. Does any one doubt the suddenness of such changes? Remember, it is written three times in the Bible: "Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved." It is written again: "Before they call, I will answer; while they are yet speaking, I will hear."

There are hundreds of living witnesses to these truths. Said Jesus: "Only believe. All things are possible to him that believeth. Have faith in God. Ask, and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you. Whatsoever ye shall ask in faith, it shall be done unto you." Surely, such promises are enough for all reasonable men.

One of our mechanics lost his only child, its clothing taking fire whilst the mother was out of the room, and, after several hours of great suffering, it died. The shock to the mother was so great, she never recovered. After some months, she followed the child to the grave. The word of God and prayer somewhat soothed her aching heart.

A commercial traveler, from the East, was taken suddenly ill at the Burnet House. He sent for me to administer spiritual consolation. To every such call I cheerfully respond. Surrounded by all the comforts and elegancies of life, he needed what the world can never furnish—peace with God, and joy in his salvation. Most thankfully he listened to the

word and prayer, and was grateful for the sympathy of an unknown friend. By the blessing of God, the physician's skill, and careful nursing, he recovered health and resumed his business.

Our aged friend, William Corbin, died, in 1874, after a brief illness, in the faith of Christ. His dear wife also passed away to her heavenly rest, trusting in Jesus.

A young girl, formerly in the House of Refuge, died of consumption. Her parents requested my visits. At first she expressed a dread of death; but, by the mercy of God, she was led to trust in Christ for salvation. Her parents, with her, often expressed their thanks for my ministrations. One day her mother said, with tears: "You led my child to Christ. May God bless you." They were poor people; but had a strong affection for their daughter.

Anson W. M. had been blind for many years; but was a great comfort and some help to a widowed daughter. He reached the advanced age of ninety years, and died in the faith of the gospel he had loved so many years. He had a keen relish for the word and prayer.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### THE CENTENNIAL—1776—1876.

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#### VISIT TO PHILADELPHIA.

Quite unexpectedly, my dear cousin, Miss J. J. E., wrote me from London, inclosing a check, and urged me to visit that wonderful Exposition in Philadelphia. But for her kindness, I should not have gone. It was one of the most wonderful Expositions ever seen on this continent. While spending some ten days in this goodly city, I was struck with the Sabbath observance, and with the crowded houses of worship, the number of churches, the great absence of profane swearing, and general politeness and cheerfulness of the people.

Philadelphia is noted for its hospitals, asylums and widows' homes. Four of the latter I visited.

In one of these homes there were thirty-three inmates. The matron received me kindly. One of the managers was present, and we held a delightful religious service, in which all participated, and invited me to come again.

*Penn Widows' Home* is a large and prosperous home for these aged women. The matron, a lady

from Richmond, Indiana, recognized me. Held a similar service.

*Baptist Widows' Home*, at the corner of North Seventeenth and Norris Streets, is the most elegant and beautiful in arrangements of those I visited. The garden was tastefully laid out with bright flowers and shrubs. The rooms were elegantly furnished, and all the appointments excellent, and the situation very desirable. I was amazed that the Baptists should spend so much money on these aged women; but they love to do it, and have over sixty churches from which to draw their funds. Miss Moss, the matron, received me very kindly, and conducted me over the building. We held an informal service with a few venerable old ladies. I bless God for the benevolence of Philadelphia Christians.

*Cherry Street Widows' Home*.—I believe this is the original one, open for all denominations, and one I visited when attending the jubilee of the Baptist Missionary Society in 1864. I received a warm welcome from the matron, who invited me to tea. Afterward we held a real good religious service. Many of the old ladies recollected the visits of twelve years previous. The Home contained its full complement of inmates, and, though over a dozen other Homes have been opened, this one has still a hold on the hearts and purses of Philadelphia people. May God bless them more and more.

*Home for Aged Couples*.—This desirable institution is fostered by many benevolent men, and is well adapted for its purpose. Read the twenty-third Psalm and prayed.

At the Young Men's Christian Association Hall heard one of Dr. Henson's famous lectures. The building is large, grand and substantial, with all modern improvements.

*The Alms-house* is an immense building containing some four thousand people. It seemed like our hospital and both infirmaries combined. The government of it is very strict, and every ward is scrupulously clean. The building is plain, not built for show, as too many of our public buildings are. One special case of sickness I visited, by request of a Philadelphia lady. Everything about this institution is done in a thorough, business-like manner.

Attended a service in Dr. Hatfield's church, formerly pastor of the St. Paul Methodist Church, Cincinnati. Heard Dr. Peddie and Dr. Boardman; also, Dr. Wheaton Smith, of Beth Eden Baptist Church. In some of their Sabbath-schools I spoke, and visited one colored Sabbath-school, on the corner of Cherry and Eleventh Streets. Everything here was stiff and formal. Gave a brief talk to the children.

*Independence Hall*, where was signed the Declaration of Independence one hundred years ago, was visited. The grand old bell which sounded out liberty to all the people, is still kept as a sacred relic; the chair, the table, and many other things. People in this city of brotherly love point with commendable pride to these ancient relics, and they keep the Hall, this cradle of liberty, in good condition; and will do so for years to come.

## THE EXPOSITION.

It would be entirely out of place to attempt to write an account of this remarkable Exposition, opened to the public from July to October, and visited by tens of thousands of people. Skillful pens have already well delineated its wonders. But there was one object my eyes never tired of beholding, and hundreds of people were always watching with amazement—it was the Corliss engine. Its mighty, majestic stroke moved the hundreds of machines in Machinery Hall, from the tiny cradle to the ponderous hammer and immense hydraulic pumps. Its weight, 1,360,588 pounds, and its grand fly-wheel, thirty feet in diameter, were alike wonderful. The connecting rods, twenty four feet in length, were made of nine thousand six hundred horseshoes. It took sixty cars to carry this ponderous engine from Providence, Rhode Island, to Philadelphia. Manufactured by George H. Corliss, it has a scrap of history connected with it worth telling all over the world.

Before the Exposition was opened, men who have no regard for the Sabbath, or for Him who says, "Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy," held a meeting, and resolved to request the Directors to open on the Sabbath. A delegation waited on them. After much had been said for and against opening on the Sabbath, George H. Corliss arose and said: "Gentlemen, Directors of the Exposition, permit me say, that in the construction of the Corliss engine there has never been the touch of a hammer

on any part of it on a Sabbath-day; and the engine has never made a single stroke on the Sabbath; and so long as I control it, it never shall." This brief, practical speech settled the question. The Directors agreed that all the gates should be closed; and the violators of the Fourth Commandment perceived, with all the machinery idle, it would be useless to open them. Let it be told to the lasting honor of these Directors, and to George H. Corliss in particular, that the law of the God of the universe was revered and observed.

This little fact brings to mind an ancient prediction of the lawgiver:

"How should one chase a thousand,  
And two put ten thousand to flight;  
Except their Rock had sold them,  
And the Lord had shut them up?"

It is needless to say, Mr. Corliss is a true Christian, and carries religion into his business, as every Christian should. His Rock had not sold him, for his feet were on the Rock of Ages; and the Lord had not shut him up, for he could speak for the Sabbath in the face of God's enemies. We need more men of such manly courage, less of this cringing to the wicked. "Muscular Christianity is what the world needs," and the most sensible people in the world admire it. We need men in our city who will fearlessly enforce law. Never till we get such men will Cincinnati have quiet and peaceable Sabbaths. Cities larger than our own enforce these laws, and punish the violators. God hasten the day when the laws of Ohio shall be impartially enforced.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

### VISITATIONS TO FAMILIES.

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After a very long sickness, Mr. T., a business man, died, April 22, 1876. He welcomed my visits, and fully appreciated the reading of Scriptures and prayers offered for his recovery. He died in peace.

#### FAITH IN GOD'S PROMISE.

A Christian mother was afflicted with that most painful of diseases, cancer. Its work on this poor, emaciated creature continued until death released her from suffering. No murmurs ever escaped her lips, but continual praise to God for his great mercy. Her only daughter, earning eight dollars a week at bookbinding, was the support of her mother. As she became more and more feeble, the question came to her, "Shall I give up my work and wait on mother?" After much prayer on the part of both, the daughter decided to do so; and this without any visible means of support. They rested on the promise: "The Lord will provide;" and he did provide. During these days, I frequently visited this afflicted woman. On one occasion, she said: "I

want you to understand and tell it to others, that not only my wants have been supplied, and my rent paid every month, but kind friends have brought me the luxuries of life. I have all I need." These words were spoken with great earnestness. Her daughter continued faithful to her mother, who died in perfect peace, and was buried by loving friends.

A dear, aged Scotch woman it was my privilege to visit during the last year of her life, Mrs. McD. Like many of her people, she was well versed in the Scriptures; no book so precious as the Bible, and no being so dear to her heart as Jesus, the sinner's friend. His name to her was like ointment poured forth. With pleasure she looked forward to the time of her rest. It came, she was ready. With great affection she often spoke of her relatives, G. W. and Wm. McA., friends of the mission.

Our esteemed brother, George Crawford, a warm friend of the mission for thirty-five years, sweetly passed away August 8, 1887. During the last two years he always received my visits thankfully. He died in his eighty-fourth year, in the faith of Christ.

#### FRIENDS OF THE MISSION.—1878-81.

Some of the friends of the mission were called away from active service to their rest and reward, during these years. John Gates died in September, 1878, while away from home. He was a noble, generous-hearted man, ever ready to aid the poor and every worthy cause. More than twenty-five years ago, one cold winter's day, I received a note from him, requesting me to call at his store. He

inquired about the poor and distressed, and then said, "I have not time to visit such as you describe, but I will help them." So he handed me fifty dollars, saying, "When that is gone, call again;" and so I did, and always found in John Gates a sympathizing friend, of whom it may be said:

"To whom the supplicating eye  
Was never raised in vain."

It is a great consolation to the bereaved widow to know her sons are following their father's example.

In September, 1879, died one of our liberal citizens, John Shillito. No matter how busy he was, he could spare a few moments to listen to an appeal, and he always cheerfully responded. On my last visit he was suffering from a cough. I advised him to take care of himself. He answered, "I am going to New Orleans for a change, and hope to be benefited." He returned, and shortly afterward entered the heavenly rest.

W. E. Davis, another friend of the mission, died April 27, 1877.

F. Dallas rather suddenly finished his course, June 10, 1881.

Gardner Phipps, a warm-hearted, liberal contributor, died suddenly of a painful disease, July 8, 1881.

G. F. Davis, after a year's painful illness, died, July 9, 1881. He had been a contributor to the mission twenty-eight years. During his long and painful illness he maintained his usual cheerfulness. His end was peace. The last two were buried the same day in Spring Grove Cemetery.

William Powell, a life-long friend of the mission, died aged ninety.

C. W. Starbuck, proprietor of the *Times*, a real friend of the poor, and a liberal contributor to their relief, was very active in the Relief Union, in raising money, food and coal, and took an interest in our work. His sudden death was deplored by the whole community. Ever ready to publish anything relating to the mission, as have been editors of *Commercial Gazette* and *Enquirer* and the religious papers.

The railroad strike at Pittsburg, July 22, 1877, of course affected Cincinnati, but the promptness of officials, and the good judgment of railroad men, by the blessing of God, prevented violence and bloodshed in our midst. Only slight were the inconveniences, and they soon came to an end. Thank God for it!

#### LAID ASIDE BY SICKNESS.

On July 25, 1877, completely worn down with excessive toil, I was prostrated with sickness until September 6th. The pain was acute, but, by the blessing of God on Dr. Bronson's mild and pleasant medicine, I recovered. My faithful wife seldom left the sick-room. Our mutual friends, Drs. Shepherdson and Leavitt, called, and many others. Mrs. E. Whitridge offered a most fervent prayer for my recovery, which God graciously answered. I was thankful to renew these labors among the poor, and for the good health and strength God has given me these last ten years.

Almost my first duty on recovering, was to preach the funeral sermon of R. B., a boy drowned in the canal. The parents were grief-stricken over his death. It was very sad. Every year there are a score or more drowned in our city and vicinity. This would be prevented to a great extent, if we had what we so much need, a

PUBLIC SWIMMING-BATH,

Such as they have in New York and in London, where boys and young men could learn the art of swimming for a few cents. The man who would construct one, would confer an inestimable blessing on this community, and would save hundreds of precious lives. Oh, how many hearts are nearly broken by the drowning of some dear boy or young man?

Two very fine young men were drowned in the river while bathing. They were found locked in each other's arms. Both were pious, excellent men. Some man will say, "What has this to do with city mission work?" A great deal. We ought to prevent calamity and death if in our power; and we have no right to say with the first murderer, "Am I my brother's keeper?"

Oh, that some benevolent, liberal man would move in this matter. A greater boon can scarcely be given to a sweltering city in the hot months, than a good, commodious public swimming-bath, say three hundred feet long by sixty wide, shallow enough at one end for all boys to learn to swim, and deep enough for experts at the other.

## A SALOON-KEEPER'S DEATH.

In the winter of 1877 I was requested to visit and pray for this dying man, who said he had no hope of a better life. Quite conscious of the wrong life he had lived, he listened to the leading truths of the gospel, but said, "It is too late now." He died a few hours after I left. Six young men were drinking and playing cards in the next room.

Mr. H. died of a fractured skull, the result of an accident. His family were quite poor and unable to bury him. I collected and gave the widow four dollars toward the expense, for which she was grateful. Eight years have passed since his death, and the widow and child have not been forgotten in their troubles.

My old friend Chipman, for many years a wholesale merchant of this city, after a long sickness passed away. When near his end, I asked, "Shall I sing, 'Jesus, lover of my soul'?" With great emphasis, he said, "There's nothing better."

## A NOTED CHARACTER.

Cordelia Wade, well known in our city, after spending her whole life in sin, drinking and wrong-doing, died of consumption under her mother's roof. Let no pen ever describe the sad life this woman lived. Twice she attempted suicide by drowning; but was rescued. A mother's love is stronger than death, and her mother nursed her with tender care, bad as she had been. She appreciated my visits, and referred to the religious meetings

held in the House of Refuge in 1852. She died regretting the life she had lived.

Mr. D., an industrious laboring-man, met with an accident which rendered him lame for life—quite unable to work. Physicians did their best for over a year. He then prepared to go to the City Infirmary. Here he remained a few years, with but little improvement. Then he returned home and died. During these years he listened to the word and prayer, and, in the last months, was enabled to commit his soul to him who died for sinners. His faithful wife was blessed by these visits. A few years after, I baptized her in the name of Jesus. Her daily prayer is that her only son may become a Christian man.

#### PICQUET'S SALOON

Has for more than a score of years been the resort of the lowest and most depraved people. A few times I have held a brief service, and found from twenty to forty men and women, white and colored, order and attention being secured. On one occasion my wife went, and we sang three gospel hymns, and, after prayer, distributed tracts. Old Mr. Picquet always treated God's ministers with respect, and invited them to preach in this den of iniquity. His only son of sixteen was quite sick. His father entreated me to pray for and instruct him in righteousness. The lad was very ignorant. The parable of the Prodigal Son interested this boy more than any other Scripture. Again and again we went over it. He promised to arise and go to his Father. Per-

haps he was saved. His father gave up an upper room, for preaching, to a colored brother. Then the sinfulness of his life came before him. He gave up selling beer and whisky, and furnished plain food for boatmen and others. He turned to God and found mercy. He returned to the Union Baptist Church, from which he had been excluded over twenty years, and was received. Tears trickled down his cheeks as he there confessed his sinfulness. A few years more and bodily infirmity and old age compelled him to keep his bed. He received our visits gratefully. He was then removed to the Hospital, and, months later, on July 1, 1887, by his own request, he was removed to the City Infirmary, and died soon after he arrived. In his case, the poet's words are true—

“And while the lamp holds out to burn,  
The vilest sinner may return.”

#### LOST AND FOUND.

By some means, a young girl, Evan T., was enticed from, or wandered from, home. Her mother was nearly distracted with grief. After a long search, she was found and restored to her mother. Tears of joy from both mother and daughter were witnessed by a Christian lady and myself. We all thanked God for her return. Rescue the perishing.

The tragic death of P. P. Bliss, by the railway disaster, December 29, 1876, was a shock to the whole Christian world. His songs will be loved and sung for many generations. At that time I was supplying the Walker Mill Road Chapel. A very

serious impression pervaded the meeting. We sang several of his beautiful hymns. One which affected every heart was—

“I know not what hour my Lord will come  
To call me away to his own dear home;  
But I know that his presence will lighten the gloom,” etc.

#### PHILANTHROPISTS.

Levi Coffin and his wife Catharine, well known in this community for over forty years as friends of the poor and oppressed, and, during the dark days of slavery, their sincere helpers, felt much sympathy in city mission work. Their house was the asylum of many a tired wanderer. At their golden wedding, October 28, 1874, four hundred of their friends were present, to express their congratulations. A few years after, sickness came, and, during these months, it was my privilege to visit and minister to them. Both died in the faith of Christ, thankful that they had been able to help thousands of poor people.

#### OUR BLIND POET.

Fanny Crosby, whose hymns have been sung in all lands, I met, when visiting W. H. Doane. He invited me to tea with her. It was a really enjoyable time. We visited the Orphan Asylum, Mt. Auburn, and there the children listened to the voice and looked upon the face of one whose hymns were dear to their hearts. We sang, “Pass me not, O gentle Savior,” and others. For the hundred children, she kissed one boy and one girl, and expressed her good wishes for them all.

## YOUNG MAN CONVERTED.

January, 1883.—Lou G. received his first religious impressions from a pious mother, who sent him in early life to a Sunday-school. After leaving, like hundreds of our boys, he was led away into a wild, irreligious life, seldom visiting the house of God. A mother's prayers still followed him. God answered these prayers "by terrible things in righteousness." He was seized with consumption, which defied all medical skill to remove. In these days the gospel was indeed the balm of Gilead. He received it, obeyed it, and was saved. He warned the young men who visited him, who were prone to attend theaters and dances. He was baptized into the church of which his mother was a member, and died in the faith of Christ.

## DEATH IN A TENEMENT-HOUSE.

The well-known Spencer House has, for some years, been rented to small families; often four or five persons occupy a single room. In this building, a German widow with her three children resided. Amidst her toils for bread, sickness came, and that fatal disease, consumption, brought her to the grave. A pious, industrious and grateful woman, she hailed my visits gladly. One very cold day I started from home with just two dimes in my purse, and I prayed God to dispose some one to help the poor. One dime was given to a poor widow to buy a half-bushel of coal; the other to this German woman, who said, "God bless you!" After singing her favorite hymn, "Savior, more than life to me," etc., and a brief

prayer, I bade her good-by with an empty purse. I looked unto him who is the Father of the fatherless, and called on my cousin, J. J. E., who, after hearing of these families, said, "Then, I suppose, you want money?" "Yes, indeed I do!" Taking my collecting book he put in it one hundred dollars. For this I thanked him, and thanked God. The poor German woman received some every week till death; the rest was divided among some forty poor families. After the death of this widow, her children were taken to the Orphan Asylum. Two have homes, the other is there still.

In March, 1882, whilst sweeping the snow from the front steps, my dear wife fell and sustained serious internal injuries, from which she never recovered. For two years her sufferings were great, needing constant attention. All that medical skill could devise, and kindness suggest, was done. On March 20, 1884, after blessing us all, she requested us to sing, "Shall we gather at the river?" then said, "All is well," and died in perfect peace. For the kindness of my esteemed cousin, T. J. E., we shall ever feel grateful, and to many other dear friends; to the physicians; to Dr. Owens especially, whose unceasing kindness continued to the end. May the Lord reward them.

#### CHRISTIAN CHEERFULNESS UNDER SUFFERING.

After a life of great trial and suffering, a poor widow, Mrs. F., found a merciful relief in death. In the winter of 1863 she was run over by a sleigh, and so severely injured, her life was despaired of.

In those days of affliction I was called to visit her. She bore her trials with wonderful patience, and finally rose from bed lame for life, using her crutches till she came to the river of death. With her hands she toiled for daily bread. Sickness overtook her, and bodily infirmities increased. She was glad to find refuge in the City Infirmary. After leaving here, a kind friend gave her a home; and, after suffering some months, she died in peace. Members of Findlay Chapel gave her a decent burial.

#### AN INFIDEL'S CONVERSION.

Some ten years ago, whilst visiting an invalid soldier, hopelessly lame, who has since died in the Soldier's Home, he wished me to visit a sick man in the yard, who, he said, "Is an awfully wicked man. He will not allow any one to talk to him on religion. Perhaps he will insult you. Will you go and see him?" "Certainly." He was sick and alone, his wife had gone out to work. I repeated the twenty-third Psalm, and asked, "Can you adopt this language?" "No, indeed, I can not!" I prayed, and, on leaving, asked if he would read God's word. He promised. A New Testament with Psalms I gave him; it was his daily study. Months after this, he said, "I believe God, for Christ's sake, has pardoned all my sins." He followed me in prayer, I was amazed and delighted; he joined Calvary Church, and became an active member. Christ has said, "Many that are last shall be first; and the first shall be last."

## PRESIDENT GARFIELD'S DEATH,

In September, 1881, from the bullet of the murderous Guiteau, spread a gloom over the whole nation. Among the poorest people there were seen not only the emblems of mourning, but there were heard expressions of deep sorrow at the awful event. Churches were crowded on the following Sabbath to hear of our distinguished martyr President. - At the time, I was supplying Union Baptist Church, and spoke from Isaiah lvii. 1: "The righteous perisheth, and no man layeth it to heart," etc. The audience was deeply affected, and in the afternoon another large meeting was held, when many testimonies were given to the excellence of our departed President.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

### COALS FOR THE POOR.

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In February, 1882, I received a note from Mr. J. R. McLean, of the *Enquirer*, requesting me to call at his office. He informed me he wished to make a donation of coal for the poor of the city; and desired me to see to its distribution. I consented, and asked how much? He said, "Five thousand bushels." I was amazed at the quantity, and his liberality. In parting, he said, "You see to its distribution, and I will foot all the bills;" and he did. By this liberal donation, scores of poor people, chiefly widows, were helped to fuel.

In after-years, Chatfield & Woods, C. H. Gould, W. H. Harrison, Henry Powell, W. R. Thompson, and others, with money, supplied many poor families with coals, and this, without any discount on their donations. Last winter we distributed seven hundred and ten bushels. The blessings of the poor were pronounced on the donors for this help in their time of distress.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

### VISITATIONS TO FAMILIES.

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#### MINISTERS' DEATHS.

The venerable and beloved pastor, Rev. John Lichtenstein, of the German Presbyterian Church on Linn Street, died November 7, 1882, after more than twelve months of suffering, from an internal malady. Their Sabbath-school I have addressed occasionally for twenty-five years past. The sick pastor was always grateful for a brief visit. He entered his rest beloved by a large circle of friends.

Pastor Winnes, another much loved German pastor, left his flock and a large family, April 30, 1887. From his entering missionary work in our city thirty years ago, until his death, our friendship was unbroken. Both the Linn Street and Liberty Street Chapels were built by his untiring labors. Over twelve months of suffering he bore with wonderful patience and Christian fortitude; every promise of God was precious to his soul. I visited him many times until death. On the last visit, with a whisper, he said, "Good by, God bless you, we shall meet again on the other side." Over thirty ministers were present at his funeral, and a crowded congregation.

It may be said most certainly of such men, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

Rev. H. Bushnell was for forty years missionary in the city. Though blind and lame for many years, he continued his labors as long as he could walk. Beloved by a large number of poor and aged people, he died in the work, April 4, 1883. His works follow him. Six days after this, our brother, Elder Stratton, after some weeks of suffering, went the way of all the earth. For many years a resident of the city, he performed many marriages and attended many funerals; and supplied vacancies in pulpits. Both these men were missed by a large number of people.

#### A TOUCHING CASE.

For nearly three years a strong man lay paralyzed on his bed, perfectly helpless, and very poor. The family were really objects of charity. During the last six months he lost the power of speech. Both himself and family were grateful for help in this time of need. During the cold winters it was a pleasure to send them coal. A widowed daughter and her two children formed part of this family. The suffering father died, leaving the others in this vale of tears.

#### THE WALNUT STREET FIRE,

In the rag factory, by which many women lost their lives, September 5, 1883, led me to visit several families who had lost sisters and daughters by this

calamity. Mrs. O'Connell's death left six small children without a mother; their father died before the mother. An aged grandmother was looking after the children. Miss L.'s brothers and sisters were all grown and able to get along. A German family was much distressed over the death of their oldest girl, she being the main support of the family. Mr. Lee, a cripple, lost two daughters by the fire. They lived at home and supported their parents. One of them left an infant child. Several others were visited and assisted. The Chamber of Commerce came forward generously and aided these sufferers with a contribution, of which a portion was afterward entrusted to me for distribution among them. Mr. L.'s family were often relieved after the special fund was exhausted. His lameness prevented him from labor. Three years later an internal malady overtook him, which physicians declare incurable, so he remains in the hospital waiting deliverance. He, with the others, have expressed gratitude, not only for the money given, and coal in winter, but for the spiritual comfort God has permitted me to impart.

#### UNNATURAL CHILDREN.

It was a painful sight to witness the sufferings of poor widow A., who had three children able to take care of her. The oldest, a young man, left her to his two sisters. One of them grew tired and left home. The oldest, a girl of sixteen, waited on the poor, sick mother a few months, and she also grew tired, and married a man addicted to drinking—an

unhappy marriage. So the poor mother was often quite alone, and unable to leave her bed. Gratefully she received help and spiritual consolation. Soon after, death relieved her of suffering. Her children saw her buried, and called me to the funeral. Many bitter tears their mother shed over their ingratitude. The husband of the married daughter forsook her soon after marriage. Sickness of an incurable nature overtook her. For three years she found a home in the Infirmary, and died after great suffering. Is there not a sublime truth in the command, "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thou mayest dwell long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee"? They who set light by father or mother, God will punish.

#### A POOR FACTORY GIRL,

The daughter of a German widow, toiled several years to help her mother. After taking a severe cold, through being exposed to all weathers, she was seized with consumption. A long siege of sickness and poverty were hers. How grateful she was to hear the word of God and prayer. Her mother could never sufficiently express her gratitude. She would often say: "The Lord will reward you for all you do for my poor child. I never can." After many prayers and tears, the sufferer was enabled to trust him who is "mighty to save." Is it not a real joy to help such as these? They can never recompense us; but all will be right by-and-by.

One of my faithful workers in the outdoor mission, Joseph N. B., was sunstruck while at work,

in July, 1885. He lingered until September, suffering much pain in his head and back. The last day of leaving home, he came to the gospel meeting near Music Hall. Too feeble to walk home alone, he took my arm, lay down on his bed, and, after one month's suffering, entered Immanuel's land. Perfectly happy in view of death, with emphasis he said: "If it is the will of God to take me, I am ready." At his funeral, from Third Presbyterian Church, there gathered a goodly number of his fellow-workmen.

#### SALVATION ARMY.

A death occurred of a woman, who, with her husband, was a member of the Salvation Army. They came all the way from Wisconsin to seek medical aid; but the poor woman died quite suddenly. At the funeral, after we had finished the service, one of the members gave out a lively hymn, which was sung by them. Then a fervent prayer was offered, all kneeling reverently. But the strangest part of all was that the husband of the departed woman made the closing prayer, which was fervent, and yet entirely submissive to the will of God. This was something entirely new in our experience.

After four years of great suffering, that devoted Christian temperance woman, Mrs. C., fell asleep in Jesus. Wearisome nights and painful days were allotted to her. Often she prayed to depart, uttering the words: "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly!" And he did come. Precious were the hours spent by her sick-bed.

Mrs. Lamb, whose husband was murdered some

years ago, was a subject for kindness, having five small children. After struggling six years to maintain them, she died suddenly of paralysis, in February, 1887. Gratefully she received help in various ways. Her lot was peculiarly trying.

#### A TRIPLE FUNERAL.

The murder of the Taylor family, at Avondale, in February, 1884, for the sake of selling their bodies to the Medical College, is fresh in the memory of most of our citizens. The two murderers, Johnson and Ingalls, paid the penalty of their crime—one was hung, and the other hung himself in the jail. This horrible crime excited the whole city and country. Alas! that such crimes should so often be perpetrated.

Citizens of Avondale paid the expenses of the funeral of the victims. The exercises were held in the Hall, and, long before the hour named, it was crowded to the utmost. Hundreds of colored people from the village, from Walnut Hills, and from the city, and a large number of white citizens from near and far were present. It was one of the largest funerals I ever attended—about one thousand people inside and fifteen hundred outside the Hall. The immense audience arose and sang, “Jesus, love of my soul.” After prayer and reading the Scriptures, an address was given from the words, “As the Lord liveth, and as thy soul liveth, there is but a step between me and death.” Reports were given in daily papers of this discourse, which need not here be reprinted. The entire audience was in sympathy

with the preacher. After the funeral, many citizens expressed their indignation at the awful crime, and if the murderers had been anywhere near, they would certainly have been hung.

Visiting Mrs. McCrea, a daughter of the murdered woman, she wept very sorrowfully at the awful end of her mother and father. God grant that such a crime may never again be perpetrated. Such criminals ought to be speedily and certainly dealt with. The "law's delay," and the ease with which criminals escape, tend to increase crime. "Let no guilty man escape," is a sound maxim.

#### DWELLERS IN BOATS.

Lying on the river-bank, near the Southern Railroad bridge, are a number of small boats, each containing a whole family. There are from twenty to forty of such frail crafts. The occupants prefer that mode of life to any other. The men find work at shoveling coal and such labor. In the winter of 1885 there was much suffering among these people. A widow lady, hearing of this, supplied me with money to assist them. In one boat were three sick children, with their parents. The children died one after the other, and friends assisted in burying them. In another boat was a young woman consumptive. She refused to go to the hospital. One boat was a model of neatness—the husband a mechanic; mother and grown daughter Christian people. Gladly they listened to the word and prayer. The boat was divided into three rooms, nicely furnished. Its occupants were quite at home in their frail craft.

Other boats contained men given to liquor drinking, and, as a result, quarreling. In one of these altercations, Allen was killed by Oliver, who is now in the penitentiary. The murdered man was buried November 6, 1883. He was much respected by the neighbors. I was called to attend the funeral, which was largely attended. Warnings were given against drinking. All were urged to repent and seek salvation.

When in trouble, these poor people find their way to our home for relief, which is always rendered to the really needy. Two couples have visited us to get married, and they go on their way rejoicing. God bless these poor people who prefer to live on the river-bank, and so escape rent and taxes.

#### CONVERTED IN THE PENITENTIARY.

Following is the letter referred to on page 20, of one who was converted in the Ohio Penitentiary. The reading of it has been blessed of God to many souls. It is now published that others may be blessed.

STATE PRISON, COLUMBUS, December 28, 1862.

*My Dear Wife:*—Brother Grover, our Chaplain, came to me yesterday, and informed me he had received a letter from a Baptist missionary in Cincinnati, concerning the state of your health, and also to know your desire concerning our children, if the Lord should take you away before I get my liberty, which, in all probability, would be the case.

God alone knows, my dearest, what my feelings have been since I received that news. Oh! wretched man that I am! Why is it that I can't go with you? Why am I left to grovel alone in this world? Why can't I leave it with you? Yesterday there was one poor fellow from the shop where I work taken to his long home. I

almost envied him that the call came to him instead of me. But we must submit to the will of the Lord. My daily prayer is, "Lord, forbid that I should complain of thy chastenings."

My dear, you know that I wrote to you some time ago, to let me know your desire concerning the children and myself. I want you to let me know immediately, and, though it rend my very heart, it shall be complied with. It is hard for me to give you up all together; but I feel I won't be long behind you; therefore, we should do what we believe is best for our three children. But, my dearest, inquire of the Lord to direct you in making up your mind.

I have taken a vow on myself to live the remainder of my days according to your desires, and when I fail to comply, may the Lord forget me. My dear wife, this comes to you on a sad errand—I have to inform you that I have to remain until my time is out. But, my dearest, lift up your eyes toward heaven, and, by the assistance of divine grace, that you may not faint, through too much grief, which might affect your tender and delicate frame. Moderate your sorrow, and be consoled to know that I am prepared to bear with patience and resignation my imprisonment. I have long since devoted my body, my soul, my life and all I have to Jesus Christ, our Savior. Though confined in prison, I shall direct my thoughts to, and delight myself with, meditations on heavenly things, and my spirit, which can not be shut up within these narrow walls, shall range at large in that desirable paradise.

Am I separated from you and our dear children? my God, my Savior, and holy angels will keep me company. Am I esteemed among men as a criminal and numbered with transgressors? yet the Holy Spirit will impress my heart that I am a child of God and an heir of everlasting life.

I will occupy myself day and night with supplications, reading the Scriptures and prayer. But, alas! when I think of you and our dear children, the certainty I have you will grieve too much, breaks my heart. But remember how many faithful servants of our Lord have had similar trials. Confide in the Lord, be resigned, add not to your suffering by excessive grief.

My dear wife, I can not yet give you up. I still have a hope that the Lord will spare us to see each other again in this world. I have but two months and three days more to stay in this place, and that will soon slip around. So, my dear, be encouraged; but

always be ready to meet your God. I want you to write and let me know if you are resigned to the will of God, and whether Christ is precious to your soul. Can you say—

“Other refuge have I none,  
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;  
\* \* \* \* \*  
All my trust on thee is staid,  
All my help from thee I bring”?

If that is the case, we can say: “O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?”

My dear, beloved wife, I want you to write and tell me you forgive me for all my abuse and neglect toward you, and for all I have caused you to suffer. If you don't do it, I will be a wretched man all my life. If we should never see each other again in this world, leave your pocket Bible and your miniature, with the Bible containing the family register, in the hands of your minister, and his name, that I may get them when I come to the city.

My dear wife, I can exclaim with Job in his affliction: “My kinsfolk have failed, and my familiar friends have forgotten me. All my near friends abhor me.” But, thank God, I have a friend in heaven, for “I know that my Redeemer liveth.” Now, my dear wife, I commend you to God. He who “tempers the wind to the shorn lamb” will never forsake you. Pray for your unfortunate husband, that he may ever live at the foot of the cross, and, if we never meet on earth, that we may meet in heaven. May God bless you and spare you to me, is the prayer of your unworthy husband,

HENRY MC ELHANEY.

## CHAPTER XXX.

### THE TWO FLOODS—1883-'84.

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Our beautiful Ohio River overflowed its banks, and rose to a higher point than was ever known in the history of our city. It reached its highest point February 15, 1883, sixty-six feet six inches. It entailed great distress on hundreds of our poor families, besides sweeping away thousands of dollars worth of lumber and other property. For one week I paddled about in a boat, supplying people with bread, meat and coffee, who were living in upper rooms. Two policemen went with me often among piles of lumber, through which it was difficult to steer. All along Front, Sixth and Freeman Streets, the water was up to and above the ceilings of the houses.

McLean Chapel, Ninth Street, was generously opened for the washed-out people. The Lower Eighth Street School house was given up for the same purpose. Provisions were abundantly supplied by the generosity of our citizens. It may seem surprising—it is yet true—a large flat-boat of

coal was drawn up Freeman Street to Taylor Street, and there unloaded. It was difficult to get at the coal-yards in those days.

The second flood, in February, 1884, was greater in volume than the other. It reached seventy one feet and one half an inch, the greatest flood ever known in this vicinity. Water covered the archway on Spring Grove Avenue, and about fifteen inches in the waiting room. It seems almost impossible, yet such was the fact. A committee of relief was organized, and thousands of dollars were spent in helping sufferers. There was less destruction of property than in the first flood, as merchants removed their goods in time. Every one inclined to aid sufferings had their energies fully taxed. May we never again be visited by such a dire calamity.

#### THE FLOOD AND ITS LESSONS

Has been written upon by abler pens than mine, yet there are a few things worth repeating and remembering. Such calamities are beyond the reach of mortals to avert. He who rides upon the wings of the wind, and holds the waters in the hollow of his hand, does sometimes send abundance of rain as a scourge, and then restrains it, and causes drouth and famine. Men may reason and philosophize as they please, there is a Being who governs this material world, holds it in its orbit, and continues it in its course. In the time of drouth, and in the times of flood and pestilence, blessed is the man who can say: "God is our refuge and strength—a very present help in trouble."

## THE BENEVOLENCE OF PEOPLE

Is wondrously brought out. Men and women, and even children, freely contributed money, food and clothing for the suffering. Just as it was in war-times—all sorts of people, even the poorest, did something to relieve our suffering soldiers, and those impoverished by the war. Common calamities do develop benevolence among people. Of course, there are stingy people in every community, who never will know that "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

## THE SUFFERERS ARE BLESSED.

In this they feel they are linked to humanity, they are part of the human family, they are not forgotten by their wealthier neighbors. That was a great truth uttered years ago by Judge Stanley Matthews, at the Orphan Asylum anniversary. Pointing to the one hundred orphan children before him, he said: "Every one of these children is linked to you and to me by the ties of humanity." And so they are. Yes, the poorest, most ignorant, the most afflicted, and even the most depraved, all are linked to us by ties of humanity. Thrice blessed is the man who uplifts the fallen and instructs the ignorant.

## CHAPTER XXXI. ORIGIN OF THE MISSION.

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### THE CHANGE.—ITS PRESENT CONDITION.

This city mission originated in the brain and heart of Rev. E. G. Robinson, D.D., President of Brown University, in January, 1852. He was then pastor of Ninth Street Baptist Church; an excellent preacher, a good pastor, and a most devoted Christian, loved and respected by the whole church and community. Thoroughly missionary himself, he did much to foster a missionary spirit among the people. Around him were deacons and others of a like spirit; among them may be named John Bevan, John Ewing, John Shepardson, George Crawford, R. A. Holden, G. F. Davis, H. T. Miller, and William Powell, Sr. These brethren, and others, with many excellent women, took a lively interest in the work of sending the gospel to the poor of our city. The pastor and these brethren directed the missionary in his first efforts.

On February 22, 1852, at a meeting of the church, I was appointed their city missionary for six months, at a salary of thirty-five dollars a month. That

seems now a very small sum, but everything was lower in price then. Best cuts of beef five and six cents a pound, butter twenty cents, eggs three dozen for twenty-five cents, and other articles in proportion. The neat cottage where we resided, of four rooms, 136 Clinton Street, still stands, and was only eight dollars a month; so we lived without contracting any debts, happy in a good work. Monthly reports were made to the church of the work done, and, toward the end of the year, a donation party was given in our little dwelling. About seventy persons came, with the pastor, and took possession, bringing with them hams, chickens, pies, coffee, sugar, tea, bread, and all sorts of things; and clothing for myself and wife. Thus we were made one hundred and fifty dollars richer by this visit. But the good done socially and spiritually was beyond calculation. Amid this packed company stood the tall form of the beloved pastor, who seemed one of the happiest of the group. After all had regaled themselves with good coffee, sandwiches, cake, etc., an informal meeting was called, when Dr. Robinson expressed his great gratification at the scene before him. He uttered his best wishes for the missionary and his wife; and urged every one present to heartily sustain the mission. Then he offered a fervent prayer for all interested. After this, was sung that good old hymn:—

“Blest be the tie that binds  
Our hearts in Christian love.”

Hundreds of times we have heard this hymn sung, but never with more heartiness than on this occasion.

The donors and receivers were very happy that evening as they separated for their respective homes. Another donation party was given February 7, 1856. Next year the salary was raised to six hundred dollars a year. Entire confidence was expressed by the subscribers, both as to the work and the missionary. Dr. Robinson was called to Rochester Theological Seminary, and left the city, to the regret of a large circle of friends. Rev. W. F. Hansell, D. D., succeeded, and, at the end of five years, he, with others, concluded to invite other churches to assist with contributions. So a public meeting was called, and a change in its management was effected, by election of President, Secretary, and Treasurer. The churches contributing were: Ninth Street Baptist Church; First Baptist Church; Mt. Auburn and Union Baptist Church; and its Sabbath-school. Each church appointed its committee, and arranged for the collection of funds. The work went on as usual, as may be read in the foregoing pages, until 1862. Amid the excitement of the war nearly everything was deranged; and every society suffered more or less. The city was full of sick and wounded soldiers, and the strength of the missionary was taxed to the utmost. One meeting after another was called by the Society; and the last was held in Ninth Street Church, November 10, 1862.

There was two hundred dollars deficiency; and there seemed no desire to carry on the mission any further. I felt God had called me to the work, and though some of them became weary in well doing, that God would raise up other friends to carry on

the mission. The result of the meeting was, a resolution was unanimously adopted recommending me as well adapted to city mission work; and commanding the subject to all benevolent citizens. A list of subscribers was handed me amounting to four hundred dollars, and the two hundred dollars was raised; and so the Society came to an end.

#### PRESENT CONDITION OF THE MISSION.

On leaving the meeting there seemed to be a living voice, which said, "The Lord will provide." That voice sounded in my ears all that night, and it is heard now oftentimes in darkness and under disappointment. It was a subject of sincere prayer for direction; and we reached the conclusion, that the work here must be carried on, and the means would be furnished. Next morning, calling on our venerable brother, Wm. Powell, he promised to write a special appeal to our citizens. It was signed W. P., and published in the papers. He said ten years of faithful labor was a guarantee of the fitness of a missionary for his work. He, and several others, doubled their contributions. God be praised for these friends!

#### VOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTIONS.

For the past twenty-five years the missionary has been sustained by the voluntary subscriptions of all kinds of people. Baptists, Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Episcopalians, and Hebrews, and others have been regular contributors. All funds are collected and disbursed by myself. There are three

distinct branches, each one being kept separate: the Poor Fund; the Book and Tract Fund; and the fund for support of the missionary. At the end of each year, November 1st, the books are examined by two business men. Contributions range from one dollar to one hundred.

Every one who has contributed any gift, however small, in this Christ-like, benevolent work, has the thanks of many grateful hearts, and of hundreds of people, whom he may never see. The poor and aged people in the infirmaries are peculiarly grateful; and, on every visit, they express it in earnest words. The sick and dying in our hospitals often utter their thanks with their dying breath. Often they say, "God bless you, we shall meet in heaven."

Children in the asylums always enjoy the singing and Bible instruction. On the last visit made, during the burning days of July, Mrs. W. thanked me for taking the trouble to hold service with the children. The German superintendent and matron both expressed their hearty thanks also. Is it not a real pleasure to feed the hungry and give water to the thirsty? Is not this following the example of the Redeemer of the world? Oh, for more of his Spirit!

As to the hundreds of families visited every year, the expressions of many are given in the foregoing pages. Some in their dying moments speak with tears the gratitude of their souls. May God bless every family, and every individual visited, with his choice blessings; and may we all meet in glory.

My prayers are offered for God's rich blessings to rest on every one who has contributed to our support. May they, and we, never become weary in well doing, bearing in mind always the words of Paul the Apostle: "Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord" (1 Cor. xv. 58).

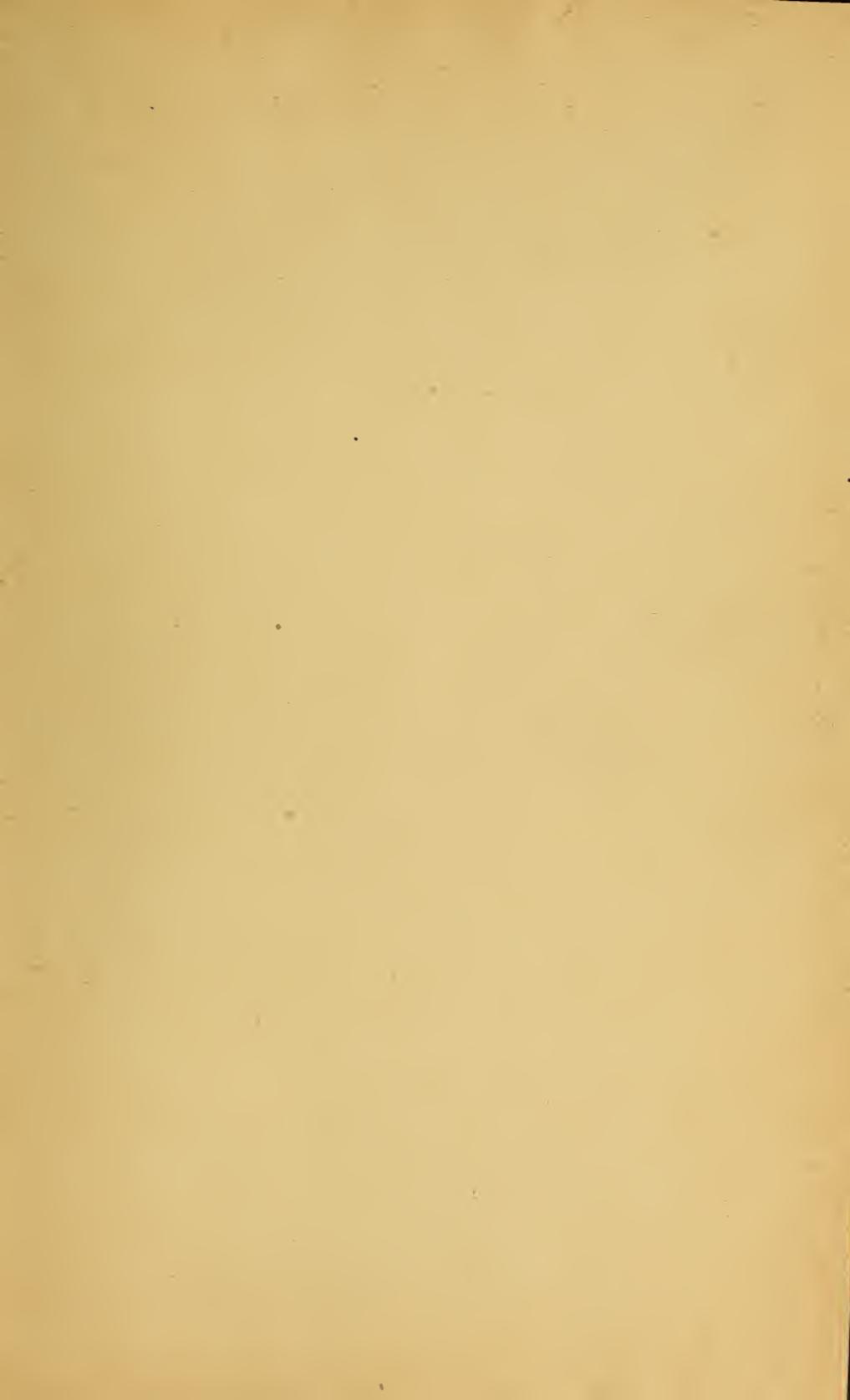
THE END.















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